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OCTOBER

1936

AFTER THE GREATEST FINISH under fire in golfing history, Tony Manero gets set for hearty eating by smoking Camels. He won the 1936 National Open with a spectacular 282. His digestion stands the strain of the long grind because, as Tony says: "I'll go on record any time as one who thanks Camels for stimulating digestion. I feel cheered up while I'm eating—enjoy my food more—and have a feeling of ease afterward when I enjoy Camels along with my meals. Camels set me right."



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**WHETHER YOU ARE
CATCHING A QUICK BITE
OR DINING IN STATE—**

*"for Digestion's Sake
—Smoke Camels!"*



CHAMPION BOWLER.
Johnny Murphy says:
"Smoking Camels at
meals and after works
out swell in my case!"

WITH healthy nerves and good digestion, you feel on top of the world.

When you smoke Camels with your meals and after, tension is lessened. The flow of digestive fluids speeds up. And alkalinity is increased. For "lift" and "for digestion's sake," the answer is Camels. Camels set you right!



● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.



**"WHAT A PLEASANT
aid to digestion Camels
are!"** says this busy
homemaker, Mrs.
Charles Sickles.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME L OCTOBER, 1936 NUMBER ONE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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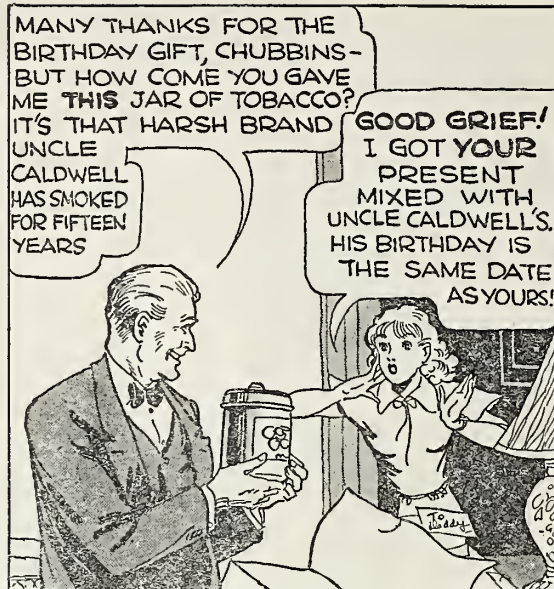
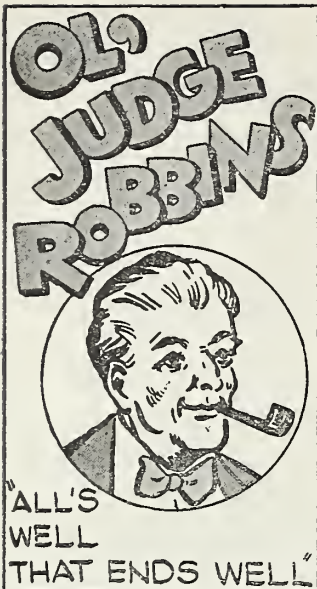


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P.A. BRINGS YOU MILD, TASTY SMOKING

Right on the back of the Prince Albert tin it says: "Prince Albert is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the *most delightful and wholesome tobacco*." We think you'll agree once you try Prince Albert

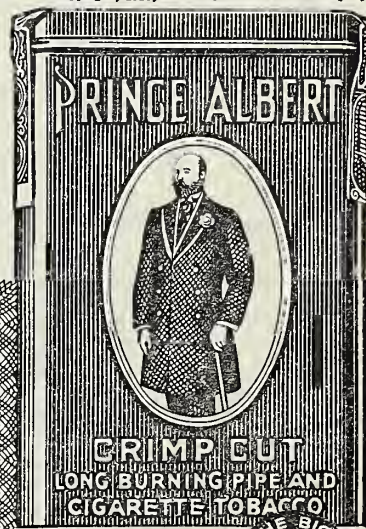
and discover the extra smoking joy it brings. Prince Albert is "crimp cut," with the "bite" removed, made of choice tobaccos. Make Prince Albert your tobacco! P.A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

The Meeting

JANE LOVE



THERE WAS a small news item—a small news item that stood out, that stared at him. Peculiarly individual, peculiarly worded, peculiarly only a news item. It needed no head-lines. It had none. It was on the front page of the *St. Louis Star and Times*, and when the street-car swayed, the printed lines twisted and leered at him so that he lurched backward suddenly, frantically, escaping from the leer. But never from the printed lines.

"Lin—dell-l-l Boulevard," the conductor droned, and the call stirred several of the occupants to activity. The man gripped the newspaper in one hand and rose; Lindell Boulevard was where he was supposed to meet her. It was Lindell Boulevard. The sign on the corner said so. The conductor said so. It must be Lindell—where he was supposed to meet her. He had to get up and walk down the aisle between the two rows of feet and get off here at Lindell Boulevard.

He stepped on a fat woman's feet and she snarled, "Watch where you're goin'!" Yes, he thought, watch where you're going, watch where you're going. You're going to meet her. She said to meet her at Lindell Boulevard and Thirteenth. Today is July 10, and she said last week, "Meet me, Frank, next Wednesday. That's the tenth."

He remembered how she had looked that day. He had been coming from the office, the dry, dull office with the big mahogany desk and the telephone that jangled incessantly and the papers, yellow and blue and white papers. He heard again the freckle-faced office boy's monotonously bright "So long, Mr. Jenkins," and he felt the same wrath well up in him again, the wrath that had vented itself in the violent push he had given the door. The terrific clatter that the door, the rickety door, had

made as it reached its goal had shocked him so that he had turned to stare at it stupidly.

"F. R. Jenkins, Attorney at Law" the letters on the door had said then. Still said. Probably always would say. Probably always on the same door. Small, prim, black letters on frosted glass. Cold and lonely. Hot air beating against them just as it beat against him. That insufferably hot air. St. Louis in July. No place worse. Except Washington in June.

He had thought of Washington in June then and of the Capitol and of sitting in a dull, hot, sticky stupor to watch the sprinkling of men in the Senate chamber. She had been with him. Four years ago. They had laughed disgustedly at the sweating "gentleman from Maine" as he gesticulated wildly and preached eloquently while no one listened. The few Senators on the floor had been waving large fans across their blank faces, too exhausted even to carry on low conversations about the great Washington ball team. She had sat there beside him with scorn written in every line of her body, and he had laughed at her for caring enough to feel scornful in the stifling heat.

"Frank," she had said indignantly, "you know Dad wasn't like that! None of them were when he was Senator. I'm glad he's dead and can't see it."

They had talked about their father, and then she had said rather abruptly, "I have something to tell you, Zip." She had always called him "Zip" until he had gone away. It had meant tenderness then, but he had sensed the difference this time. It was funny how he had known. It was awfully funny. He hadn't thought of how funny it was before. It was funny that he had known that she was going to leave him again.

"I'm going to marry Rod," she had said then, rather simply.

He was surprised to remember how it had shocked him even though he had known. And he had been unable to hide the shock.

"Please don't mind, Zip," she had pleaded. "It was so terrible the last time. While I'm with you, you don't go out enough. If I stay, you'll never get married yourself. I don't want to be that selfish. And I like Rod tremendously. Not as much as I like you, of course," she added, as she saw him wince at her words.

He had been unable to say it then. He had always been unable to say it. He had planned to say it today when he met her at Lindell Boulevard and Thirteenth and now he could never say it—she would never know. It was just as well.

But that day four years ago, he had said, "I want you to be happy, Sis. Give Rod my best. I won't be able to see him again. I'm leaving tonight."

"Why, Zip—the wedding! I mean, well—I want you to be at the wedding. Where are you—I—can't you possibly be at the wedding? Couldn't you stay just a little longer? We're going to be married very soon." She had sounded sincere, as though she really wanted him at the wedding, wanted him to see her married to Rod, that stuffed shirt Rod. He had never thought of Rod that way before. He had liked Rod. Yes, liked him. But not enough to let him take her away again.

Going away was a good idea. Yes, he would go away back to St. Louis and his work. And he wouldn't tell her. How could he tell her? Tell her—it was ridiculous. She would look at him and smile. It was funny. It was damned funny. It was god-damned funny. He had laughed then, and a sort of choked sound came out to make her stare at him in amazement. It was funny that he should be in love with his own sister, that he had been in love with her ever since the day their father had died leaving them orphaned; ever since she, tremulously sixteen, had raised her tear-stained face and had said to him, strong and twenty, "Don't ever leave me now, Frank." With the strange faintness of love, he had known then that he never could, that he was wasting his time taking other girls to shows. It hadn't been funny then. It was funny now, funny that the thought of her perfection should make him look at other women

(Continued on page 23)

Lucky Day

GEORGE WHITE

A COMFORTABLE living room in the country home of Lilyan Lynn. There are French doors middle right; door to entrance hall upstage left; door to inner hall downstage left; a window that starts at baseboard level upstage right. Between the door and window in the back wall is a large mirror beneath which is a console table with a fat squat vase. On a line from the French doors to the window and away from the wall is a large comfortable divan with an end table at the downstage end. There is a large chair downstage from the French doors and another upstage left with a floor lamp. There is a rug on the floor. The French doors lead to an informal garden.

THE TIME—It is the present. It is spring, and a late afternoon.

THE CAST

LILYAN LYNN—Wife of Jerry Lynn, and mother of Lucky.

JERRY LYNN—An artist.

LUCKY DAY—Daughter of Lilyan by a former marriage.

DANE TERENCE—The new man about the house.

HILDA—Just Hilda.

YOUNG MAN—Most any young man.

When the curtain rises Mrs. Lynn, a good-looking blonde woman dressed in an afternoon gown, is seen standing before the mirror carefully arranging stray wisps of her hair. She opens a pocketbook that is on the console table and takes out a lipstick. Very carefully she watches herself as she purses her lips in several different ways. Finally she finds a shape that pleases her and indelibly prints it on with the lipstick. She looks into the mirror again and smiles to see a woman of forty who looks only thirty at the most. She pats her hair over one ear, turns, watching as she does so, and starts walking away. Outside the noise of a car stopping attracts her attention. She runs back to the mirror, powders her nose, straightens her dress, and assumes a pose that is very becoming to her, awaiting the entrance of Dane Terence who surprisingly enough comes through the French doors instead of the front of the house. He stops suddenly when he sees her.

DANE: Lilyan!

LILYAN: (*Quite startled at his unexpected entrance*) Dane!

(*She runs to him, kisses him. Puts her hands on his shoulders, steps back to take*

in the entire effect. She sees a young and handsome man of twenty-five who is dressed in a sports outfit. He has red hair, but it is not a flaming carrot color.)

DANE: Lilyan, you grow younger every day. Another month or two and I'll be bringing you dolls to play with. I drove the car up the driveway and saw these doors—

LILYAN: Oh, I'm so glad you came. I've been having visions of the most dreadful week up here. Jerry insisted on coming out to paint right when everything is going on in town, and I had to cancel every single one of my engagements and come along. You see I didn't come out last week, and Jerry was simply furious—insisted that I come out—that he just couldn't do without me and that after all I was his wife and that he'd like to see me once in a while. Though I didn't quite see what that had to do with it.

DANE: I think it was a swell idea. There's nothing I can think of that suits me better than a week in the country with you, and the spring. Town is so much the same. Golf, shows, cocktails, golf, shows. The same thing—all the time.

LILYAN: But I love it. Lights! Music!

DANE: Well, now if I had you there with me, things would all be different.

LILYAN: Now, Dane, don't start that. Let's play frankness. Jerry and I do, all the time. Sometimes it hurts—dreadfully. Of course he doesn't do it intentionally—

DANE: We can't take it that far.

LILYAN: No, but when you come to the country you ought to leave all that social fol-de-rol behind. It's so nice not to have to say "Mrs. Lord and Taylor, what a lovely gown" when you've just bought one like it and know that you can never wear yours because she got hers in the public eye first.

(*She takes him by the hand and leads him to the divan, changing the subject.*)

Did you have a nice trip down?

DANE: Grand. No traffic. Spring in the air. Wide open. Elsie ran like a top.

LILYAN: Elsie?

DANE: My roadster.

LILYAN: Why Elsie?

DANE: The big rumble seat reminds me of Elsie Rader.

LILYAN: Dane, you crazy thing. Oh! (*She leans rather close to him and says in a confidential tone*) I've more things planned for us. We're going to the Langston's tomorrow for dinner. Jerry was

supposed to take me, but he flatly refused to go. Says that Margaret Langston has something red-violet about her. You know he always sees people in colors, and he detests red-violet.

DANE: I wonder what color he'll make me?

LILYAN: You never can tell. He says that Dexter van Dyster is ever within a spot of lavender. He always has some good reason for it all, though.

(*The front bell rings and Hilda answers it.*)

LILYAN: Wonder who that can be? (*She jumps up, runs for a quick glance in the mirror. Does another pat over her right ear, turns toward the door expectantly. Dane rises when she does. Hilda comes in with a telegram which she hands to Lilyan. Hilda exits. Lilyan tears open the envelope with surprise.*) Wonder who is sending me telegrams? (*She reads it*) Ye gods and little sperm whales! Listen to this Dane. "Arrive this afternoon for spring holidays. Kill the fatted gnu. Love. Lucky." And it was sent from Tilsen just thirty-eight miles away. Why she ought to be here now. That little devil! If she thinks she's going to spoil my plans she's crazy. Not if I can help it. She's driving that yellow hell-wagon too, I'll bet.

DANE: Who's Lucky?

LILYAN: (*Ignoring the question*) Dane, we've got to get out of here. There's no time to lose. That young hurricane is probably sweeping down the home-stretch now and'll hit here any moment. There's no way of telling how many savages she'll have in tow, either. Come on—get your bags out—no, we haven't time. Wait here till I grab a hat. I ought to tell Jerry, but he won't want to be disturbed.

(*She pushes Dane down on the divan, throws a magazine at him, and dashes into the inner hall. Dane looks at the magazine, gets up, and puts it back on the table as the sound of brakes screeches from the outside. Lilyan dashes in with her hat, screaming:* She's here! She's here! (*She runs to the mirror, jams on her hat without looking in the glass, grabs Dane's arm, and practically drags him to the French doors where she stops long enough to see whether the coast is clear or not, then dashes out, pulling Dane with her. There is a slight pause broken by much rattling at the front door and*

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Coach Does a Lot For Us

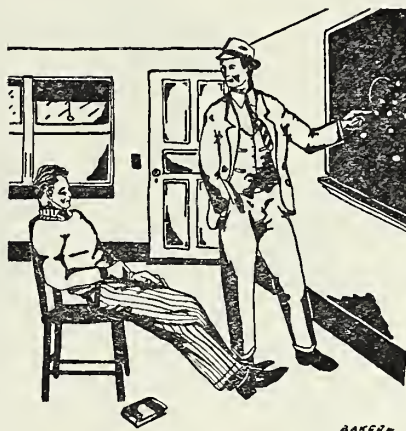
CHADWICK CALLAGHAN

Illustrated by E. T. BAKER

I'M SMART—it's just because I don't study. That's why I don't get the marks. Although, I would like to get something out of this college. But at night when I come up here to study like this, I just can't seem to concentrate. My mind wanders back to the field. 48-62-91-hip. I go through the hole Yablonski and Troski make, clearing the way for the ball carrier. I hit the first bastard that gets in my way. I block him out but, somehow, he manages to reach out with one hand and trip the ball carrier. We run the play over. Again, Yablonski and Troski make the hole. Again, I head for the first bastard I see. And again, something's wrong. By this time, Coach is gettin' sore. "Goddam it to hell, Killdain. Take that man outta there. What the hell ya out here for? Now run that play over and block that man out. Next time you miss him, it's fifty times around the track." I just stand there eyin' the coach and take his guff. Well, we run the play over. Once more, Yablonski and Troski make the hole. Then Russell, roving-center on the scrub team, makes for the ball carrier. I hit him thinkin', "I hate to do this, Russell, but. . . ." Anyway, Russell doesn't get up this time. He just lays there and groans, rolling over and over. We start to help him but Coach comes up shootin' off that big mouth of his, "Well, come on. Come on. Get him off the field. Let's go."

But I must get back to my studyin'. Let's see—I'll begin over again. This is good stuff and that Bedsen is a good prof if you care to listen to him. I'd really like to get something out of this college but . . . "Chapter VIII. Fusion. The temperature of the melting or solidifying substance remains constant from the moment at which melting or solidification begins until the process is completed." I wonder what these profs think about when they write all these big words. Dammit, I can't study. I guess I'll get a drink. Then I lay down on the bed, just thinkin' when in walks Conway. He's the graduate manager. Good racket he's got. But he treats me pretty nice. He hands me a ten-dollar bill. That's my spendin' money for this week. Besides that, we get our meals and clothes. Then, we get the examination papers the night before exams. Oh, they take care of you around here, no doubt about that. Coach does a lot for us guys all right.

I take off my clothes and go to bed.



I'm dead tired, but I can't seem to go to sleep. 68-42-33-hip. The shift—charging legs—flying hips—crunching bones—Get up—get up—run that play over—drive—charge—get the son of a bitch—take him out—drive will ya—Oh God. I turn over but suddenly turn back. That damn knee again—feels like a thousand needles pricking it.

"What? Morning already? Thanks, Troski for wakin' me up." I lay there. I don't feel like goin' to class. Guess I'll cut today. It doesn't make any difference anyway. I move slightly. God—my knee. It's stiff as a board. Christ, I'll be glad when the season is over.

I go down to the gym to get my knee baked. The lamp makes it feel good, and Doc knows how to rub it all right. It's good equipment they have here. They sure look out for us guys. While I'm layin' here, Coach comes up and asks how it feels. He's damn nice to me now.

"Come up to my office, Killdain," he says, "I want to go over a couple of plays with you." We go up. He sits me down, gets the chalk out and outlines his new play on the board. He tries to tell me which man I take out on right end, but I'm half asleep. I just slouch in my seat thinking what a racket he's got. 21,000 a year and only works four months.

"What's that? O yes. I see. I take out the right half."

He gets through with me and I walk down the campus towards Economics class. I get there late and prof frowns 'cause I bust in on the middle of his lecture. I take my place and prepare to listen, but he's explodin' some theory of his and I don't get the drift of it. "Now the law of diminishing returns is blah blah blah." Who's pokin' me? Oh, it's

Thomas. He hands me some pictures he's drawn. But I can do better than that. Here now. . . . I draw a picture of the prof. It's pretty good, too. That beak's just right. I pass it back to Thomas. He laughs and passes it down the row. Everyone else laughs at it too. I guess I should be an artist; I don't know my own genius. But I better pay attention here and get something outta this. That prof sure is eccentric, all right. Look how he opens his mouth—screws it all up. But what the hell, he can afford to be a little dizzy. He's a big shot around here. Damn, this is gettin' tiresome. . . . "R-R-Ring." Here's the bell.

I jump up and beat it down to "The Hot Shoppe." I walk in. Here's some grandstand quarterbacks here. They try to tell me what's what but I just let them talk. They don't know what the score is anyway. They're harmless.

I listen to them a while, then I go over and pick up the morning paper. I see that Vaughn, Arno, and Daskowicz get write-ups for starrin' in practice. There's no mention of me though. I'm blockin' back, that's why. I do all the work and they get all the credit. That's the way it goes. When I first come to this place, I could run the ball as well as any of those guys, but Coach had some crazy idea about convertin' me—so what the hell.

Classes are out. A bunch of students come in. There's Kingston drinkin' a coke. I think he's a little screwy. He writes poetry. He comes over and makes some wise crack about my shirt. Of course I haven't got one on—the little bastard just wants to be funny. He means well, so I give him a break and speak to him. I tell him to sit down and prepare to give him a little roastin'. I tell him that I hear he's a virgin. I say, "Hey, Kingston, I hear you're a virgin. How does it feel? Better look out. I know a little gal that's layin' for you. Watch out for your chastity if she gets ahold of you." Then I look serious. He just sits there half-grinnin', not knowin' whether to take me serious or not. He starts to say something but I stop him by drawing my fist back sayin', "Go on. Get the hell outta here before I. . . ." He jumps up and beats it.

After lunch I feel like a cigarette and go back to my room. I just lay around and take things easy 'til practice time.

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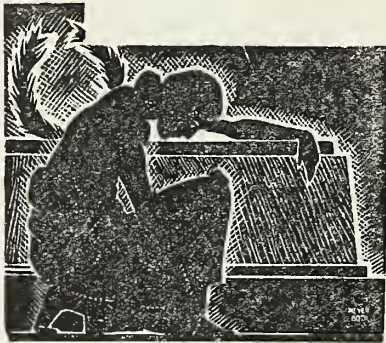
DIRGE

Weary, dully now I sift
Clods upon the steel
Grey and hard and real.

Never can I stoop and lift
The heavy lid, the clay,
And bid you, "Wake! 'Tis day."

The weight of dust on dust is death!
And dust knits cobwebs of your soul.
The open fires unmet that roll
Across my heart cry out for breath.

White fire and flesh were love's salvation:
Now all the three are subtle lies.
Faith sent past shades and shadows dies—
Not of fear, but dark starvation.



Repent and live, my love! Remember
Your pale lips that lack
My lips to beg them back!

Rain hot tears upon this ember.
Kindle back its flame.
O! give this dust a name.

EDWARD POST.



SHE: . . . **"FRESH!!!"**

HE: . . . **"YOU SAID IT!"**

AND you'll say "fresh," too . . . when those appetizing *Double-Mellow* Old Golds pop out of their *double-Cellophaned* package. And, if Old Gold's doubly-fresh prize-crop tobaccos don't give you double-smoking-pleasure double-quick . . . THEN, we'll pay you double-your-money-back. And *that* is a double-dare.



ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copr., 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE-CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

Abner Picklesheimer

W. B. WRIGHT, JR.

HOWDEDO, stranger—figgered as how you're a stranger; can't recall that I ever seed you around these parts up till now. Betcha never saw a little town so up an' coming like Pine Hill. Say, we got eight hunnerd an' fifty nine population, an' that ain't countin' the Biggers and the Sawyers and the Kirkpatriks and the Simmons which all live close enough so they could be counted; and ther's the South View Filling Station, but we ain't tryin' to let on like we got more here than we really got, which is the way it is up there at Belcher's Gap—Good Lord, they got their city limit stuck about three mile out in the country, and Main Street runs right on out to where they got pig pens right by the side of the road—an' smell—phew! Course now, Belcher's Gap is supposed to be the county seat, but that's jes' politics. Why, they ain't even got a movie there an' we got two here—course that's a countin' the school house, but it'll hold a good three hunnerd head—maybe three hunnerd and fifty, and they give shows there once a week. And they ain't got but three fillin' stations; and they ain't even got no undertaker's shop—dunno' what they do when ther' people die, which good lands, they orter be glad to do adder havin' to live in a one-horse town like that. Hah!

What, oh, *our* funeral parlor, why, it's in that store you see 'bout half down the street with a big yaller sign hangin' over the sidewalk that says Gibbon's General Merchandise—see, dry-goods, groceries, hardware, furniture, and coffins. 'Course they sell other stuff there too, but Lem couldn't get it all on the sign. Lem Sider—he's the feller that paints all the signs around here—runs the cafe down to the corner—just paints on the side. Ya' orter seen the elegant turkey he painted on the cafe window last Thanksgiving. A body would a' thought he was a' goin' to jump right off'n the window at ya'. Yessiree, Lem's some artist—could 'uv got a job paintin' regular in Simon City, but he said he'd rather stay here where everybody is friendly and knows everybody.

He says to me, he says, Abbie—he allers calls me Abbie—course everybody else calls me Ab 'er Abner, but we're purty close buddies. Yeh, just like that—well, he says, Ab, I mean Abbie, he says, I don't guess I'll ever leave Pine Hill; he says, this ain't the first chance I had to get a job in the big city—ain't the last neither, by gum;

but it's people like you that keeps me here in Pine Hill, reg'lar folks—none of these here big town dudes fer me with their high flutin' airs, an' their funny clothes an' their noses stuck up in the air like the flag pole on Si Berry's store, and struttin' around like a first-prize rooster at the County Fair.

No siree, he knows real people when he sees 'em. Just like me, now the moment I seed you, I says to myself, I says—yep, guess he is from up to about Salemsboro or somers up in there, but Salemsboro's about the best of them big towns. I know—been to 'em all. Guess if I just had to live in a big town, I'd pick Salemsboro 'gainst the whole passel of 'em. But, I says to myself, I says, he can't help being from a big town. It ain't his fault he warn't born in some nice little place that's friendly and congenital like Pine Hill. Anyhow, I says, he looks a powerful sight better'n the general run of them that comes out'n the big city. That's jes' what I says to myself, I says, he looks sympathetic an' he ain't high flutin' like the rest of them ornery critters from Brandyburg and Jefferston and up in there.

That's just how I am. I allers says they ain't no use in allers goin around knocking t'other feller. I says his ways is just as good to him as your'n is to you; and like as not, he'll do you right iffen you'll do him right just like you an me; and I allers believes in givin' the devil his dues; and the Good Book says—let's see, it's somers in Matthew 'er Luke 'er maybe it's Mark—it says, "Jedge not that ye be un-jedged," which means that them which is allers goin' around knockin' t'other feller is gonna catch it themself someday; and like as not it's 'a gonna be a tol'able hot day also. Hah!

What's that? Have I been 'a drinking? Now why come you to ask me that? Iffen I hadn't a knowed that you was just a joshin' me, you might 'uv got my dander up. Hmm, lickin'—not me. I believe in havin' my fun jus' like anybody else; an' I like a good game of checkers good as anybody; an' I don't think it's a very big sin to play at cyads—that is iffen you ain't out to gamble, an' you're just playin' set-back er five-up; an' there ain't a better carrom shot than me in all of Sasser County. But there ain't no use in puttin' a whole raft of hot slop in yer stomick

which any decent, self-respecting hog would turn his nose up at.

No siree, bobtail, I ain't no drinkin' man myself, and I ain't 'a havin' no truck with them as is. Jus' like now, last week Rafe Slocum come around to my house. It were of a Friday night—no, t'warnt Friday 'cause I allers goes to choir practice of a Friday; and it couldn't a been Thursday 'cause I was to the shuckin' over at Chitt'lin Switch—let's see now, no t'warnt Wednesday—it was Tuesday night. I was 'a sittin on the steps 'a calc'latin' maybe I'd go over and set a spell with the Widow Phillips; and I seed Rafe Slocum 'a comin' up the path through the front yard. I says to myself, I says, that man ain't right; they's some-thin' uncommon funny 'bout the way he's a walkin'. And they was. Why, a body would 'a thought he was 'a tryin' to walk on a merry-go-round or one of them contraptions like they mostly has at fairs and cyarnivals, which I allers says is a lot of tom-foolery. But he was 'a weavin' back an' forth from one side of the path to t'other, and I seed that iffen he kept up such doin's, he was 'a gonna land kerplunk in Ma's bed of jonquils, which, Lord knows, she had enough bother raisin' with the chickens scratchin' an' no rain; so I yells at him to mind where he's a steppin'. But he lets on like he ain't even hear'n me and walks on up the path fer a piece. Then he stops and hollers at me to come there; so I gets up and saunters down to where he's at, not on account of me being scairt, but on account of I knowed he was liable to set up a racket. Well sir, 'fore I come of ten foot of him, I knowed it. You could 'uv smelt him breathin' clear over t'other side of town. He was drunk as sin!

He says kind of slow-like with the words 'a tumblin' over each other, that he was 'a needin' a dollar an' that he'd pay me back Saturday. Well, I had the money right in my hind pocket where I allers carries it. I allers carries money on me, sometimes as high as five dollars, but he warn't 'a gettin' none of it iffen I was in my right mind. So I looks at him steady and says that I ain't 'a givin' of my hard-earned money to no man fer to buy lickin' with. I seed there was a gonna be trouble; so I retched fer my knife, which I allers carries in my pants; and I 'lowed he'd better leave while it was healthy.

(Continued on page 27)

SOUVENIR

Flowering Thorn

I

Long in the fall I mortified the flesh
With bramble scourge, a pilgrim to the shrine
Of Indian Summer. All the winter through
My prayers of penitence were flakes of snow.
Only in Springtime, breaking through a mesh
Of wild blackberry that drew
My limbs with trivial pain, I came to know
That snow had stayed and with the thorns had made
A thousand whiter rose-buds of the barbed vine.

The big blue clover, yellow daisy-weed,
And bramble blooms have raised in pine and clear
New color patterns where they died last year.
The snow crept up through brier veins, and floods
With whiteness all thorn branches by pale buds.
Why should this be not even the wild heart knows,
That harsher thorn blooms softer than the rose.

II

The young can ramble through living
Slashing at weeds and flowers with a rotten branch,
Feeling the rip of the bramble with thanksgiving,
Plashing in careless puddles. They think the whole wide world a ranch
Of some few thousand acres wired off from eternity.
Reeling in youngness, on hands and feet they clamber up:
They have swum from happy isles in the Springtime-sea.
Having sung they sleep as the wild blossoms droop in a cheap, china-
blue teacup.

KIFFIN Y. R. HAYES

Coach Does a Lot For Us

(Continued from page 5)

Troski, Yablonski, and the boys come in and we beat the gums for a while.

At practice we just take a few exercises, and Coach calls us in for skull practice. We always take things easy like this the day before a game. Coach gets up and starts pumpin' a pep talk into us. "You guys can win this game tomorrow if you wanna fight for it. You've got the stuff, all right, but if you're goin' to lay down on me, we might as well quit now. Now it's the last game of the season and if we win, we'll have a clean slate. This game means a lot to me, for that reason. I've done a lot for you

guys and now I want you to do something for me, and that something is—to WIN."

I get to thinkin'; you know, I respect that coach. He may be hardboiled and tough, but he does do a lot for us guys.

It's game time. After our instructions, we file out on the field. There's a hundred of us and it takes us three minutes to get the squad in the stadium. Looks impressive, Coach says. The place is packed. They stand up and cheer for us to fight—as if they knew what it's all about.

Well, the game gets under way. We exchange a few kicks with the State team and get the ball about mid-field on a fumble. We batter their line for a couple of first downs and then they stop us cold. Coach signals for Arno to run me around end on that new play. You see, I never carried the ball all season, and this is going to be a surprise. It works all right, and I go over standin' up. Daskowicz kicks the extra point and the score's 7-0. After the next kick-off, they get the ball, and Wop Rysko starts marchin' down the field, batterin' our line on every play. They get about fifteen yards from our goal, and Coach sends in a substitute. Shortly after we call time out and the sub explains Coach's instructions. "Coach says Rysko's goin' to ruin us and we gotta get him out of there. Killdane, you're to do the dirty work." They all look at me and I shake my head. Play is resumed and I see the Wop startin' to shoot off right guard. Then I knife through after him. I hit him so hard that I nearly tear my

stomach out but I'm on top and expect it's all over with him, but the Wop just gets up and grins. I do the same thing on the next play, but he just makes some crack about my caressing arms.

We hold them all right and again Arno calls my play. I go over standin' up, same as before. But after the kick-off, State marches down the field again with Rysko running every play. I still can't get him, and the half ends with them again on the fifteen.

In the dressin' room Coach is furious. "Goddam it to hell, Killdane," he yells, "are you goin' to take that Wop outta there or not?" He gets his mug in front of my face and clenches his fist. He slaps me on the jaw. "What's the matter? You soft? You can get to hell outta here if you can't get him. Do you hear me? Get him. GET HIM!" All the guys just lay around bleedin' for me, but they soon snap out of it.

As the second half gets under way, it's easy to see that the Wop is layin' for me, same as I'm layin' for him. I hit him a couple of times but it's no good. He can take it.

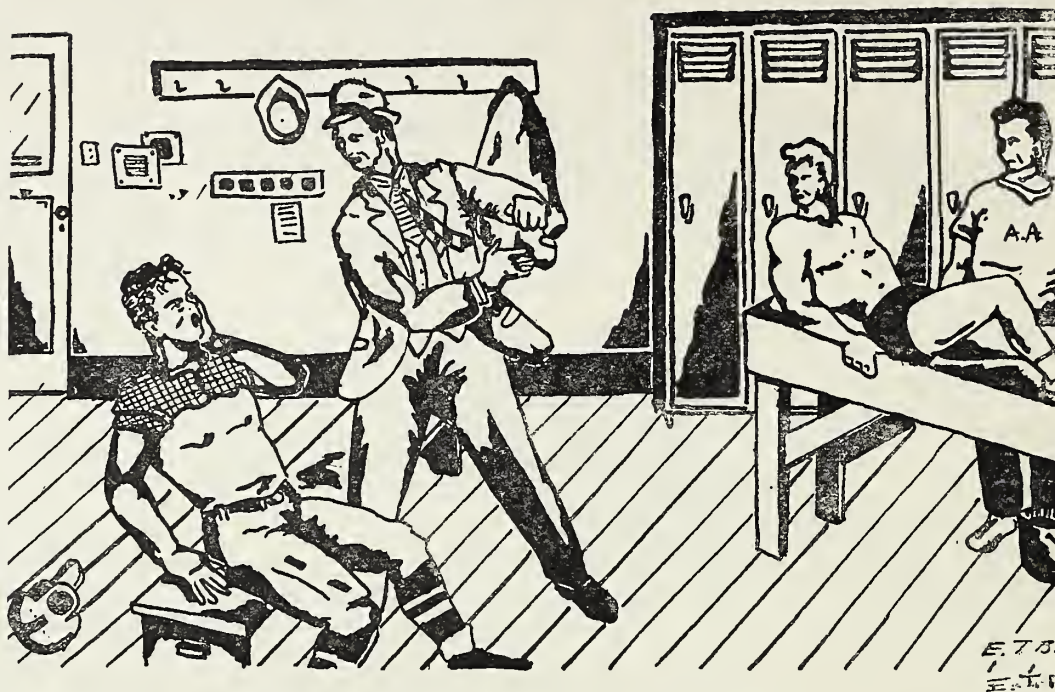
Soon we get the ball on our own forty and Arno calls for my play. But I can see State knows it's comin'. They yell at one another, "Get the son of a bitch," and "Smear the bastard." I get the ball and start to follow Arno and Daskowicz around end, when I see the Wop knifin' through. He looks like a wild tiger. Then some one clips me, low, from behind and the Wop swings and pounces on me. My

back twists and the bones make a crunching noise. I feel like some one was tearin' me in half. My head thuds against a knee and that's all I remember.

We won the game all right, and now I'm layin' in the hospital. The guys come in and tell me what a great game I played. Then they go off: Daskowicz, to the whore house; Vaughn, to his first dance of the year; Troski, to his girl who came down to see the game; and the rest, to get drunk.

I'm layin' here and the Doc comes in with my mother behind him. She's cryin' and I tell her I'm all right, but she just keeps on. You'd think she had this cast on her back instead of me. I ask the Doc how long I'll be here. Mother begins to bawl louder, and Doc turns his back. I think it must be serious 'til Doc tells me, "Oh, you'll be all right in a week or so. It's nothing serious." Then he tears my mother from me and takes her out.

After they leave, I just lay here thinkin'. How my back hurts! I try to move, but pain cuts through my spine. But don't think of that. You know, as soon as I get well, I'm goin' to start studyin' and get something out of this college. This is sure a nice infirmary. Look at those walls—clean as a new, white jersey. I bet this is as good a room as money can buy. God, my back. Jesus, it pains me. Won't it ever stop? Where was I? O yes, this is sure a nice room. Coach sure does a lot for us guys all right.



NARCISSI

My love brought me narcissi slim,
Narcissi white,
That, watering, I might "think of him!"
In dreams, each night
I build a world of twice-long days
In which to wander woodland ways,
To quarry golden laughter, crystal tears
To shatter with a kiss; I build long years
Too short for love . . .
O stars above,
O pale flowers here,
Laugh at my dear
Who brought me flowers
In lieu of hours!
He cannot think that I
Forget . . .
And yet . . .
Lonely my hours sweep by . . .
The flowers . . . die.

FREDERICA DUEHRING

Lucky Day

(Continued from page 4)

clanking in the hall. Simultaneously two voices call for Lilyan. There is no answer. Again the voices call.)

LUCKY and JERRY: Lilyan!

(The door to the outlet hall rattles open, and a girl loaded with golf bags, two hat boxes, a new box of candy, and several odds and ends enters the room. She is a brunette with the attitude of "Get as much fun out of life as possible." She catches her toe on the carpet and falls awkwardly out into the room.)

LUCKY: (Irritably) Damn!

(Slowly she sits up and as she does so Jerry Lynn enters from the left. He has on a smock and gray flannels. There are two daubs of paint on his face, one, under his right eye in blue, gives it the appearance of having been hit and blackened; the other, a dirty smudge under his nose—more like a Graucho Marx mustache than anything else but a dirty smudge. He is about thirty-five. Lucky looks at him with much surprise.)

LUCKY: (Like some night club hostess.) Push right in. Push right in. How are you, my dear? Do I know you, or do you look this way all the time? I can give you a table near the orchestra if you like, or there's (stage whisper) a secluded little nook over in the corner.

JERRY: What are you?

LUCKY: Unlucky. (Back in her best night club manner) Unaccustomed as I am to the spotlight—Do turn that awful light off. I—

JERRY: Would you mind saying something that had some sense?

LUCKY: I just did. I'm Unlucky Day. (Once again in her best professional manner.) And you want the table in the corner. I can tell by the sparkle in your black eye.

JERRY: (Wipes some of the paint off with his handkerchief and joins Lucky in her badinage.) No, I really prefer the one near the orchestra. (He sits on the floor beside her.)

LUCKY: I'll send a waiter right over to take care of you, sweetheart. (Seriously) What are you doing in Lilyan's house with a dirty face? Lilyan loathes dirty faces. They remind her of people who work. (Back into her senseless conversation.) I find the best means to clear up a muddy skin is to take a bit of mustard, lots of cream, a shredded wheat biscuit, mix thoroughly, feed to the hogs, kill the hogs, and always drink a glass of water every time you sneeze.

JERRY: (In an oversweet tone) My dear,

I think that you're being positively insulting about my complexion. You know I won the Grand Prix in Rome on it last year. As for you, young lady, if you can't explain your presence here in this house—

LUCKY: Positively insulting. Explain my presence in this house! Young man, if you can't explain your presence in this house—

(Hilda comes in and is mildly astonished at the group on the floor. Lucky turns to her.)

LUCKY: Hello, Hilda. Take my things up to my room, will you?

HILDA: I'm sorry, Miss Lucky, but Mr. Terence has your room, so Miss Lilyan told me this morning.

LUCKY and JERRY: Who's Mr. Terence?

HILDA: A young man who just arrived, sir.

LUCKY: Well, take these things to Mother's room until she finds a place to put me.

JERRY: Oh, so you're Lilyan's daughter!

LUCKY: (Surprised) You don't mean to tell me that she never told you that she had a daughter. Who are you, anyway?

JERRY: Jerry Lynn.

HILDA: (Going out the door with two hat boxes, candy, etc.) That's Miss Lilyan's husband, Miss Lucky.

LUCKY: (Overcome) Husband! She's married? Oh, you're joking.

JERRY: Nope, she's Mrs. Gerald Potter Lynn now.

LUCKY: But she never—She never mentioned a word about it, and no one ever said anything—

JERRY: Well, you see it was this way. We got married in January, and Lilyan knew that you were having exams at the time; so she decided not to tell you just then, because she thought that you'd get all upset about her marrying again. But, you surely knew. She sent a letter telling you that she had a new man in the house.

LUCKY: Well if that doesn't beat hell! My own mother married and didn't tell me because I was taking exams. That's just like her—just like her. And as for that new man stuff, there's been a new man about this house for as long as I can remember.

JERRY: Well it's all out now. I suppose we'll have to get a divorce if you don't approve?

LUCKY: (Laughing) I'll take you on ten days trial. But, no dirty faces allowed on prospective papas.

JERRY: (Salaaming) Allah is merciful.

LUCKY: I'll call you Jerry. Are you an artist?

JERRY: I try awfully hard.

LUCKY: (Thinking) Jerry Lynn. I've heard that name before somewhere.

JERRY: Allah smiles.

LUCKY: (Still thinking) Jerry—Lynn—I've got it. You did Mrs. Tootenberg's portrait.

JERRY: Allah laughs.

LUCKY: I've always wanted to meet you, because you gave her all three of her chins instead of leaving out a couple.

JERRY: (Salaaming) Allah is in hysterics.

LUCKY: (Laughing) Fool.

JERRY: I try to be honest, but at times I find that it interferes with my business.

LUCKY: I should imagine so. Are you working on anything now?

JERRY: As yet unnamed, but it's the view from the studio window.

LUCKY: The old studio?

JERRY: Remodelled a little to make it more convenient.

LUCKY: (Excitedly) And you can see the bay, and the old pine tree on the beach.

JERRY: And the meadow fence, and the beach road.

LUCKY: Lovely. (Impulsively she jumps to her feet) Let's go see it.

JERRY: (Letting Lucky pull him to his feet.) I've had trouble trying to keep it all bright and sunny. The blues seem to cool it down too much.

LUCKY: (As they go into the inner hall) Yeah, it ought to be bright. It always seemed to be the brightest spot of the whole place.

JERRY: It's got a nice grouping of mass and color.

(There's a moment's silence after they have left the room, but they can still be heard going off into the house.) (A French door opens stealthily and Dane sticks his head into the room, looks around cautiously, and starts looking around for something he seems to have left behind. He searches everywhere, turns up the couch pillows, and finally is on his knees looking under the divan when Lucky comes back in. She stops when she sees him kneeling with his back to her, picks up a book off the end table and slams him in the rear exclaiming) Touché! (Dane jerks around and sits on one leg looking at her in a startled way. Both are very much surprised.)

LUCKY: Sorry, and all that, but you'll have to admit that it was a grand shot. (Dane doesn't say anything. He can't.)

LUCKY: And may I ask who *you* are? Lilyan's grandfather?

DANE: No, I'm Dane Terence—

LUCKY: Oh, the new man about the house.

DANE: What?

LUCKY: Are you here for long, or just a visitor?

DANE: I came down for the week. Lilyan said that she'd be lonely, because her husband was finishing a new picture. Say! I bet you're that "Lucky" person who sent that telegram to Lilyan.

LUCKY: Lucky me.

DANE: Do you belong here?

LUCKY: At first I didn't seem to, but I'm beginning to believe that the place was just made for me.

LILYAN: (*Calling from the garden*) Dane. (*Dane and Lucky both look up.*)

DANE: Oh, I forgot that I came after Lilyan's purse. She forgot it when we left in such a hurry.

LUCKY: Oh, is Lilyan out there?

LILYAN: (*Coming through the French doors.*) No, I'm *not* out there, and I don't intend to stay out there any longer, what is more.

LUCKY: Lilyan! (*She runs to her and kisses her on the cheek.*)

LILYAN: (*Turning to Dane*) Dane, you'd better get your bags and things. I don't think we could get away now.

DANE: O. K. (*To Lucky*) Excuse me. (*He goes out the French doors as Lilyan turns to Lucky.*)

LILYAN: (*Quickly*) Don't you dare tell him you're my daughter. He thinks I'm about twenty-eight. It would spoil all of his illusions if he knew that I had a child as old as you are.

LUCKY: Oh, all right, only you had better warn Jerry. He knows.

LILYAN: You've seen Jerry?

LUCKY: (*Enthusiastically*) I think he's swell! But what I can't understand is why, with Jerry, you still have these young boys running around. It isn't quite fair to Jerry. I should think it would make him awfully jealous.

LILYAN: Which is a very good reason for having them around, my dear.

LUCKY: But it's so unfair. Here he works all day, and when he needs you, you've gone tearing off with some play-boy.

LILYAN: Dane's no playboy. He's a hard-working young architect, and he's good at it, too.

LUCKY: What's his family like?

LILYAN: Oh, no, young lady. I'll have no bodysnatching in my house. He's mine now. Hands off.

LUCKY: Oh, you think I might have a chance? You were always so sure before. This is the first time you've ever said "no."

LILYAN: But you've grown up, my dear. I think I'll have to get you married to keep my men safe. (*Seriously*) Lucky, you have become a most attractive young lady. In ten more years I'll be proud to be called Luck Day's mother; only it'll probably be Lucky somebody else by that time.

LUCKY: You're still as swell as ever. In ten more years I'll still be proud to call you Mother; only you'll probably be someone else's mother by that time.

LILYAN: Lucky! When I saw that telegram I knew there'd been a catastrophe somewhere, but when I read it I realized that the calamity had befallen me. Just when I get Dane all to myself for the first time—you have to arrive. Well (*She becomes slightly melodramatic*) I guess I can bear it.

LUCKY: You've borne worse, I hope.

LILYAN: Yes, but not quite as dangerous—or unscrupulous.

LUCKY: All right. If you insist I'll not even wink an eye at him.

LILYAN: Or shake a leg?

(*They both laugh. Dane comes through the door with a bag, a coat, and a golf bag.*)

DANE: Where'll I put this truck?

LILYAN: Put it in the hall and I'll have Hilda put it in your room.

DANE: Right. (*He takes them out into the inner hall with much banging.*)

LILYAN: By the way, Lucky, I'll have to put you in the dormer room, I guess. I'll have Hilda fix it up for you.

LUCKY: All right. I'm not staying long.

DANE (*Coming back through the door.*) You're going to stay for a week at least, aren't you?

(*Lucky winks at Lilyan who makes a face at her.*)

LUCKY: I may.

LILYAN: (*Holding up her fist so that Dane can't see it and shaking it at Lucky.*) Yes, dear, do.

JERRY: (*Offstage*) Lilyan!

LILYAN: Yes, Jerry, in the living room.

JERRY: (*Offstage*) What are we having with all these bags and things in the hall—a houseparty?

LILYAN: Yes, Jerry, come in and meet the guests.

JERRY: But, hello, everyone. I didn't know you were here.

(*He has cleaned the paint off his face and combed his hair.*)

LILYAN: Jerry, this is Dane. He's down for the week.

JERRY: How are you?

DANE: Fine, and you?

(*They shake hands and size each other up while doing so. Both are favorably impressed.*)

JERRY: Glad you came up. It's rather quiet here, you know.

DANE: Thank you. I know I am going to like it—the quiet and all.

JERRY: (*Turning to Lilyan*) You must come up and see the picture now. Lucky gave me some pointers on what she thought were my mistakes, and she really knows her art.

LILYAN: Hmmm—I was afraid of that. Only you don't realize just what *her* art is. Come on, Dane. I want you to see it too.

LUCKY: No, my dear. I'll stay and entertain our guest while you are away. (*She smiles too sweetly at her mother who in turn smiles too sweetly back at her. She and Jerry go out.*)

LUCKY: Isn't he nice. So much nicer, since he was so unexpected.

DANE: You hadn't seen him before?

LUCKY: Not before today.

DANE: Yes, he is pleasant, isn't he? Is he an artist?

LUCKY: Yes, and a very good one, too. He does the most revealing portraits. He did one of Mrs. Tootenberg—you know, the glue people—that I just love.

DANE: It's nice that he has such a swell place to work.

LUCKY: Oh, I'm so sorry. Do let's sit down. (*She flops down on one end of the divan and he on the other.*)

DANE: It's so quiet out here compared to town.

LUCKY: Yes, isn't it.

(*There is an awkward pause which Dane finally struggles through to break.*)

DANE: Jerry and Lilyan haven't been married long, have they?

LUCKY: Only since January. (*There is another long pause.*)

LUCKY: (*Leaning toward him and assuming a confidential manner.*) May I be perfectly frank with you? I don't want to seem to be minding someone else's business. I really *must* know. It isn't meant to be personal, but do you love Lilyan?

DANE: That's not hard. No. I think she is most attractive. She's full of fun and unexpected ideas. I don't love her though. I couldn't let myself fall in love with anyone like her. I'd be afraid of hurting myself too much, and the things that would hurt me wouldn't even be scratches on the surface for her. Not that she is so superficial, but she just takes things so naturally.

LUCKY: I'm glad you aren't in love with her. Though she's the most wonderful woman that I've ever known, you wouldn't be happy with her. Jerry is just the man she needs. Someone who is too busy to bother about her frivolities.

DANE: Do you think he minds my being here?

LUCKY: Not at all. He probably forgot you the moment he walked out the door.

DANE: Now it's my turn. I want to ask

how anyone as sensible as you belongs in this family.

LUCKY: Well, you see it's this way. I'm a close relative of Lilyan's—the closest she has, in fact.

DANE: You certainly don't resemble each other very much.

LUCKY: No, I'm one of those related-by-marriage persons.

LILYAN: (*Coming in rather quickly*) And how have you two dears been getting along?

DANE: Swell! Lucky told me that you are related.

LILYAN: She did?

LUCKY: By marriage—

LILYAN: I've got to take a letter down to the post box before that mailman passes; and I must cut some flowers. You're elected to be escort, Dane.

DANE: It's a pleasure.

LILYAN: I'll get the letter. (*She dashes out.*)

LUCKY: (*Turning to Dane*) Would you mind keeping her out as long as you can? I want to have a little chat with Jerry.

DANE: Not at all.

LUCKY: Thanks.

LILYAN: (*Offstage, calling*) Jerry!

JERRY: Yes, dear. (*Lilyan hurries in with a letter. She is followed by Jerry who has changed his smock for a coat.*)

LILYAN: Lucky, you stay here and entertain Jerry. He gets sorta lonesome when I'm gone. Don't you, dear? I'll be right back, though. We're going to have an early dinner. Come on, Dane.

(*Dane picks up her hat and purse. They go out the French doors. Jerry walks to the French door and watches them go through the garden. He turns and, as if in thought, starts toward the inner hall.*)

LUCKY: Jerry, do come and sit down. I want to talk to you about Mother. (*Jerry sits on the divan. He gives Lucky a cigarette, takes one himself, lights hers and then his own. He settles back on the divan.*)

JERRY: All right, shoot.

LUCKY: I never realized before today that Mother is growing old. When I see her dashing about just like I do, I can't help but wonder whether she doesn't get awfully tired of it all. Why, I get tired of it myself.

JERRY: She loves it. She's the envy of every woman her age—and of every woman the age she pretends to be.

LUCKY: I know, Jerry, but I want to have a Mother. I'm tired of having a sister who is so busy in her own affairs that she hasn't time to bother with me. We've always been pals and all that, but at school when the other girls' mothers came they were so sweet and dear. Of course when Lilyan came no one knew

that she was my own mother. I admit she's a marvel. But, Jerry, I need a mother now.

JERRY: I understand, Lucky, and I agree with you. Of course I'm very proud of being Lilyan's husband, but at times I wish that she would settle down and stop being the most vivacious member of the younger married set.

LUCKY: Don't you ever get jealous of these boys she always has around her?

JERRY: Not in the way you mean. I'm jealous of their taking her away from me so much, although that's her fault, of course.

LUCKY: Jerry, I have a plan that I think might work on Lilyan. I know her pretty well, and if you'll only agree to it, I think I might get a mother and you might get a more settled wife. All at the same time.

JERRY: Fire, brainstorm!

LUCKY: It's rather underhand if you don't mind that. She'll probably be furious, but it ought to pull her to her senses a little. (*Changing the subject*) Jerry, do you think a young girl my age should get married?

JERRY: Why, do you like the looks of this Dane person?

LUCKY: (*Clasping her hands around her knees*) He is kinda nice, isn't he?

JERRY: He certainly seems to be. Nice looking—good job from what Lilyan told me.

LUCKY: Do you think it's a mistake for a girl to marry before she finishes school?

JERRY: (*He sits on the arm of the divan beside her*) Lucky. I don't like to give advice. Sometimes it's all wrong, but this is the way I see it. A girl your age and in school ought to go on and finish. (*Lucky looks surprised*) Unless she has found the man she just can't live without. It's just like I was about Lilyan. In that case, if the man is O. K. and he'll have her, she might as well get married because she won't do any good where she is.

LUCKY: Oh, Jerry, do you really think so?

JERRY: Watch out, young men. There's a female on the warpath.

LUCKY: That's just the way I feel about it.

JERRY: About what—the warpath?

LUCKY: No, silly. About getting married.

JERRY: You're much too serious, my dear. Now's the time for gaiety—spring—for the lark of taking Dane away from Lilyan.

LUCKY: Oh, I promised not to.

JERRY: Wise old girl, that wife of mine. (*They hear Lilyan and Dane returning. Jerry rises and walks over to the table. Lilyan comes in followed by Dane. She has her hat and purse. Dane has a bunch of flowers and a New York Times which*

he places beside Lilyan's things on the table. Lucky jumps up and rushes over to them saying.)

LUCKY: Would you like a guide to show you around?

JERRY: Why, yes, if you'd be so kind.

LUCKY: Delighted. Now if you'll just step over to this wall I think you'll be able to get the best light. (*She becomes a guide showing a group through an art museum. Jerry takes his part as the interested spectator. Lilyan slowly joins them, while Dane stands and wonders whether they have all lost their minds or not.*) This is the Italian room, as you can see by the Tintorettoes, the Raphaels. The blue Madonna in this corner, by an unknown artist of the Titian school, is one of the few paintings of the Madonna showing her without the child and with the youthful girlish face that one must associate with her according to Biblical history, but a face that is so seldom given to her.

LILYAN: (*As if looking through a lorgnette*) Yes, a most remarkable painting.

JERRY: And look at this one. It looks almost like a modern illustration.

LUCKY: Now if you will accompany me to the Flemish room—(*She starts walking in a circle about the room with Lilyan and Jerry right behind her. After two revolutions she and Jerry sink on the divan in a gale of laughter. Lilyan goes over to Dane.*)

LILYAN: Aren't we the biggest fools you ever saw? I'm going to show you up to your room so that you can see where you are going to live, and I'll tell Hilda to hurry with the dinner. (*She and Dane go out and are heard going up the stairs. Jerry gets up and arranges the flowers in a vase. Lucky gets her mother's compact and repairs imaginary damages to her complexion. She finally puts the compact on the end table and turns to Jerry.*)

LUCKY: Jerry, now's the time.

JERRY: Now's the time for what?

LUCKY: Come over to the divan and sit down.

JERRY: I don't know what this is all about, but—

LUCKY: (*Very seriously*) Jerry, I loved you from the moment you sat on the floor with me when I had fallen. I've always wanted to meet someone like you, with a sense of humor like my own; I've always hoped that it would be like this—hit me all of a sudden.

JERRY: What are you trying to do? Make me—

LUCKY: Oh, Jerry, say that you like me a little—just a little.

JERRY: Sure I like you, but—

LUCKY: Jerry! (*She grabs him around the neck and pulls him over to her. He*
(Continued on page 26)

-ain't got time for
loose talk folks



*they've got TASTE
and
plenty to spare*

Chesterfield

Made by LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY — and you can depend on a Liggett & Myers product

Measure for Measure . . .

The Sound and the Fury

There seems to be a prejudice on the campus against the idea of a literary publication, and for a number of years there has been endless criticism of the *Archive*. Little of this criticism has been constructive, or even pretended to be constructive, and the editors have had no means of effectively answering these comments from the students. The purpose of this page, aside from its secondary use as a bulletin for the editors, will be to provide the students, and the faculty, with a means of offering criticisms of and comments on the *Archive*. At the same time, the editors will be able to reply. We hope that the students, and anyone else who reads the magazine and is interested, will cooperate to make this page prove of mutual benefit. We will welcome any remarks on any phase of the magazine: address them to *Measure for Measure*, *The Archive*, Duke Station.

Policy

The editorial policies of the present staff have been announced already in the *Chronicle*: to publish the best examples of work by Duke students in the different fields of literary expression, and to avoid any element of the collegiate humor magazine. Contrary to a current belief on the campus, material judged good according to literary criteria may, at the same time, be interesting and entertaining to read. We offer, for an example, Miss Love's excellent story *The Meeting*.

Introducing

Jane Love, whose story *The Meeting* is, we think, one of the most subtle, most mature stories we have seen from the Duke undergraduate school. In her capacity of book review editor, Miss Love has given us, also, in this issue a competent and sympathetic review of Gale Wilhelm's *No Letters for the Dead*.

George White, who graduated from Duke University in June. His play *Lucky Day* won the one-act play contest sponsored by Theta Alpha Phi last spring.

Chad Callaghan, winner of the *Archive* short story contest in 1936, and short story editor of the magazine this year. *Coach Does a Lot for Us* is the prize story.

Bill Wright, whose story *Abner Picklesheimer* is a study in local color and dialect.

Kiffin Hayes, who published verse in the *Archive* last year and is poetry editor this year. Besides his poem *Souvenir*, Mr. Hayes has contributed a review of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' new and important book, *The Flowering of New England*.

Frederica Duehring, whose poetry is delicately sensitive and lyrical, as illustrated in *Narcissi*.

Bob Wilson, who makes his initial appearance of the year with an excellent critical essay on James Branch Cabell. Mr. Wilson also writes short stories.

Bob Hunter, former publicity manager of the Duke Players, who is conducting the feature *Masks and Grease Paint: Current Plays in Review*.

Cabell

Mr. Wilson, we think, has done a very commendable piece of work in his essay on James Branch Cabell, *The Beguiling Biographer*. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Cabell already should find the article very interesting and sympathetic. Those



JAMES BRANCH CABELL

who are *not* acquainted with Mr. Cabell should find in Mr. Wilson's essay an intriguing introduction to "the idol of undergraduates." Undoubtedly, Mr. Cabell will be for many, many, many years one of the literary idols of those undergraduates who read him: his philosophy is very attractive to those who have not yet grown old—for those who have, we can't speak. But to the ardent readers, on this campus, of *Parisian Nights* and *Snappy*

Stories we recommend that they give up their "pulp" and turn to Mr. Cabell: at least they will find him infinitely more clever in his phallicism and pornography.

Art

In the past, those students on the campus interested in magazine illustrations and similar work in the art department of publications have not had an effective medium for exercising their talent. We hope this year to provide an opportunity for those students to show their ability. Mr. Stamaton is organizing an efficient staff of artists, and we suggest that anyone desiring to participate in this department contact some member of the editorial staff.

To the Freshmen

We want to urge all freshmen who write to submit examples of their work for consideration. There will be no distinction between classes, and the material selected will be chosen for its merit alone.

Undergraduate Writers

This year the *Archive* will have a companion-organization on the campus. The Undergraduate Writers was organized last spring and will begin its first full year of activity this semester. The purposes of the organization are: to effect continuity in the staff of the *Archive*; to make the magazine representative of the best of all types of undergraduate literary composition; to stimulate writing in the undergraduate colleges of Duke University.

Its membership is composed of everyone interested in editorial work on the *Archive*, everyone interested in writing and criticism. All new students on the campus who intend to work on the editorial staff of this publication should watch for announcements of meetings and attend, as the staff is chosen from members of Undergraduate Writers.

To the Faculty

This year the editors are distributing several copies of each issue of the *Archive* among the members of the English department in the hope that they will be interested enough to tender advice and make suggestions for the improvement of the magazine.

The Beguiling Biographer

C. ROBERT WILSON

"THE TRUTH about ourselves is the one truth, above all others, which we are adamant not to face."¹ Tacking this profound motto up before his desk along side one reading, "... gracefully to prevaricate about mankind and human existence is art's signal function,"² the erudite Mr. James Branch Cabell, (Richmond-in-Virginia; April 14, 1879), set about, at the remarkably early age of twenty-one, to write a long series of books that have, by virtue of their almost sublime unautochthony, succeeded chiefly in being quite cordially ignored by the general reading public, and in bringing down upon their creator a storm of violent anathema to the point that Mr. Cabell is not only the possessor, but the malignant practitioner, of every known vice from pure cowardice to a phallicism that is no less despicable for all its refinement.³ Now such an accusation as the last, (made by a contemporary critic who voices, sadly enough, a widely held contention), followed by a statement—equally vacuous—to the effect that, "... what we really need is a small boy to exclaim, 'Why, these kings are naked!',"⁴ besides tempting the reader to send the writer of these comments the complete works of Havelock Ellis with pertinent comments of the reader's own phrasing, is indicative of one side—the serious and deplorable—of the serio-comic career that has been that in American literature of Mr. Cabell. For, surely there is irony in the fact that an author avowedly engrossed in writing "perfectly about beautiful happenings,"⁵ should be brought out of obscurity only through the accident that one of his books, perfectly written and about beautiful happenings, should be seriously attacked and ignominiously haled into court to defend itself against the charges of its being, "lewd, lascivious, and indecent."⁶ But, fortunately, despite the indisputable evidence that to the general public Cabell still remains, in the rather derogatory position, only as the "author of *Jurgen*," (a position as extremely irksome to him as to his admirers),⁷ the trial of *Jurgen* vs. the people, 1921,⁸ succeeded in bringing Mr. Cabell and his work before the public eye, there to be accorded the sincere interest and respect of at least an appreciable part of America's intelligentsia, and there to remain; or, rather, more accurately, there for his works to remain, firmly entrenched as a classic contribution to American lit-

erature, despite the small, prodding, quibbling controversies raised by such as he who would have us be small boys and exclaim, "Why, these kings are naked!" So, let us establish the point from the beginning that Mr. Cabell is quite definitely worth writing about.

To many who have read but a scattered few of his novels, Mr. Cabell remains a tantalizing and irritating enigma smirking behind a mass of unintelligible symbols who, as long as *Collier's*, *Liberty*, and the *Saturday Evening Post* are within easy reach, is not worth the time, trouble, or thought that must necessarily be expended if one is to understand and appreciate the man and his works. But, Mr. Cabell, though very early stating, "... and I shall never of my own free will expose the naked soul of Manuel to anybody,"⁹ has given us in *Beyond Life*, *These Restless Heads*, *Preface to the Past*, and the *Lineage of Lichfield*, very deep insight both into the intentions of his books and the intentions of his artist's soul and mind.

The first three books in particular, *Beyond Life*, *Preface to the Past*, and the *Lineage of Lichfield*, besides throwing a great deal of light on the author himself and his books, offer a wealth of interest and aesthetic enjoyment to the reader—to the reader, it must be added, with a certain degree of worldliness and a sense of humor; for Mr. Cabell is no hesitant, sniveling caterer to popular tastes, and is not the slightest bit concerned about anyone's sensibilities. Very frankly we find him stating,

"I know that my book has always been to me a diversion, and that the sole aim of my endless typewriting, in all the diverting while I have been about it, has been to divert, before any other person, me."¹⁰

Now such a statement as this placed in juxtaposition to one reading,

"Personally, I do not like human beings because I am not aware, upon the whole, of any generally distributed qualities which entitle them as a race to admiration and affection."¹¹

indicates very clearly a frankness and honesty that, though possibly disconcerting and irritating to some, can scarcely be anything but admirable.

Lest, however, the unfamiliar reader gather mistaken notions about the subject matter of Mr. Cabell's books and conclude from his candidly stated lack of

opinion of his fellow men, that his books resemble in theme and tone those of such contemporaries as Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, or Mr. William Faulkner, who also seem extremely dubious about cherishing their fellow men, I hasten to quote Mr. Cabell in his own defense:

"I have at no time written any novel which pretended to touch the known life about me."¹²

And, to those opposed to his own peculiar cult of literary theory, as the above mentioned writers for instance, he refers as being,

"... such Pollyannas among fiction writers ... who can derive a species of obscure aesthetic comfort from considering persons even less pleasantly situated than themselves,—somewhat as a cabin passenger on a sinking ship might consider the poor devils in the steerage,—and so turn rhymparographer, and write 'realism'."¹³

Mr. Cabell, in one word, is a romancer, quite at variance with those who write microscopically of things as they are. How he reaches a justification for writing of things, not as they are, but "as they ought to be," is an interesting and extremely illuminating process of rationalization. Commencing very elaborately thus, we find Mr. Cabell saying:

"Through a merciful dispensation, we are one and all of us created very vain and very dull: and by utilizing these invaluable qualities the demiurgic spirit of romance will yet contrive a world "as it ought to be." Vanity it is that pricks us indefatigably to play the ape to every dream romance induces; yet vanity is but the stirrup-cup: and urgent need arises that human dullness retain us (as it does) securely blinded, lest we observe the way-side horrors of our journey and go mad. One moment of clear vision as to man's plight in the universe would be quite sufficient to set the most philosophic gibbering. Meanwhile with bandaged eyes we advance: and human sanity is guarded by the brave and pitiable and tireless dullness of mankind."¹⁴

"For, be it remembered that man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams. Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion; and that his existence is a pageant (appreciatedly observed by divine spectators) and that he is strong and excellent and wise: and to romance he listens, willing and thrice willing to be cheated by the honeyed fiction. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true: yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower

than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become, upon the whole, distinctly superior to the chimpanzee: so that, however extravagant may seem these flattering whispers today, they were immeasurably more remote from veracity when men first began to listen to their sugared susurrus, and steadily the discrepancy lessens."¹⁵

Thus far Mr. Cabell's lucid reasoning bears quite definite tinges of naturalism; and these tinges become a rather obvious stain when one finds Mr. Cabell stating, ". . . all that which I do here or refrain from doing lacks clarity, nor can I detect any symmetry anywhere, such as living would assuredly display, I think, if my progress were directed by any particular motive. . . . It is all a muddling through somehow, without any recognizable goal in view, and there is no explanation of the scuffle tendered or anywhere procurable. It merely seems that to go on living has become with me a habit."¹⁶

and adding,

"Nor is this everything. For my reason, such as it is, perceives this race, in its entirety, in the whole outcome of its achievement, to be beyond all wording petty and ineffectual: and no more than thought can estimate the relative proportion to the material universe of our poor Earth, can thought conceive with what quintillionths to express that fractional part which I, as an individual parasite add to Earth's negligible fretting by ephemeræ."¹⁷

But this is not all. This is but the first step in Mr. Cabell's philosophical wanderings. This is but the first reaction that came after he stopped going to Sunday School and started to use his mind. Up to this point we find him viewing the world, in its relationship to himself and all men, from the vantage point of the naturalist, who sees little else in the world but chaos, and who sees himself as but a whimsically tossed straw on the waves of an infinitely huge and—and here is the rub—indifferent ocean. But Mr. Cabell's reasoning did not stop here. Displaying an essential intellectual honesty, which is not the least of his admirable qualities, we find him saying later on,

"Here was the astounding fact: the race did go forward, the race did achieve; and in every way the race grew better. Progress through irrational and astounding blunderings, whose outrageousness bedwarfed the wildest clinches of romance, was what Kennaston found everywhere."¹⁸

"And man . . . had climbed a long way from gorrillaship, however far he was as yet from godhead—blindly moving always, like fish and reptile, toward unapprehended loftier goals."¹⁹

Thus we find the dark stain of naturalism paling somewhat; but not much, however, for upon observation it becomes apparent that it is but a slight concession that Mr. Cabell is making. Man may go forward, but his is a blundering forwardness which he achieves only through play-

ing the sedulous ape to his dreams. What progress he does make is due only to "the various illusions of romances, the demiurge."²⁰ Nevertheless, in Mr. Cabell's books, we do find a definite merging of the naturalistic stain, (irrefutably the warp of both Mr. Cabell's practical and literary philosophy), into a finely woven woof-tapestry of what can only be called a pragmatic "romanticism."

To return to his philosophical development, we find Mr. Cabell reasoning that, though the naturalistic viewpoint with its realization of man's ultimate futility and unimportance be true, the jest is that it was so inescapably true, so disagreeably and so horrifyingly true, that man simply couldn't allow himself to believe it. And thus,

". . . the quite incredible 'reaction' of man to all the mystery and vastness of the universe was a high-hearted faith alike in many independent blessings and in his own importance."²¹ Man simply couldn't let himself face the humiliating truth of his essential negligibility and still retain possession of his precious reason. And he didn't face it, says Mr. Cabell. He didn't then, and he hasn't now, and he won't ever.

Now in the last stages of his own rationalization, we find Mr. Cabell concluding that, since the whole history of Man, and the whole history of the individual life (according, it would appear, to the law that ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny, which seems to play an important, suppositional rôle in Cabell's philosophising) is nothing more than a rather desperately constructed romance, which consists of shutting one's eyes and closing one's mind, ("Man is . . . the only animal that has reason; and so he must have also if he is to stay sane, diversions to prevent his using it."),²² and which consists of dreaming of the world as it ought to be and playing the ape to these dreams, why should not Mr. Cabell, since he feels the need of diversion and thinks that so do we all, be allowed to do the same rationalizing between the covers of a book. In truth, if our lives are, as he provocatively suggests, but wistful rationalizations of our dreams of what we would like our lives to be, Mr. Cabell, in his books, would seem to have achieved, paradoxically enough, as real a "realism" as one could possibly attain to. And yet (and here is the rather comic, negatively comic, aspect of what has been suggested earlier as being the serio-comic literary career of Mr. Cabell), the chief criticism hurled at Mr. Cabell's head is that, among other things, he is an intellectual and moral coward who, in the very politest of social gatherings, can be, casually, and must be, hurriedly, dismissed as, horror of all horrors, an "escapist."

An escapist? On the face of the quoted evidence, from what, pray, I ask these scornful literati blindly enamoured of realism, has he escaped? From the morning newspaper? From the hot-dog stands between Richmond and Washington? From "Tobacco Road"? From *Sanctuary*? . . . But what facts, I pray again, has he dodged? What truths has he ignored?

It is apparent that we are now nearing the fence of Taste and are about to enter the field of Quibble, so it were best that the matter be dropped here; not, however, on second thought, without one last rather taunting, aposiopetic query. From what, pray—?

II

Having survived the philosophical metamorphosis sketched above, we now find Mr. Cabell ready to conceive his long Biography (by Romance, out of Naturalism), of which his separate books are but individual chapters. First of all, for the benefit of the unacquainted, let it be said that Mr. Cabell's Biography deals with ". . . epoch and a society, and even a geography whose comeliness had escaped the wear-and-tear of ever actually existing."²³

The epoch referred to ranges haphazardly from the thirteenth century to the twentieth century. The society, of which more will be said shortly, consists entirely of imaginary people who, while alive and individual, are essentially types. The geographical settings are three. They consist of fictitious sections in the countries of France, England, and America. In each instance the section purports to be,

". . . a land . . . wherein human nature kept its first dignity and strength; and wherein human passions were never in a poor way to find expression with adequate speech and action."²⁴

Of this land, says Mr. Cabell (and this shall serve as our parting report to those of the ilk such as he who would have us be small boys—),

". . . no Philistine must ever enter Poictesme."²⁵

And now it is propitious that we dispense with rhetoric and deal with Mr. Cabell's books in the stark manner of the statistician.

Mr. Cabell has written twenty books all of which are but chapters in one book, the Biography. Prefaced to the Biography is the one prologue, *Beyond Life*. *Straws and Prayer-Books* stands as the Biography's epilogue.

In *Beyond Life* Cabell discusses at some length three general attitudes toward life: "I mean, the chivalrous attitude, the gallant attitude, and what I can only describe as the poetic attitude."²⁶

The chivalrous attitude of man toward human existence consists of regarding life

as a testing process, with the aim being to become admirable in every way, not only externally to others, but also to oneself—even to the point of allowing oneself only the most admirable thoughts while lying awake at night. The gallant attitude consists of regarding life as a toy to be played with and enjoyed. The poetic attitude consists of viewing life as raw material out of which something more durable than life can be created.²⁷

Now the Biography essays to reveal the success or failure of these three attitudes as they are adopted as a code of existence by Dom Manuel and Jurgen and their many descendants. Of Dom Manuel and Jurgen, his two chief protagonists, Mr. Cabell says,

"Manuel . . . I planned to be the type which finds its sole, if incomplete, expression in action. I have, in consequence, been at some trouble to refrain from ascribing to Dom Manuel any thoughts whatsoever. And Jurgen was designed to illustrate Dom Manuel's utmost contrary. . . ."²⁸

From the information he has given us,²⁹ we find that Mr. Cabell's books can be arranged in developmental order, thus:

PREFACE

Beyond Life:

This is the prologue, which, through the medium of logical discussion, is taken up with the presentation of the three attitudes toward life with which the Biography is concerned.

—O—

THE BIOGRAPHY

Figures of Earth:

The Silver Stallion:

These first two books are concerned with presenting the enigmatic career of the protagonist Dom Manuel—the man of action.

—O—

Music From Behind the Moon:

The White Robe:

The Way of Eben:

These three books take up the poet's attitude toward life, as revealed through the life of Manuel's third daughter.

—O—

Domnei:

Chivalry:

These books are concerned with two aspects of the chivalrous attitude toward life; the two being woman worship, and worship of God.

—O—

Jurgen:

This book is devoted to the presentation of the new protagonist Jurgen, the man of intellect. Henceforth there will be a commingling of the traits of the two protagonists, Manuel and Jurgen. Their descendants will be representative of this merging.

—O—

Line of Love:

This is concerned with all three attitudes and covers a period of ten generations.

—O—

The High Place:

Gallantry:

Of these two books, one depicts the success, and one the failure, of the gallant attitude toward life.

Something About Eve:

The Certain Hour:

Of these two books one portrays the success and the other the failure of the poet's attitude toward life.

—O—

The Cords of Vanity:

From the Hidden Way:

The Jewel Merchant:

These books are concerned with the gallant person in modern times.

—O—

The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck:

This book is concerned with the chivalrous person in modern times.

—O—

The Eagle's Shadow:

The Cream of the Jest:

These two books depict the poet in modern times. And thus is the Biography proper completed.

—O—

EPILOGUE

Straws and Prayer-Books:

This explains why the Biography was written.

"I, in any event, knew that, whatever other motives might have prompted me, the Biography had been written in chief for my own diversion."³⁰

As there are the two opposite protagonists in the characters of Manuel and Jurgen, so are there two contrary feminine protagonists, who are of a somewhat more symbolistic nature. The first of these is Æsred, who is,

" . . . that spirit of mediocrity which human experience has shown to be the most profitable guide for mankind in every department of living."³¹

The second is Ettare, who

" . . . teaches that the ways of the conformist are wise but ignoble; that the respect of the dullwitted and of the cowed is an honor somewhat incriminating; and that her secret knowledge, if only we could master it, may yet lead some of us, among dim byways, toward that unique land in which one may live, perhaps, with more competence. Even in the ambiguity of that half-promise she lies, no doubt; but she remains wholly lovely. She is the lady in domnei of all true romantics, whether they be young or old."³²

And thus we find a quartet of balanced protagonists, two of each sex. Manuel is the man of action balanced against Jurgen the man of intellect. Æsred is drab, unimaginative conformity balanced against Ettare who is the symbol of intense, yearning romance. From these facts about the chief characters, and from the evidence of his orderly arranged books, it becomes obvious that the Biography is a thing of balance and symmetry. If it is not totally either one or the other, that is only one more indication of the truth that Mr. Cabell is a "realist" rather than a "romanticist," for as human life lacks perfect balance and symmetry, so does the Biography, and the Biography in dealing with the Life of Manuel is purportedly dealing with the Life of Man.³³

In Mr. Cabell's own words—the Biography's aim:

" . . . the Biography has become a completed and individual book,—not meagrely planned book, in twenty parts, the biography of no one man, but a book which deals with the life of Manuel as that life has been perpetuated through some twenty-three generations. In every volume of the Biography that world-wandering life has been my protagonist. Time has altered my protagonist unceasingly and subtly; but only as time alters any other life. Fundamentally my protagonist does not change, in any one of my books; but remains, instead, under all temporal garbs and all surface stainings, very much the same blundering male ape, reft of his tale and grown rusty at climbing, forever aspiring but forever cautious, forever hungering for companionship and for comprehension and for sympathy, and yet, none the less, retaining forever inviolate that frigid and pale and hard, small core of selfishness which, as you may recall, Queen Freydis very long ago discovered—at the cost of heartbreak—to be the heart of Manuel."³⁴

"I believe, in fine, that the Biography is a completed and individual book which depicts, in depicting the Life of Manuel, the Life of Man. It is this faith—which is, no doubt, as erroneous as all other human faiths—that I elect to take leave of the Biography, of my twenty-eight years' playing with it."³⁵

Mr. Cabell in his writing of the Life of Man is guided by this creative formula:

" . . . there was once such and such a man; and through this or the other reason he was forced to go upon a journey; and in his journeying so and so happened to him. That is the archetype of fables. . . ."³⁶

"Each journeys steadily beyond the desires and the ways of thinking which at any present moment were his. There is no passion which endures, no desire which stays fervent, and no comrade who remains near to the eternal journeyer. He may not hope to touch permanence anywhere. Not even in his own being may he look to find permanence, for that being alters unceasingly, alike in its physical body and in spirit and in needs and in intelligence. As the shape of a cloud is altered in its drifting, so do your virtues and your beliefs take momentary form and then melt away acquiescently into some other shaping in the while that you journey; and so must all men change at every instant in their noisy journey through a continuous changing until the supreme change has created its quiet carrion."³⁷

More concisely his summary of human life is this:

"The first act . . . is the imagining of a place where contentment exists and may be come to; and the second act reveals the striving toward, and the third act the falling short of, that shining goal, or else (the difference here being negligible) the attaining of it,—to discover that happiness, after all, abides a thought farther down the bogged, rocky, clogged, befogged heartbreaking road, if anywhere. . . . That is the comedy which, to my finding, the life of Manuel has enacted over and yet over again upon every stage between Poictesme and Lichfield."³⁸

To proceed in orderly fashion, we find interwoven in Cabell's aim and formula, and lending a great strength to these, this theme:

"And the connecting theme of my books, . . . would seem to me . . . that human beings are pretty much the same in most times and stations, and come by varying roads, as did Jurgen the pawnbroker and Manuel the high Count, to pretty much the same end. They suggest, in brief, that life is remarkably repetitious."³⁰

And Mr. Cabell conceives of this theme as being,

"... the democratic doctrine of our own world's Author, that the average of one human life should not, or in practice at least, does not, differ appreciably from the average of any other human life."⁴⁰

Now it should be clear by this time that Mr. Cabell has, in writing his Biography, absolutely no ulterior motives. But as Y. M. C. A. directors insist upon finding something abhorrent in his books, Mr. Cabell has found it necessary to come to his own defense in this statement,

"... you must not declare that the Biography depends upon sexual antics, quite as utterly as mere human life depends upon these quaint exercises, to secure its continuance; or, at any rate, you should not say this until after any such parts of the Biography as may seem to you to hunt the beast with two backs have been fairly weighed in their proportion to the entire Biography. You will then find, I think, that the proportion is about the same discreetly edited ratio which is displayed, one regrets to note, not in human action but through the more timed medium of this morning's newspaper."⁴¹

Now I ask the reader to bear with me while I make one more long quotation. It is an important one, for it gives us one very intimate glimpse of Mr. Cabell without his tongue in his cheek.

"Look you . . . I have followed noble love. I aspired to the Unattainable Princess, and thereafter to the unattainable Queen of a race that is more fine and potent than our race, and afterward I would have no less a love than an unattainable angel in paradise. Hah, I must be fit mate for that which is above me, was my crying in the old days, and such were the indomitable desires that one by one have made my living wonderful with dear bewitchments.

The devil of it was that these proud aims did not stay unattained! Instead, I was cursed by getting my will, and always my reward was nothing marvelous and rare, but that quite ordinary figure of earth, a human woman. And always in some dripping dawn I have turned with abhorrence from myself and from the sated folly that had hankered for such prizes, which, when possessed, showed as not wonderful in anything, and which possession left likeable enough, but stripped of dear bewitchments.

"No, Sesphra, no: men are so made that they must desire to mate with some woman or another, and they are furthermore so made that to mate with a woman does not content their desire. And in this gaming there is no gain, because the end

of loving, for everybody except those lucky persons whose love is not requited, must always be a sick disgust and a self-despising, which the wise will conduct in silence, and not talk about as I am talking now under your dear bewitchments."⁴²

"oh, I am not proud of what I have made of my life, and of your life, and of the life of that woman yonder, but do you think I will be whining about it! No, Freydis: the boy that loved and deserted you is here . . . locked in, imprisoned while time lasts, dying loneliness."⁴³

Certainly there is tragedy there; the tragedy of a man who asks so much of himself that his life must necessarily be tragic, for he can never fulfill the exacting demands he makes of himself. And there' is the tragedy of the frustrated artist too, the tragedy of the true artist, the tragedy of the artist who is not merely a bard or an artificer, but a poet. It is an eternal tragedy, this possessing of aims too lofty, and it has been echoed down through the ages. Mr. Cabell finds its best expression in the following thirteen lines which Mr. Cabell considers the finest poetry in the English language.⁴⁴ (One may judge a man by the poetry he likes.)—

"If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters'
thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspir'd their
hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired
themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless
heads
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at
the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."⁴⁵

And now, having viewed Mr. Cabell's aim, formula, and theme, we find, upon delving beyond these into those profound things which we call essentials, that Mr. Cabell's theme, the theme of the Biography as a whole, his one great purpose, is nothing more or less than a preaching, no matter how unobtrusively implied, of a great doctrine of humility; a doctrine that can not be lightly smiled away. For, be it remembered that it was a same such doctrine which brought so large an amount of fame, (and stigmati), to that long-dead carpenter's son, whose birthday, in our own characteristic fashion of furthering the success of the "demiurge," we still celebrate by the exchanging of a few inexpensive gifts.

Yes, and let it be remembered also that this carpenter's son, this first great preacher of humility, had his difficulties in getting his doctrine spread about. And thus we find an analogy evolving itself,

for Mr. Cabell preaches humility also, and Mr. Cabell also has had his difficulties in getting his doctrine a warm acceptance. And since . . . then . . . and now . . . no difference . . . why, and then it would seem that man has progressed little since 29 A. D.

Why, and isn't that what Mr. Cabell has been contending from the very beginning. . . .

THE END

NOTES

1. Cabell, James Branch, *Beyond Life*, Modern Library, 1923, p. 26.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 23.
3. Hartwick, Harry, *American Fiction*, American Book Co., 1934, p. 185.
4. *Ibid.*
5. Cabell, James Branch, *Straws and Prayer-Books*, R. Clay & Son, Ltd., Bungay, Suffolk, 1926, p. 295.
6. *Jurgen and the Law*, Robert M. McBride & Co., 1923, p. 11, note 3.
7. Cabell, James Branch, *Preface to the Past*, Robt. M. McBride & Co., 1927, p. 93.
8. I refer the reader to the book, *Jurgen and the Law*, mentioned above in connection with note 6, for a complete account of the trial of *Jurgen* for alleged violation of the New York State Penal Code.
9. Cabell, James Branch, *Figures of Earth*, Robt. M. McBride & Co., 1921, p. 264.
10. Cabell, James Branch, *These Restless Heads*, Robt. M. McBride & Co., 1932, p. 115.
11. Cabell, James Branch, *Beyond Life*, p. 352.
12. Cabell, James Branch, *These Restless Heads*, p. 114.
13. Cabell, James Branch, *Straws and Prayer-Books*, p. 37.
14. Cabell, James Branch, *Beyond Life*, p. 315.
15. *Ibid.*, pp. 356-7.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 349.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 51.
18. Cabell, James Branch, *The Cream of the Jest*, Modern Library, p. 146.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 147.
20. Cabell, James Branch, *Beyond Life*, p. 157.
21. *Ibid.*, p. 153.
22. Cabell, James Branch, *Straws and Prayer-Books*, p. 37.
23. Cabell, James Branch, *The Cream of the Jest*, p. 39.
24. *Ibid.*, p. 13.
25. Cabell, James Branch, *Figures of Earth*, p. 209.
26. Cabell, James Branch, *Preface to the Past*, p. 15.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 16.
28. *Ibid.*, p. 29.
29. *Ibid.*, pp. 104-5-6.
30. Cabell, James Branch, *Straws and Prayer-Books*, p. 25.
31. Cabell, James Branch, *These Restless Heads*, p. 143.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 184.
33. Cabell, James Branch, *Preface to the Past*, p. 239.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 237.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 239.
36. Cabell, James Branch, *These Restless Heads*, p. 212.
37. *Ibid.*, p. 212.
38. Cabell, James Branch, *Preface to the Past*, p. 33-34.
39. *Ibid.*, p. 30.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 237.
41. *Ibid.*, p. 239.
42. Cabell, James Branch, *Figures of Earth*, p. 198.
43. *Ibid.*, 206.
44. Cabell, James Branch, *Beyond Life*, p. 91.
45. *Plays of Christopher Marlowe*, E. P. Dutton & Co., EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY. 1909, "Tamburlaine the Great," p. 50.

FROM COVER TO COVER

Current Books in Review

***No Letters for the Dead.* By Gale Wilhelm. Random House, New York. \$2.00.**

Simply and completely and with a strange delicacy, 27 year-old Gale Wilhelm has told another story for those who have been waiting since the publication, last year, of her first novel, *We Too Are Drifting*. And here is a book of which its publishers have said that it "unfolds the life of a normal young woman who drifts into prostitution."

But Gale Wilhelm has done more than that in the briefness of her 212 pages. She has taken a woman with a soul, followed her through experiences which warp souls and steal them warped as they are; and she has seen her Paula emerge with a stronger, cleaner soul than the one untried with which she started. Similarly, she has taken a time-worn subject, written words about it, and there is nothing unpleasantly tinged with coarseness of outlook in the finished product. That is something of an achievement, and the achievement is probably due to the author's desire to understand the motives of a prostitute rather than to condemn them.

The book is not, fortunately, a cross-section of life, and that is what saves it from immediate obscurity. Miss Wilhelm simply tells the story of Paula Strindler and the great love which made her hell on earth invisible to her except as a means to an end—a reunion with Koni Tillada. As the mistress of Koni, she bore his child, saw their chances for immediate happiness blasted when he was unjustly sent to San Quentin as an accomplice in his wife's suicide, saw the child die. She wandered from coast to coast seeking an outlet for her sensitive nervousness and a means of subsistence, only to wait for Koni. And she waits endlessly, for he never comes back alive. Futilely hunting for jobs, she is finally driven to her first professional pick-up, the first step in her physical degradation.

What is remarkable about Paula is her spiritual exaltation, her adamant self-respect, the same fine Spartan pride which stiffened the back-bone of Susan in David Graham Phillips' *Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise*. With Susan, it was self-love that drove her on, that kept her head and shoulders above her associates. But with Paula, it was love for Koni. With Susan, the desire was to live—and to live

in this man's world, she learned to think and act and to be ruthless like a man. But Paula was fundamentally and completely a woman, entirely absorbed by love, sunk down into it, and futility in relation to her life was a thought almost unknown to her.

Her letters to Koni, recurring through the pages, follow her spiritual evolution; and Gale Wilhelm, with innate comprehension, did not obliterate that sense of futility which Paula, being human, felt occasionally. "Tonight I'm tired and somewhere in today a little of my hope lies lost," Paula wrote once. The entire novel is peppered with similar evidences of Miss Wilhelm's delicately-tipped pen, her sense of artistry overwhelming her rather bald understanding of sordidness. And still her words are simply chosen. "Lying in bed along the dark edge of sleep"—a word-picture in water-colors.

No Letters for the Dead is like that—a picture of the dead greyness of Paula's hoping and its tragic end done in water colors, fine and beautiful, a picture of what was inside as well as what was outside. To those who have doubted that there is beauty in ugliness goes a recommendation that they consult Miss Wilhelm. There will be those who will not like it, those who will sneer at love's power to create rose-colored glasses. But there are always those who batter beauty in an effort to prove that it is all illusion.

And there will be those who will sneer and unrelentingly condemn Paula for her prostitution. That is a matter of opinion, and there will always be Puritanic tyranny of opinion. The book is not great, but it shows promise of something to come. It is certainly worth reading, both for its philosophy and for Gale Wilhelm's art.

JANE LOVE.

***The Flowering of New England.* By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. \$4.00.**

Mr. Brooks' endeavour is the portrayal of the high tide of American culture in what has been termed the "New England Renaissance." He has portrayed and interpreted this movement, as an "episode" in the literary history of the United States, with vigor, feeling, and comprehension; his endeavour is a magnificent success. The period of the work is a half-century, 1815-1865, the characters of the

study are not, however, merely the writers living in that span, but the workers whose thought defines the particular culture cycle, the flowering of New England, the men of Cambridge, Salem, Boston, and Concord who brought the intellectual life of their country to the level of contemporary Europe, and won world recognition for American literature.

Boston was in 1815 a small-scale Edinburgh; its people had freed themselves from theological and political dependence upon England, but the liberation of arts and thought was to follow. Boston's teachers were Gibbon, Hume, and Burke; its poet—and in its full bloom Boston cherished knowledge before art—was Pope. The independence of its earliest settlers had given the city wealth and a Boston religion. The architect, Charles Bulfinch, whose son was author of the *Age of Fable*, had rebuilt it in a style "more delicate than the colonial Georgian, quite without the English massiveness." In churches of New England's adaptation from the old, an "adapted" religion was proclaimed with classicistic eloquence; Dr. Buckminster, of Boston's pastors most eloquent, had been so courageous as to announce that there might be "a higher poetry than the 'mere language of reason!'" Boston was ready now to turn again to Europe, not merely to adapt its ideas, but to be stimulated by them to a genuine and original creation.

The fire was brought from Europe by George Tichnor, who with Edward Everett travelled over the continent meeting and appreciating its great minds, and studying under the painful, but admirably thorough, German university system. Tichnor took back to Harvard, where he had been appointed "professor of belles lettres," the records of a keen mind, which had been made aware of vivid, unfamiliar, and enchanting prospects; he returned "a youthful master of the grand style." He returned to a New England of two equal minds, Webster, champion of her greatest political force, and Channing, her moral leader. Later, Tichnor was joined by Everett and Cogswell, masters respectively of Greek and the use of books. Under these men was studying Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Following the re-introduction to Europe which gave New England the influence of

(Continued on page 24)

Masks and Grease Paint

CURRENT PLAYS IN REVIEW

THE SUMMER season is over, and the foot-lights are out in most of the summer theatres; and once again the curtain is going up on a new fall season on Broadway and in other cities and towns that boast a legitimate theatre. What of the outlook for the theatre season this fall? Will the productions be worth while or will they fold after a brief run? And what part is the summer theatre movement playing in American drama? Is it just a passing fancy, or is it to become an integral part of theatrical tradition?

The summer groups have just completed their most successful season. Many of these little theatre groups are continuing throughout the winter under a modified schedule and will bring to many smaller communities the opportunity to see stage productions elsewhere than on a high school stage. The number of these summer theatres has increased from about twelve, in 1926, to ten times that number this year. The figure in itself is far more significant than mere words of explanation could be. These groups are constantly playing a larger part in providing entertainment during the summer for the habitual and occasional theatre-goer. Another interesting light on these groups is that they are no longer confined to the so-called colonies where the exponents of expression gather.

One of the oldest and most consistently successful of these groups acts as an all year playhouse; it is the Hedgerow Theatre in Rose Valley, near Philadelphia. It is housed in an old barn, with a stage not much bigger than a closet, but the productions play to full houses night after night drawing from the entire district. It is from this group that Ann Harding started her climb to stardom; here also Libby Holman starred a season or so ago.

The Provincetown Players with an old fish-house for their theatre is another organization which has become nationally known for excellent performances.

There are many others that deserve more than passing mention; at Pasadena the Shakespearian festival presented many of the plays of that dramatist that seldom are seen, although they are by no means worthless in any sense of the word. Thus, the coast group has achieved a notable goal, presenting worthwhile plays to an appreciative audience; plays which this audience would never have seen if they had waited for the strictly professional companies to produce them.

New England is dotted with renovated garages, barns, casinos and the like which are presenting the best to be had in drama. There is the Cape Playhouse in Massachusetts and the Ogunquit Playhouse in Maine, to mention only two of the best. Both of these are exceptionally good.

Broadway is feeling the results of these summer theatres in several ways. One of the most important is that they act as a testing ground, not strictly reliable, it is true, but nevertheless generally informative concerning new plays. Many are tried for the first time in the little theatre, and if they click, and if the audience is metropolitan, it is a cue to Broadway that there is something to look into. The Westport playhouse, for one, leads in testing new scripts for possible professional production . . . Spring Lake, Mantunuck, and Yonkers are others acting in the same capacity.

As for the shows actually on the White Way, at the date of writing, the only one that isn't a holdover from last season or a second engagement is a little ditty called *Spring Dance* which is not receiving any particularly brilliant reviews by the scribes. From all appearances it is just another show.

The rest of the main stem provides entertainment enough to make up for the lack of new material. There is *Tobacco Road* which has been such a success during the past two seasons and promises to continue its primrose path. Many of the theatre-goers who have seen it before are seeing it again, if merely to brush up on the cracks that are prevalent in the story of Georgian low life.

Victoria Regina is revived in a blaze of glory with the superb Helen Hayes taking most of the honors from a well balanced cast that could probably go a long way on its own, and whose possibilities are unlimited with her support.

Robert E. Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight* opened its second engagement, the latter part of August, with a cast headed by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. The production is presented by the Theatre Guild and lives up to the standards of that organization. This play should last throughout the season.

Three Men on a Horse is still drawing the laugh-hungry audiences and sending them away happy. It has played about seven hundred performances to date and should add quite a few more before the

curtain falls for the last time on this fast stepping comedy.

Whenever the word "Happy" is mentioned near theatre patrons they naturally think of *Boy Meets Girl*, and the laughs are had all over again; it is one of those shows you remember long after you have seen it, whose laughs are new and the kind everyone remembers.

Dead End has received many controversial criticisms which is natural for a controversial show. It is another war story, and although it is a slightly different angle it still leaves the taste that was left by *What Price Glory* and the rest.

Gilbert and Sullivan are revived by the D'Oyle Carte company and others, and are as fresh as they were the day they were written, probably even more so, for the satire is better seen and much of it still applies in the present.

New Faces and *On Your Toes* are the main musicals showing at present, although the 1936 edition of the *Ziegfeld Follies* will have opened before this sees print. The new edition will star Fannie Brice, Bobby Clark, Eve Arden and many others including the inevitable Ziegfeld chorus. As for the others, *On Your Toes* is the most popular, starring Ray Bolger, Luella Gear, and Tamara Geva. *New Faces* is finally recovering from the fight to see who really controlled the review. This argument occurred in the beginning of August and ended with several of the company receiving notice. Added to this, the cast had a tired appearance, probably due to the fact that aside from the regular performances, the cast was taken to perform at one of the night clubs every evening.

Of course there are the W. P. A. groups which are producing some rather acceptable shows, but which Broadway refuses to consider competition of a major sort. Many of the plays are original, and many of these could have remained unwritten as far as real originality goes. Added to this is the fact that several of the productions, although not bad in themselves, smeared on the propaganda rather thick; so thick in fact as to become obvious and thus lose any effect it might otherwise have had.

Several new plays are in preparation and are being tried out in Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago prior to their New York opening. Unless these plays are better than the average it appears that the current season will be a trifle duller than last year.

The Meeting

(Continued from page 3)

and talk to them and then turn back to his work. His confounded work. He hated his work. It was funny that he should hate his work when it was all he had.

"Frank, stop it!" she had said sharply as he had started to laugh again. "What is wrong with you?"

They had gone to the Senate restaurant then and had ordered cool drinks and hadn't minded the heat so much. She had pleaded with the black, shiny-faced waiter for some of the spiced tea that Frank had always drunk before she had gone away. He thought how like her that had been and of how he had almost decided to stay over and take a chance on the wedding, to take a stab at seeing her married again. But the memory of the agony that her first marriage had caused him had made him save himself.

"No, Helen, I'm leaving on the 9:40 train. I've wired the office. You know I'm not supposed to be away anyway." He had convinced her that he was glad she was marrying Rod, glad that she was going to leave *him* free to marry, free to do as he wished.

As the train had pulled out of the station, the big station with the largest unsupported roof in the world, the dirty station with the statue and the fountain in front of it, he had waved good-bye at her where she stood on the platform and had contemplated his new freedom. Unwelcome freedom. He had watched the family across the aisle: the man trying to read the paper, the little sticky child hanging on his coat and whining, wanting him to lay the paper down, the woman nagging both in a sharp voice that rasped on Frank's nerves. He was free of all that—free. It was funny. He was free of something he had never had. His face had twisted. He hadn't smiled. It would have hurt to smile. It hurt more not to smile.

And when he had been back in the office with the big mahogany desk and the telephone that jangled incessantly and the papers, yellow and blue and white papers, he had felt resentment toward her, had hated her, had thrown her letters away without reading them and then had sneaked back to the waste-basket to get them. He had never written her, though, and it wasn't long before she sent him nothing but Christmas cards and birthday cards and Easter cards signed "Rod and Helen."

It had been the heat that had brought it all back, that had made him remember how hot it had been in Washington those four years ago. Heat always brought it

back. And that day last week had been hot. He had turned away from the lettered door with the frosted glass and had stepped into the elevator. The fan in the elevator had blown his face dry of perspiration and he had wished that he could stay there. He had wished that he were an elevator boy so that he could stay there under the fan in the little box-like cubicle with the mirror on one side and the light in the ceiling. But the elevator had stopped and he had stepped out into the rush of hot waves that slapped his face and hands and then caressed him malevolently.

He had bought a paper, a *St. Louis Star and Times*, the same paper he was clutching tightly in his hand here on Lindell Boulevard where he was going to meet her. Except that the paper he had in his hand was dated a week later, dated July 10, and it had the news item in it. He had bought the other paper to see if the weather men were predicting relief. They weren't. God, it was hot. He had wanted to ask the man in front of him in the revolving door if he didn't think the heat was terrible.

Then he had seen *her*. She had been standing there under the awning waiting for him. He had seen her first, and all the old feeling had come back. It was useless. It was funny. He wanted to laugh. Why did he always want to laugh? She had stood there all in white and he had thought how cool she looked. Then he had looked at her face and had seen that it was white too and that her eyes were sad. He had gone straight to her and had taken her hand, saying quietly, "Hello, Helen."

How strange that he had said no more. Funny. There was nothing more to say. And she had looked at him with the smile on her lips and no smile in her large grey eyes and had said, "I've been waiting for you, Zip."

It had seemed so natural for them to walk down the hard grey pavement and for him to help her into the car and to drive her to the air-cooled Forum for lunch. They had talked lightly and easily of many things as though they were not aware of anything unusual, anything that wanted clarification in their long estrangement. He had not asked her why she was there, there in St. Louis; she had not asked him why he had never written. She had showed surprise at his statement that he had had his apartment done over, the same apartment that he had had four years earlier.

"Then you aren't married?" she had queried.

"No." Briefly. He had looked at her, white and cool and lovely across the table from him, and he had wondered that she hadn't known, that she hadn't guessed. She must have known. Yet, he was sure that she never had known.

"And you, Sis. Are you happy?" Guarded tones coupled with anxiety. Happy with Rod. He hated Rod. But she must be happy. He had decided that he must learn to like Rod if it would make her happy. He must give her what he could to make her happy.

"That is why I'm here, Zip." The white face and the grey eyes looked sad. The clatter of the dishes and the chatter of the people and the clacking of the waitresses' shoes had faded into silence when she finished her next sentence. He had stared at her and had looked at his plate, his brown and green and white plate, and had mumbled, "I'm sorry." For she had said, "Rod was in an automobile accident two weeks ago. He died."

He had felt a rush of gladness and then he had been ashamed. But when he had looked again at her white face, he had known that she had loved Rod. Really loved Rod. He had been jealous again and it had been hard to say "I'm sorry."

It was then that she had risen swiftly and had said, "I must go now, Frank." She had refused his offer to take her wherever she was going; she had refused to tell him where she was staying. She had said, "I'm trying to stay quiet now, Frank. It was such a shock. I just wanted to see you. If you are free, meet me again for lunch next week. Meet me, Frank, next Wednesday. That's the tenth. Meet me at the corner of Lindell and Thirteenth; I'll be at the lawyer's and I'll have my car, so don't bring yours."

At the lawyer's. He had said good-bye. At the lawyer's. Why hadn't she come to him? He was a lawyer—a damned good lawyer, too. Everybody said so. He was her brother, wasn't he? He was supposed to take care of her, wasn't he? Then he had sunk back in the chair, limply, free of anger, and had thought of the days before her first marriage, days when they had been real brother and sister and when he hadn't had to worry about her leaving him. And now she had gone to another lawyer. He was supposed to meet her after she had seen that other lawyer.

Well, he was meeting her. He stumbled off the street-car onto the macadam street

(Continued on page 25)

From Cover to Cover

(Continued from page 21)

Dante, the English romantic school, and Carlyle, came a veritable flowering. The first products of New England genius, which had begun to appear while many of the future great were tasting Europe, were, as should be expected, the literary and historic works of the *North American* reviewers and of Sparks and Bancroft. Early American history, naturally, was not over modest nor laconic—Boston remembered that England had been twice "licked." The tone of the *North American Review* was, and remained, formal, timid, and unprogressive, but its service was genuine. In Mr. Brooks' opinion, the leaders, in their particular fields, of New England literature were the historian Prescott, the poet Longfellow, the social thinker Emerson, the novelist Hawthorne.

Although it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Brooks has more affection than the average competent critic for the New England poets, his generous delineation of Longfellow does not appear weak. Longfellow was a very genuine poet, even though his work was marred by moralization, and was not of great force. In England the fame of this American "rhymster," as a few of our harsher contemporaries

have called him, rivals Tennyson's; there he was an English poet; in Germany he was a German poet.

Emerson has suffered loss of reputation far less than Longfellow. The importance of Emerson in the mind of this day is that of "the wisest American," and Mr. Brooks' recent biography of Emerson is in no small way responsible for this importance. Two chapters of the *Flowering of New England* are devoted largely to this figure, and its presentation is amazingly complete. It is a difficult task, having composed a detail biography, to speak satisfactorily of the hero of the larger work in a sketch, a task requiring a true selective ability. Mr. Brooks has that ability, just as he has an appreciation of his critical field, probably unequalled. A more effective resumé of Emerson's own tenets than the next to final paragraph of "Emerson in Concord" could hardly be given. Although I cannot claim a great familiarity with Emerson's works, in the chapters on Emerson, as in those on Hawthorne and Holmes—and in many passages throughout the book—the writer seems to speak for himself.

This reproduction of a particular style appears strongly and to great effect in the description of Salem which formed young Hawthorne's mind. The sum of Mr. Brooks' observations on Hawthorne presents not a critical analysis so much as a picture, deeply shaded but distinct.

Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' especial genius is a selective and sensitive manner which makes *The Flowering of New England*, though "well told" and unpedantic, an obviously authoritative and profound document, so that there is small danger of his methods being mistaken for the "fictional" study, although he fears it may. He has done well in unifying his period; there are no loose ends, ideas recorded whose origin is undetermined or undeveloped, nor is each motif laboriously derived and traced to its conclusion. He explains something of this in his preface; he has included in his discussion of the period 1815-1865 only characters who are typical of the New England Renaissance, whose ideas are the intellectual substance of the day. The public should look forward to the continuation of Mr. Brooks' "larger cycle" of historical studies of American literature. K. R. HAYES.



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The Meeting

(Continued from page 23)

and wove his way unseeingly through the cars that scooted by him. This was Twelfth—Twelfth with the grey buildings and the open man-hole that people were dodging as they hurried across Twelfth street. One more block down and he would be on Thirteenth and Lindell where he was going to meet her. It was hot.

He had planned to tell her today. He had written a short speech and had learned it the night before so that he wouldn't get mixed up. It wasn't a long speech. He started to say it, found he couldn't remember it, stopped dead in the middle of the grey side-walk, felt panic sweep over him. Panic and heat. He had forgotten it! It was gone! Then he moved on. He didn't need it now anyway. She would never know. He stopped and pulled the newspaper out into view and fixed his eyes on the newspaper item.

But she had said she would meet him and she always kept her promises. He put the paper back in his pocket and kept one hand on it so that it couldn't get away. There was the corner. He could see the corner. Thirteenth and Lindell. It was still hot and the side-walks were still grey and there were more and more people to bump roughly against him. He was doggedly persistent about holding the center of the side-walk. He could see the corner from there. She wasn't in sight. She would keep him waiting while she talked to that other lawyer. But he would meet her. Nothing would keep him from meeting her. He jostled heavily against a solid wall of policeman and looked startledly up into the pair of cold eyes.

"Sorry," he muttered. And then he grinned at the other man. Best not to scowl at cops. He heard the cop say "Funny duck," as he moved to the curb of Thirteenth Street. She would be on

the other corner, over where there weren't so many people to make it even hotter and sticky and rough. But she wasn't there. She was going to meet him, though. He was going to meet her. He would look for her. Maybe she was on the next corner.

His hand, clenched on the newspaper, loosed itself and he drew the paper out. He stopped there and read the head-line on the small news item that stood out, that stared at him from the front page of the *St. Louis Star and Times*. It said that she wasn't going to meet him, that she, "Helen Jenkins Thomas, wife of the late Roderick F. Thomas," had been "overcome by the heat," that two other women had also been "yesterday's victims of the torrid St. Louis weather." They were trying to tell him that she wasn't going to meet him. He started and walked steadily toward the next corner, toward the next corner, toward all the next corners. They weren't going to keep him from meeting her.

But Frank stopped. He stopped and stood motionless, there on the crowded grey side-walk in the heat and let the onrushing tides of people break against him, look at him, say "Whaddaya think you're doin'?", and leave him. She wasn't going to meet him. She wasn't going to be at Thirteenth and Lindell. She wasn't going to be at any of the corners with the red and green traffic lights and the newsboys and their papers. She wasn't going to meet him because she had gone to meet Rod. To meet Rod. That was where she had gone. She wasn't going to meet him. She was going to meet Rod.

He threw the paper down and stepped on it as though it were a large squashy insect that he was crushing with his heel. That was that. He walked methodically into the black and yellow and white taxi that stood near him in the street. He was going back to the office with the big mahogany desk and the telephone that jangled incessantly and the papers, yellow and blue and white papers.

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Lucky Day

(Continued from page 14)

pushes her away and jumps up. She is too quick for him however and has her arms around his neck and kisses him. At first he struggles a little then his arms creep around her until it is a real movie embrace. While they are thus entwined Lilyan comes into the room. Lucky sees her but holds the kiss. Jerry has his back to her.)

LILYAN: Jerry—Lucky! (She is too surprised to say anything further. Jerry and Lucky break apart, and Jerry turns quickly to Lilyan and looks embarrassed.)

LUCKY: You said that I couldn't have Dane, so there was no one else left.

JERRY: So that's what all this is about—you wanted to show Lilyan that you could play her game too. Well, I'm disappointed in you, Lucky, and, Lilyan—

LILYAN: There's no use saying anything. The little devil's been after you, and you couldn't resist her. I imagine any woman could do the same with you. You're weak, you're—

LUCKY: Hush, Lilyan, before you say things that you'll wish you hadn't.

LILYAN: (Almost in tears) I don't care—

LUCKY: It wasn't Jerry's fault. It was all my own idea, and I certainly would have

been feeling a nub if I couldn't have made Jerry coöperate a little. I just wanted to give you a little dose of your own medicine, dear. I was tired of seeing you hurt Jerry by parading younger men before him all the time. I'm tired of it myself; and see how you go to pieces when you doubt Jerry for a moment. If you love him, why don't you quit being so young? You ought to realize how he feels now.

(Lilyan looks at her in complete surprise. Jerry goes over and puts his arms around her.)

JERRY: We, the family, have decreed. (Dane comes in and stops when he sees the little group.)

LUCKY: Dane, come on out in the garden, I want to show you what Jerry is painting for his new picture. It is beautiful at sunset. (At the French doors she turns and looks back) Oh, Mother, there's a young man arriving this evening. I forgot to tell you. Put him in the dormer room with me.

LILYAN: Lucky!

DANE: (As they go out) She's not your real mother, is she?

LUCKY: My very own.

LILYAN: (Watches them go and then turns to Jerry.) Jerry, I never realized what an utter fool I've been until now, trying to stay young so long. So many times I've been so tired of it all. It took that little devil to show me.

JERRY: I'm sorry if we hurt you, Lilyan. I really don't mind the boys. Rather like to have them around, but I miss you when you've gone with them somewhere.

LILYAN: (Hugging him) Jerry, you're awfully sweet to me.

(The doorbell rings. Hilda answers it. She returns followed by a young man.)

HILDA: A young man to see Miss Lucky, Miss Lilyan.

LILYAN: Oh, yes. She said one was coming. (She turns to Jerry, holds out her hand to him, he takes it and they solemnly shake, then Lilyan turns to the young man.) I'm Lucky's mother. May I ask your name?

YOUNG MAN: Didn't Lucky tell you?

LILYAN: Tell us what?

YOUNG MAN: I'm Lucky's husband.

(A Quick Curtain.)

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Abner Picklesheimer

(Continued from page 8)

He warn't 'a looking fer no trouble; so he lit out, and pretty spry too. He knowed I ain't 'a stannin' fer no foolishness an' no devilment, and he knowed I'da stobbed him if he'd tried to get gay. And I would 'a stobbed him too, 'cause I don't drink myself and I ain't havin' no dealin's with them as does.

What's that? Did I hear you aright? Why didn't I take him home and put him to bed? Of all the—stranger, I calc'late you ain't been around so much. That would 'uv made purty talk fer the neighbors, and me with my reputation to hold up. Now supposin' I'da took him home, and supposin' I'da been totin' him along, and somebody, f'r 'n'instance, the Widder Phillips had 'a come along and seed me with him. Where'd I 'a been then? Huh, where'd I 'a been? That's right, it would 'a looked bad. She'd 'uv felt pretty bad 'bout it too, seein' as how she has so much faith in me. Now course it's the same with everybody 'round here. They all knows I ain't never tetched a drap, nary a drap—they all knows I never would.

They all knows I go to meetin' every Sunday and ain't missed Sunday School in goin' on eleven year. But you see, stranger, hit's a quare world, a quare world. Just like old somebody er other said 'bout birds that's the same color allers goin' around together; and a man is jedged by the kind of people everybody sees him with, which means that if a body who is good and church-goin' an' all that gets to hangin' around with some other feller what ain't thought much of, then he ain't gonna be thought much of neither. You see, it woulda been hard on me, and it woulda been worse on the Widder Phillips if I'da been seen with Rafe Slocum, and him 'a carryin' on like he were. Yess'r, I guess the widder would 'a felt plenty sick secin' as how she's crazy about me, and she and me is gonna be married.

When? Oh, we ain't set no day fer it yet, but everybody in Pine Hill knows that I'm 'a courtin' her—purty heavy an' serious-like too. I generally go around to set with her 'bout twicet a week, and I allers take her to meetin' on Sundays, and

at square dances—round dances too—I allers choose her fer my partner; and—

Oh, her? Shore she'll marry me and jump at the chance quicker'n you can bat an eyeball, by gum. They ain't a gal in all of Pine Hill what wouldn't be proud to tell everybody she was Mrs. Abner Pickleseimer. Just like now every time I walks down the street—ain't never seed it fail—the gals allers smiles at me and looks at me kinder longing like. You know, kinder like a dog lookin' at a pork chop. But I never even glances at 'em, just walks on like I ain't even seed 'em and ain't got no time to be wastin' 'round on 'em. That allers makes 'em set up and take notice when I acts like that, 'specially when I got on my new suit which I got at the biggest store in Salemsboro, and I got my shoes shined, and I got on that necktie I got which has the picture of a horse on it. That's the way you got to treat 'em, manful-like. Then, when you *do* break over kind of grudgin' and maybe smiles at 'em, they eats it up like a pig

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AT

THE LITTLE SHOPPE

goin' adder slops, and just falls all over themself tryin' to be nice to you.

Huh? Oh, shore, shore, that's the way it's done—easy as fallin' offen' a fence back'ards if you know how. But you gotta be careful as all git-out. Now take f'r n'instance last week, they was a big square dance down to Siler's Mill. Had the Orange Grove Corn Shuckers there, and them fellers can put out a mess of music. Got Eph Riggins on tenor banjo, and that feller can do more pickin' than anybody in the whole county. So me and the Widder Phillips goes over, and goldurned if we warn't the elegantest couple on the floor—the spryest too, by gum. They was a powerful sight of the purtiest gals there you ever laid two eyes on. I was feeling uncommon gay; so I figgered I'd give the gals a mite of fun with the limberest clogger in Sasser County—figgered I'd kinder make the widder a little envious just for devilment.

So I commences to shine up to the gals

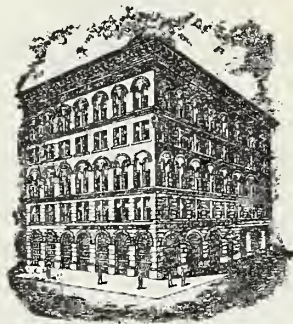
and was cavortin' about powerful lively. I was 'a cuttin' a gay figger with Susan Dolittle when I happens to shoot an eye over towards where the widder was. I was shore burnin' her up. I could see that all right, 'cause she was talkin' uncommon brash with about four different fellers at the same time and was 'a laughing like to let on she warn't jealous. So when I seed how well my plan was 'a workin', I shined up some more. Well, I reckon I must 'a took it a little too fur, 'cause adder the dance there warn't hair nor hide of her to be found. I figger she just couldn't stand it. Must 'uv been pretty bad on her 'cause she's been sick ever since, leastways that's what she says every time I go over there.

What's that? The fellers envious of me 'bout shinin' up to their gals? Well, I should reckon; I ain't hear'n a minute of peace since that night. They're tryin' to get even with me. They keep tellin' me the widder has got in thick with some

rich feller from up to the big town. They say his name is Rushington, 'er Rushton, 'er maybe it were Bushton. I ain't got no time fer trying to figger out them auto-cratik kind of names. But I just tell 'em to quit their joshin', 'cause I know the widder ain't goin' fer no other feller as long as I'm hangin' around. Then they 'lows that the Widder's gonna marry the slicker next week, and I comes back at 'em 'lowin' as how the are just envious of me. And anyhow, they knows, that if there were anybody else botherin' the Widder, I would find out about it and would make it mighty unhealthy fer that dude—an' I would, I'd run him out'n this here town so quick he'd—

Hey, what's this little card you're 'a handin' me here? Hmm, John Harvey Rushton. Well, fer—what's this fer?

Well, I'm a pop-eyed 'possum. Uh—uh—Say, you can't do that! Hey, Lem, wait a minute! I wanta ride with you!



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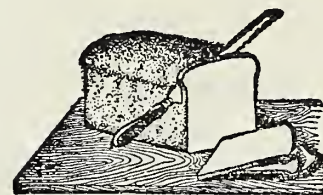
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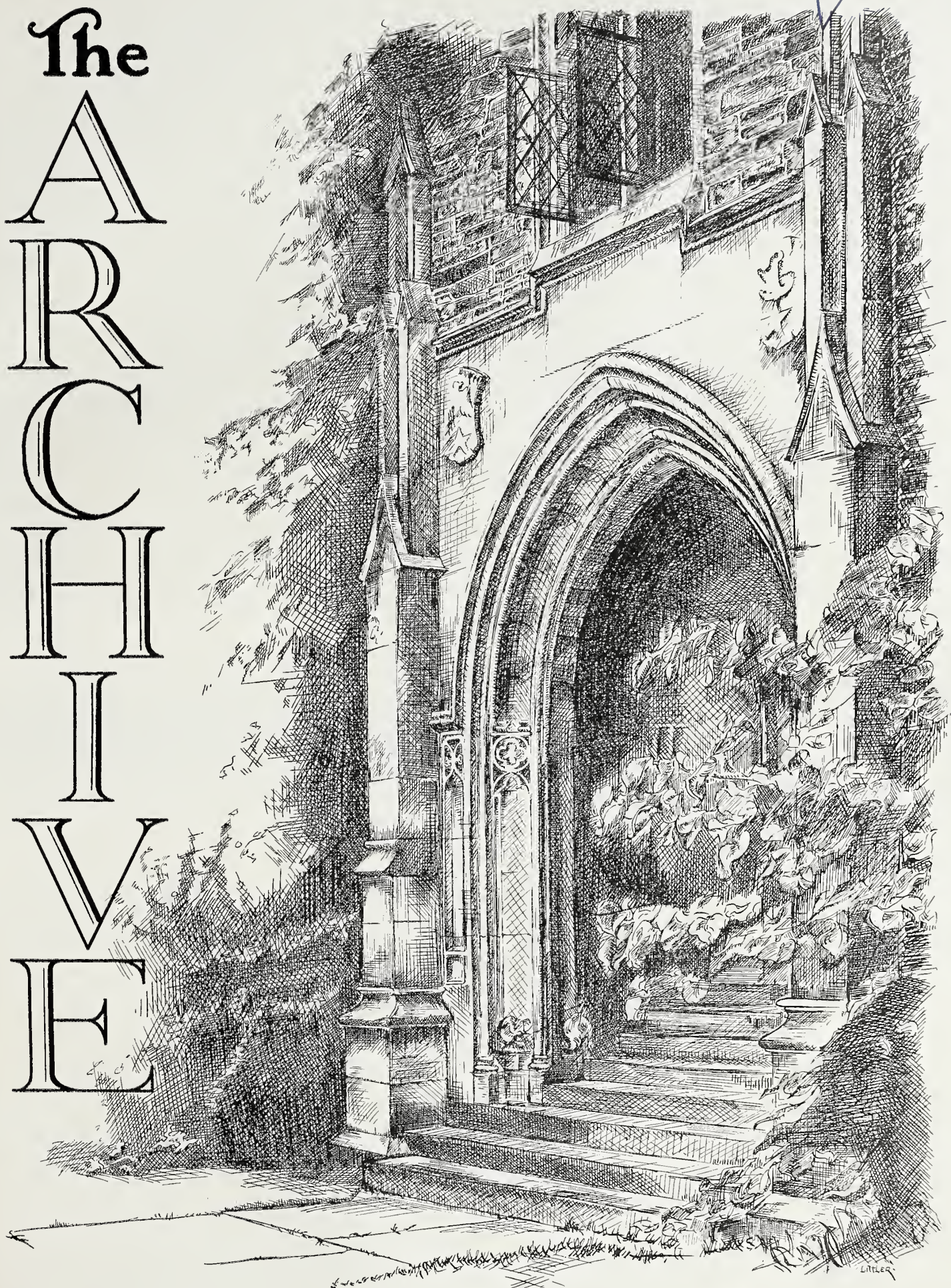


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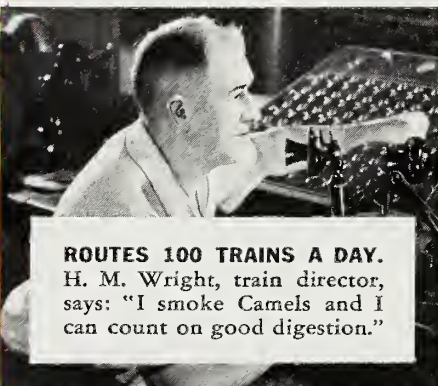
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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME L NOVEMBER, 1936 NUMBER TWO

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at
Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that
the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for
in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."
Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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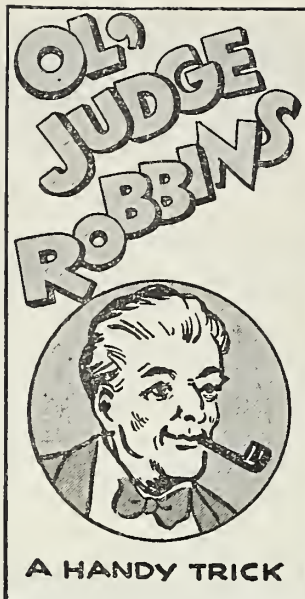
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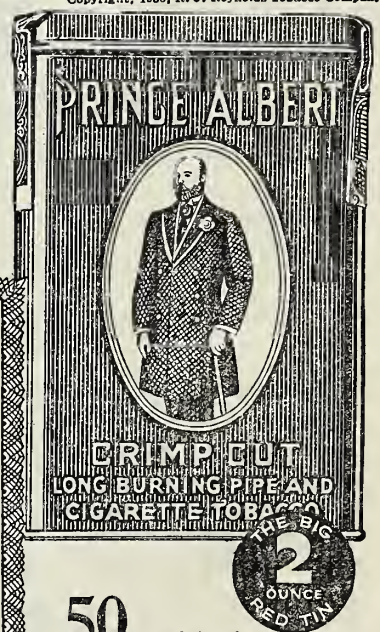
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The Golden Pipes

C. ROBERT WILSON

Illustrated by BILL LITTLER



SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Arne Sargent, seven-year-old all fresh and shiny Arne Sargent, sat quietly in a corner, this time not minding that he was going to church, this time not minding at all that he was all dressed up and was going to church. He sat quietly in a corner staring at his hands, thinking one thought, thinking it intensely, with all the intensity of his seven years, and enjoying the nameless excitement that that thought welled up in him. And his mind's eye was already on those elegantly golden pipes.

His mother flew around in a flutter of preparation, all the while looking in to see what he was doing. While his father sat reading the paper. His father didn't like to go to church either. He would rather go out in his shirt-sleeves with a pipe to look at his flowers in the early morning sun, or sit on the porch with his feet up on the rail reading the paper. And that's what Arne liked about his father, he wasn't always wanting to dress up to go somewhere.

Usually, Arne was uncomfortable and restless when he had to go to church, and during the week the very mention of church made him feel clean and uncomfortable. But this time he didn't run about getting dirty so that his mother had to shout at him, and make him wash again at the last moment; vigorous, impatient washings that were painful. This time he sat quietly in a corner, filled with that nameless excitement that welled up in him, and shone in his eyes and made him sit still, and he could scarcely wait now for them to start, for them to start off to church.

His father, laying down a section of the paper, looked over at him, why so quiet. "What's the matter, Son?"

Arne looked up quickly, his eyes large and faintly pleading, shook his head, mumbled incoherently, and looked away.

His father smiled kindly and resumed his reading. Kids were funny; best to leave them alone.

Arne was glad. He liked his father. He wondered if his father knew. Hadn't anyone told him? He didn't seem excited.

Arne didn't remember who had told him, but then that didn't matter, he didn't think about that, for his youthful mind was occupied by one single thought, his youthful mind was occupied by one single all-consuming thought. And, that was . . . that was . . . that . . . hewasgoing toseeGod! He was going to church and . . . hewasgoingtoseeGod! The thought, unspeakably holy and sacred, rushed frightened through the stream of his consciousness, like a nun hurrying out of the dark into the shelter of her cloister. He was going to church, and he was going

to see God come down through the church roof behind those tall, golden shafts—that were the pipes of the organ (though he didn't know it). That was his secret, and that was why he didn't mind being clean and uncomfortable and going to church. That was what made him sit still, and it was that thought that filled him with that terrible excitement. God was going to come down into the church through those tall, golden shafts.

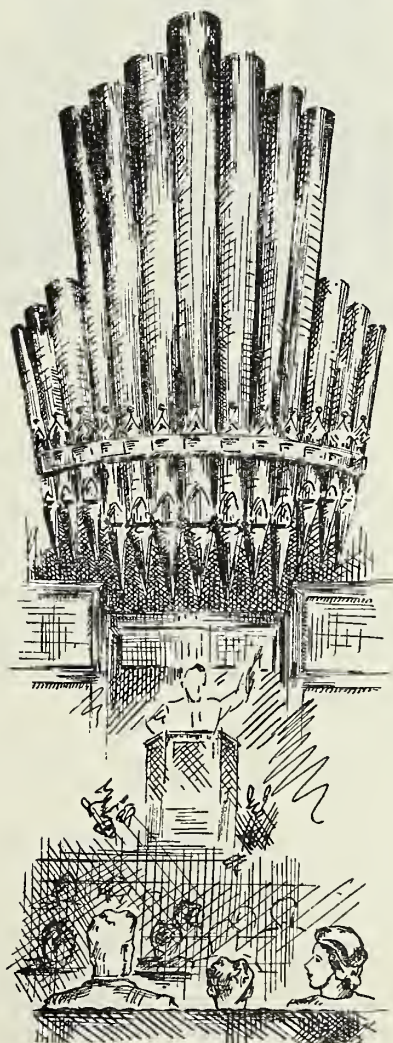
It was only on special occasions that God did this. His mother had said that this was Easter Sunday and he was to be specially good, so Easter must be the only time that God did this. He didn't quite know why God was going to make a special trip and come down into *his* church, for there were other churches in his town, and He might have come down into their churches, but He wasn't, though, He was coming down through *his* church roof, and *he* was going to see Him, and Arne thrilled again with that nameless excitement. But at another thought, an unholy thrill of terror shot through him.

A week before, it had rained, and Arne had started off to school without rubbers. He was determined this time, with all the screwed-up determination of his seven years, not to wear them, for he cherished a blind, intense, unreasonable hatred of the things. Only sissies wore them. But his mother found him out in time and he'd had to wear them. Something within him, something silly, super-sensitive, proud, obstinate, unreasonable, had been so outraged, so inflamed with anger at being thus thwarted that, going up the street, he had cursed God. He had even said it outloud . . . "Goddamn you God!" He caught his breath sharply. *What had he done!*

Please God . . . I . . ."

He had been so terror-stricken at the time that he closed his eyes right there in broad daylight in the middle of the street and begged God's pardon . . . please God . . . I . . . He hadn't meant to say it, he didn't dare say it, it just slipped out, and he'd hoped that God would understand that he hadn't meant anything personal, that it had just slipped out, that he hadn't known what he was saying, that

(Continued on page 14)



Imitation of Love

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE

Illustrated by JOHN GAINSBY

THE GIRL PUSHED her way through the crowd as far as she could. On the outside the people were not pressed so tightly together, but the nearer she approached the courthouse steps, the more closely were they packed. And now she could move no further, but stood hemmed in by the sweating bodies of men about her. She strained her neck and raised herself upon her toes, but was still unable to see for the heads of those in front of her.

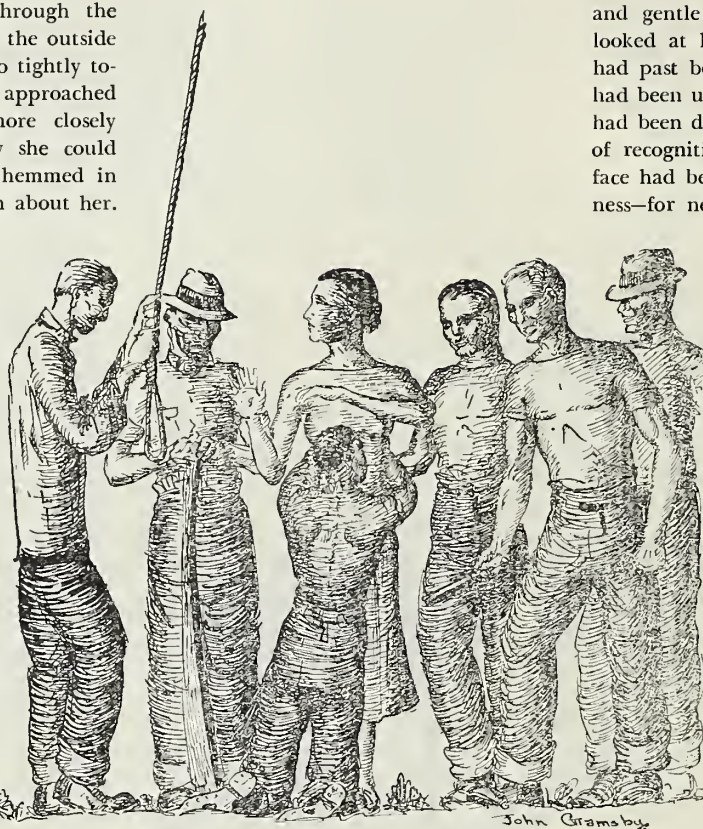
She looked up into the faces above her. All were stern. All were eager. All were attentively listening to the words of the man on the courthouse steps whom she could not see. She could not see him, and neither could she hear what he was saying. Only the sound of his voice reached her. And his voice was hoarse, was distant. And his voice was strange.

It was the voice she knew. It was the voice she had heard so often in laughter, in anger, in passion, in darkness. It was the voice of the man she loved. The voice she had heard in tones that were harsh but mostly kind and never, as now, strange in this madness.

And the men about her suddenly shouted forth of one accord. And shouted again. And in their voices there was brutal violence. And they raised clinched fists and shook their fists above their heads as they shouted. And in this gesture too, there was brutal violence.

She had seen men brutal. She had seen them beat their mules. She had seen men violent. She had seen them drunk with corn. But never had she seen brutal violence, thus in all its strangeness.

She looked up into the masculine faces about her once more—faces red and sweating, stern and eager, all stamped alike with a fury and a cruel determination not to be denied. And as they raised their voices again, the fire that was in their souls flared up with savage exaltation in her own. She pressed both palms against



and gentle kindness . . . but as he had looked at her his quick, troubled glance had past beyond her, and a heavy frown had been upon his forehead . . . his voice had been distant, and had shown no trace of recognition . . . the expression on his face had been one of strange, brutal sternness—for never afterwards did either one speak of that night to the other.

Now she was at the foot of the broad stone steps, and was being pushed hurriedly up from behind. And now at the top she turned her head and looked in the street below. And on this night Main Street was strange and unrecognizable. For several blocks a great crowd of men filled the streets and the sidewalk. Many carried lighted torches which cast strange flickering lights upon masculine faces she knew, and upon those she did not know, and all of which bore the madness and the strangeness of that night.

Here at the top of the steps the crowd stopped. Those in the rear pushed forward, those in front pushed back. And all were shouting, shouting untelligible words freely mixed with oaths and bitter curses. And the crowd in all was finally at a halt, and a silence fell upon them there.

She was near enough the court house to see clearly the death-pale, frightened face of the man at the street-floor window, to see his hand tremble as he whipped his lips, to hear his labored breathing while he was speaking, to catch the futile words he spoke.

"Men," and this is what he cried in a voice that quavered and was strange in its weakness and fear, "Men, you can't do this thing!"

And in reply the crowd shouted back curses and threats and shook their fists in fury.

"Men," he raised his trembling voice once more, and pleaded with his hands through the bared window for silence,

(Continued on page 16)

her temples, threw back her head, and shouted with all her might.

And as the mob pressed forward she was swept along. Those pushing forward from behind crushed her against the backs of the men in front of her. And somehow in the moving crowd she tripped, and she grabbed desperately the arm of the man beside her to stay her fall. He tried to pull himself free of her, but she clung to his arm. He looked down at her hurriedly, cursed her, and pulled her to her feet.

" . . . no time for women . . ." but more she could not hear. Then he pushed forward and was lost in the crowd.

That had been her brother Paul. Only after he had left her did she realize it. Had he recognized her or not, she never knew—as he had looked down at her she had been struck by the expression on his face . . . her brother Paul she knew as a kind, gentle boy with a white hairless face which forever radiated boyish humor

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Only the grey fog of the Fall covers limbs now bare.
 Leaves stir with the wind or sink under weight of rain.
 Dimmer the sunset shows thru' thinner air—
 After few days begins the Winter's pain.

Corpses of gum-leaf, oak-leaf, maple and elm
 Are buried now; the sepulchre is white,
 And mocking in its beauty gives the night
 A long translucence. Stillness in Winter's realm
 Is made more deadly by eternal light.

Let this Fall's requiem give no hint
 That life again renews,
 Its madness spent.

Let the earth-warmth crack like the oak's frozen thews.
 Save not a hope, rejoice not, be not content;
 Accept changed stars, flakes of the Winter's breath.
 Recall not, struggle not, sink quiet into Death.

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Saviours of Society

THE INVENTOR of the cliché, if indeed such a manner of speaking may be considered as being invented, was a great man. He was a benefactor of mankind, a liberator of the oppressed. His name, whatever it may be, should be placed in the Hall of Fame among the names of the other men who have struggled to drag the inhabitants of this world a few feet out of the primeval ooze.

Before the coming of this modern saviour, the world was crushed under the unbelievable burden of inexpression. Man's pent-up emotions became hounds, snarling and straining at the leash as they pulled their master hither and yon, while he, poor inarticulate fellow, struggled to devise a means of releasing these devilish animals. But release them he could not. Everywhere, people were ravaged by the conflict raging within them to express things for which there was no means of expression. The farmer returning from a day's work in the fields could do no more than exclaim, wearily, "I'm tired." His wife, commenting at the dinner table upon the exploits of their small son, remarked drably that he seemed awfully timid. However, this condition was by no means confined to any one class; rich and poor alike struggled against the cruel oppression. The college professor, telling the story of a colleague who was nearly run over by a carriage, was forced to conclude by announcing weakly that the gentleman was terribly frightened, at which his audience smiled faintly and decided that the story was very poor indeed. A dog breeder, attempting to sell an ugly, square-jawed bulldog, lost his sale because he was unable to give the animal a better recommendation than to say, "Yes, madam, he is very gentle." It was indeed a pitiful situation in which the world found itself. The poor, as was the custom in those days, bore their burden silently; the literati struggled valiantly to find a remedy for the trouble.

Then, in the face of defeat, came smashing victory and eternal salvation from the horror which had gripped the world. And with it came our hero, a quiet, unassuming man who felt that the plaudits of the world were not for him. He had long been harassed and deeply troubled by this universal woe. A dozen solutions to the problem had offered themselves to his mind but none were suitable. Then, on that memorable day, which every school child knows as well as 1492, he brought deliverance to the world. While pondering at his desk, he thought with

disgust how ridiculous human beings were to get themselves into such a predicament. Animals would never do such a foolish thing. And then, suddenly, there it was before him. Why not use animals to express the feelings of man? He could find some animal to exemplify any feeling that he could think of. Ah, thank God for animals, those lowly beasts who serve man so willingly. The world was delivered!

And delivered it was. Almost in unison, the faces of people everywhere became wreathed in smiles. Here was salvation! No longer would they be forced to struggle futilely with thoughts that would not come. The wings of their expression had been loosened and they were free to soar into the heavens of descriptive eloquence. And what beautiful blue heavens they were, with the fleecy white clouds of the clichés floating gently across them. Life was indeed good. The farmer could now return to his home with a broad smile upon his face and announce enthusiastically, "Boy, I'm tired as a dog." His wife could remark brightly at the dinner table, "You know, our Johnny is just as timid as a mouse." There was rejoicing among the intelligentsia as well. The professor could now have his audience helpless with laughter at his dramatic picture of the threatened gentleman, frightened as a rabbit, dashing wildly for shelter. The bulldog began to assume angelic aspects as his breeder described him as being as

gentle as a lamb. And so it went: the soldier became fierce as a tiger, the gourmand became hungry as a wolf, the village half-wit was suddenly as crazy as a cuckoo. But these clichés were more than just new means of expression. There was something grandiloquent and soul-satisfying about saying that one was as tired as a dog. It gave him a certain distinction over the man who was simply tired.

And so these little gems spread, doing much to relieve the poverty of words which caused so much suffering. But in the growth and progress of these clichés, it is interesting to note the number of times in which a dog was used as subject. And, curiously enough, most of the allusions to dogs were uncomplimentary ones. Why this should be true of dogs, no one seems to know. Considering what a friendly, unassuming household pet the dog has been, it is not a little surprising—and yet somehow characteristic of man's attitude toward all creatures not on the same plane as himself. As a comment upon that statement, the dog lover would no doubt observe that most human beings could learn much from dogs. And he is undoubtedly right. But, be that as it may, the matter seems rather a striking commentary on our civilized world.

Thus has the world been spared a cruel fate. Our eternal gratitude should go to the man who gave us these clichés. They are the saviours of society.

THEODORE HUSTON, JR.

Monday in Manhattan

THE WIND MOVED silently in from the sea and dashed a chilling November rain against the steel and asphalt of Manhattan. The steady downpour drummed on gleaming umbrellas, splashed in oily puddles, and speckled countless automobile windshields. It changed the roar of the city from a sharp, metallic hum to a murmur that resembled ball bearings moving in oil.

The rain poured in rivulets down the steel sides of a white cruising liner as she backed out into the Hudson River. Her bedraggled signal flags flapped wetly above smoking funnels. On Sixth Avenue, an

elevated train rattled through the rain, its streaming windows spotted and streaked from the hands of passengers trying to clear away the steam within. A delivery wagon, drawn by four horses, moved slowly down Water Street, in a welter of trucks and automobiles. The rippling sides of the horses were smooth and glistening, even in the grey light of noon. On upper Park Avenue, a New York Central train glided evenly out of the underground tunnel, its dry sides in striking contrast to the drab wetness all about. A pushcart vendor plodded through the

(Continued on page 26)

Knock, knock!

Who's there?

Wetherby!

Wetherby who?

Wetherby hanged, Lady! "Weather" gets the ha-ha from Double-Mellow Old Gold's *double-Cellophane* package. Rain or shine! Hot or cold! Any climate! Anywhere! Any time! . . . you'll find Double-Mellow Old Golds are always factory-fresh. Thanks to those 2 jackets of the finest moisture-proof Cellophane on every package. And don't forget O.G.s. are blended from the choicest of the *prize crop* tobaccos!

ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!



Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.
Inner Cellophane Jacket opens from the Top.

Copyright, 1936, by P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**
2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE" KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**

VILLANELLE OF VAIN REGRET

The flower in the book is faded and dim,
And though she left it there long ago,
She sighs whenever she thinks of him.

Time was when the lady was fair and slim,
A blithe, dancing creature with eyes aglow—
The flower in the book is faded and dim.

And now the dear lady is weary and prim,
And the sad face tells, though she'd rather not show,
She sighs whenever she thinks of him.

For he was a lad of such beauty and trim
No one could predict what the years would bestow—
The flower in the book is faded and dim.

Their cup had been filled to its uttermost brim
When the archduke was slain and the men had to go.
She sighs whenever she thinks of him.

And the rose that he left her in farewell whim
Had velvety petals and the color of snow.
The flower in the book is faded and dim—
She sighs whenever she thinks of him.

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CHARLES E. MOUNTS

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# The Splendour Falls

By CHADWICK  
CALLAGHAN

ORVILLE YATES slumping down the dusty road—heat waves dancing all around—dancing like crazy kids who had played a trick on someone—on anyone—on *him*—always on him—everybody played tricks on *him*—nasty tricks—dirty, hateful jokes—then they laughed, pointing to their heads and spinning their fingers around in circles.

Shrivelled cornstalks with bowed tassels in the field—cornstalks all dried up, trying to thrive in the powdery dust. That was *him*—he knew it—he wasn't that crazy. He knew he was young but old—old but young. He had lived for twenty years but was shrivelled up like a wizened old man—half-grown but old like the stalks. His head bent over like the tassels of the corn. He couldn't hold it up—it was heavy—and the sun beat down on it, making it bow over further and further like the tassels of the corn.

Thick dust on the road—soft and hot—muffling his footsteps—leaving prints of bare feet. His feet were like the dust—hot and dry—brown and soft—softened by heat and swollen like the smut on the corn.

Knotted scrub oaks by the road—knotted and scrubby like his legs—hard and brittle and rough—scratched and stunted and gnarled. Yes—his legs were scaly, too—scaly—like the legs of the trees.

Coon Mountain in the distance—rough and bulging—rough and bulging like his face—pitted and wrinkled and worn. The mountain was worn and his face was worn—worn by wind and cold in winter—wrinkled by heat and sun in summer. And streams of water ran down the mountain like streams of sweat down his face.

Kids approaching down the road—crazy, overbearing kids—kids with legs like sticks and hair like straw. They would tease—they always teased—they *did* tease.

"Ha, ha! Where ya goin', Orville, after a wire sponge?"

"Ha, ha! Is somebody sendin' ya after a sky-hook, Orville?"

"Lookin' for a lefthand screw-driver, Orville?"

"Want a lefthand monkey-wrench?"

"Ha, ha! Agoin' to talk to your friend the Echo, Orville?"



"What does the Echo say today?"

"When ya goin' to find the Echo, Orville?"

"He's ahidin' in the mount'ns, Orville."

"He's ahidin' in the valley."

"Better look good, Orville. You'll find him any year now. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha—he, he—ha, haw—"

Orville walking ignorantly past the kids down the road—head stooped, legs wobbly—he'd be damned if the Echo hadn't more sense than *they* had. The Echo had more sense than anybody.

He'd go to the Echo now—hadn't been there today. He understood the Echo—the Echo understood him. The Echo stayed hid far back in the valley—or was it the mountain? Anyway, nobody could find him. If they were so smart, why couldn't *they* find him. Dave Candler said once he'd found the Echo—but Dave Candler was a liar—he didn't bring him home, did he? Nobody could find the Echo—that was impossible. He was like

God or like the fairies—he was there, but he wasn't. He could flit away like a bee—except you could see a bee and nobody could see the Echo. He knew—he had looked for the Echo many times but he couldn't find him—and if he couldn't, nobody could—nobody.

Orville trudging over the crest of Moskogee Ridge—gravel cutting into his feet—sweat soaking through his shirt. He'd soon be with the Echo—the good Echo—his friend. The Echo wasn't like other people. He understood—he was like God—you couldn't see him, and he understood you. But he was better than God—he talked to you. The Echo didn't send you to look for a sky-hook or a wire sponge. The Echo didn't laugh and point his finger to his head, and spin his finger around in a circle. The Echo didn't dance around like the kids who played tricks—or like the heat waves that danced like the kids who played tricks.

He had asked the Echo many times who was crazy—him or everybody else. He had yelled: "Echo, who is crazy, me or everyone else?"

And the Echo had answered, "... everyone else"—just like that.

He had yelled to the Echo: "Are you crazy like the kids or are you nice?"

And the Echo had answered: "... nice."

The Echo always answered right. The Echo knew he wasn't crazy like everyone said—he didn't go back on Orville. He would like to find the Echo and have him come and live with him. It would be nice to have the Echo always at home so he wouldn't have to come all the way over here to talk to him. But he couldn't find the Echo. Even so, he liked the Echo. The Echo was his friend—his only friend—the only one he had in the world. Everyone else made fun of him—but not the Echo—he could depend on the Echo.

Orville Yates sitting on a rock—silence pervading the valley. Wilted, faded leaves hanging limp from their stems. He was going to talk to the Echo—his friend.

"Echo, is everyone else crazy or is Orville?"

The response, loud and clear: "... Orville."

Illustrated by  
BILL LITTLER



# Beggar Man, Thief

EDWARD POST

"Daddy," pled a little girl, clinging to her father's hand, "gimme a penny to drop in the cup."

Her father drew a long leather purse out of his pocket. He loosened its strings and ferreted out a penny. The little girl walked timidly toward the blind man, looked at him for several seconds, awed. Then quickly she dropped her penny into the dirty cup and fled back to her father. She clung sobbing to his leg, her face pressed against his side.

"O-o-oh, Daddy," she cried. "He's ugly! He's ugly!"

The man standing by her father looked down at her. He was a rugged man with a bristling, straw beard and a creased brown face. He patted her head gently with a hand as hard as the sole of a boot.

"Yes, chile, he is ugly. But 'e can't help that 'is eyes is so big an' white an' blood-streaked. When 'e was a little chap 'bout your size, him and Jeff, 'is brother, was ridin' a wagon o' hay through a field o' corn-stubble. They was tusslin' on top the hay an' Jeff accident'llly pushed 'im off. The end of a chopped-off cornstalk put Pink's eye out. T'other'n went out in sympathy." He paused to splatter the toe of his shoe with tobacco-juice. "Pink was sich a little feller, I guess 'e don't rightly remember it, but 'e knows the story. He don't bear Jeff no hard feelin's, though. Jeff's allus got a sad, solemn look in 'is eyes, like 'e'll never forgive 'imself for what 'e done to Pink. Takes care of 'im all the time, same as if 'e was a babe. Brings 'im to town, counts 'is money, an' takes 'im back ev'ry Sattidy."

The big clock in the court-house tower rolled out the first of seven strokes. It was six o'clock and time for Jeff to come to take Pink home. The crowd melted away and the beggar sat alone on a bench under the trees on the court-house square. Tom Blanton, the sheriff, brought his twenty-two rifle and began shooting sparrows in the trees.

"Tom," Pink called, "whatta you want to shoot them pore birds for?"

"Gotta keep in practice so I don't miss my aim on none o' them bootleggers, 'specially with the fair goin' on nex' Wednesday and Thursday," Tom laughed. He came over and sat down by the blind man.

"You don't never do nothin' for our taxes, Tom," Pink jested.

"Raided Spurgeon's fillin' station just 's afternoon. Found ten quarts o' corn hid in a oil drum."

"Musta hurt you terrible to have t' work."

"I'se aimin' t' carry you 'n' Jeff home t'night, but I guess y'all don't like my comp'ny." Tom pretended to start off.

"'Tould prob'ly stick on th' Polly Boggs hill anyways," Pink retorted, and they both laughed.

Presently Jeff came and counted the money.

"How much, Jeff?"

"Dollar an' twen'y-seven cents, countin' what you had at dinner-time."

Pink's face broke into a grin. "I got enough to buy Sara a bracelet."

The sheriff glanced at Jeff and caught the trace of despair in his expression. Lightly he chided Pink, "I ain't got time for you to go galavantin' aroun' buyin' pretties for worthless gals."

"She ain't worthless, Tom," said Pink soberly. Tom looked at Jeff, who wearily shrugged his shoulders.

At the ten-cent store Pink fumbled about the jewelry counter and finally held up one bracelet, running it between his thumb and finger.

"This'n's got pretty stones in it," he said. "How much is it?"

"Twenty-five cents and one cent tax."

When supper was finished, the table cleared, and the plates and utensils washed, Pink bade his brother goodbye.

"Where ya goin'?"

"To see Sara."

"Does she know you're comin'?"

"You know I allus go to see Sara on Sa'day night."

"But will she—. Well, goodbye, Pink. I'll wait up for ya."

The gray interlude of dusk had not yet passed when Pink reached the porch of Sara's hut. She was sitting on the steps.

Sara was ugly. Her features were broad and rounded—not a straight line or a strong line about her. Her hair straggled about her face. Her dull green eyes sat far apart on either side of a flat, spreading nose; her mouth ran full but wide over a reclining chin; her short neck was wrinkled and creased into flabby folds.

Her figure was full, too full for grace. But her voice was rich, replete with music.

When she saw Pink approaching, she hastily rose and turned to tip-toe into the house. Pink heard her light steps.

"Howdy, Sara."

"Whatta ya want, Pink? Ain't I told ya I don't want you hangin' 'round here on Sa'day nights?"

"But, Sara, I brung you a present." He dangled the bracelet before her.

Sara came close enough to see that it was a cheap trinket. She knocked it out of his hand and ranted.

"I don't want your dam' worthless stuff. If ya got money to spend on me, bring me some good likker." She turned toward the door, but as an afterthought added, "And if you ever come back, come after dark so I can't see those filthy, ugly eyes o' your'n." With a snort she strode into the house.

Pink stood before the steps, huge, ungainly tears streaming from his wide, staring eyes.

Pink stood before the steps, a jar of cheap corn whiskey in his hands.

"You said las' Sa'day you wanted some so I brung it to ya'. I been playin' at the fair t'day, and people's generous there."

"Come in, Pink. Don't stumble on them steps and drop that stuff." Sara snatched it out of his arms.

She lit a kerosene lamp on the table, which stood in the center of her one greasy-smelling room. She pulled the chair up to the table and took a long drink from the fruit-jar. Pink felt his way to the bed. He sat there silently, listening to the gurgling of the jar.

The strong whiskey soon put Sara into a better humor and she offered to let Pink have a drink. But he refused.

"I couldn't find my way home," he explained.

Sara brought her precious jar and sat down by him. Playfully she tousled his hair. Pink broke into a clumsy grin. Sara took another drink and bounced down on Pink's lap. Awkwardly he put his arms around her waist.

"Where'd you get this likker, Pink?" She wiped her mouth on her sleeve.

(Continued on page 23)

# They Didn't Know a Soul

JEAN DIPMAN

WHEN THE BIG cross-country bus zoomed out of the station at Los Angeles, each of its passengers was mentally sizing up the others. The men looked casually about from behind the shelter of their morning papers, and the women glanced discreetly out of the corners of their eyes. On the back seat, Mrs. Ugo di Pappacio sat with hands folded on her capacious lap, all seven of her brood in line beside her. It was an orderly group of passengers.

By the time the bus had pulled into San Francisco, the men were exchanging impersonal comments, and Mrs. di Pappacio was trying to inveigle her nearest neighbor, a straight-backed schoolmarm, into a conversation. The other women still remained respectably aloof.

At Sacramento, the men were calling each other by their first names and those of the women who were fortunate enough to have neighbors of their own sex were remarking on the weather. Mrs. di Pappacio was treating the schoolmarm to a lecture on weaning babies, and the little di Pappacios were clustered about the bus driver, staring fascinated while he shifted gears.

By the time they had reached Reno, the bus's company was, to quote Mrs. di Pappacio, "All just one big happy family"—all, that is, but the girl over the left rear wheel. She was a dowdy young person, whose outstanding features were horn-rimmed spectacles and a worn hat three sizes too large, and—to quote Mrs. di Pappacio again—"she didn't have no call to be so high-hat. My God, she didn't have nothing to be snooty about, her with her sloppy clothes an' funny looks. If she was even purty, now—" but perhaps Mrs. di Pappacio was a bit prejudiced; the girl had already told two of her offsprings to please stop making nuisances of themselves. Tom Speed, Yale ex-'32, was also nursing a grievance against her; she had definitely squelched his overtures, and he'd only meant to be friendly, for Pete's sake. Altogether, the girl was not a popular person.

At Reno, the last passenger, a cowboy, got on, and since the seat next to the girl was the only one vacant, he sat there. He was a sensation; the little di Pappacios immediately crowded around him and gazed silently at his big ten-gallon hat, his shiny chaps, and his high-heeled

boots. Tommy even put out a grimy finger to touch the bare chest that showed under his open shirt. The older passengers, too, evidenced a lively, if less open, interest; Mrs. di Pappacio was willing to bet that the girl wouldn't snub such a good-looking cowboy as she had the rest of them, and Tom Speed took her up on it. Their theories were soon put to the test; holding the inquisitive Tommy at bay, the newcomer turned towards his neighbor. "Howdy, Miss. The name's Jeff Smith, of the Lazy K," he volunteered. When he received no answer, he tried again: "What's yours, Miss?" While Mrs. di Pappacio leaned forward in her seat in order not to miss the reply, and the others held their breaths, the girl replied briefly, after a pause, "Mine's Smith, too—Jane Smith." She turned again to the window, but her eyes, behind the spectacles, were amused.

Mrs. di Pappacio decided to take matters into her own hands. "Mr. Cowboy," she called. The cowboy turned to grin at her. "The name's Jeff," he asserted. "Are you a real cowboy?" she asked dubiously. "You talk just like us." Jeff grinned again and said yes, he was a real cowboy. Mrs. di Pappacio was relieved and the others interested. They plied him with questions and learned with astonishment that he had never been in a city, never ridden on a train, and never seen a football game. The men took it upon themselves to educate him; Mr. Judd, who had played football but whose audience's interest had somewhat abated after a whole day of it, pounced upon the unsuspecting Jeff and explained to him the intricacies of the game, especially as played at Cornell, 1916, and Tom Speed, who rather fancied himself as a Don Juan, gave him several numbers to look up if he wanted some fun in New York. Miss Smith's eyes were still amused, and her lips twitched, but unfortunately there was no one to notice.

Mrs. di Pappacio now began preparations for putting her brood to sleep. One by one, she divested them of their outer garments and arranged them in order on the back seat. The older children, having had a busy day nosing around, went to sleep almost immediately, but tiny Filomeno, who, as her mother explained, was "cutting," was querulous. After rocking her to and fro for an hour, Mrs. di Pap-

pacio gave up. "Her pa used to sing her to sleep," she ventured. Since no one seemed particularly impressed by that fact, she addressed herself to Jeff. "Can't you sing, Mr. Cowboy?" she asked hopefully. Jeff unraveled his legs from beneath the seat and turned towards her. "I used to yodel some at the coyotes," he admitted. Mrs. di Pappacio seemed relieved. "If you'd just sing for a couple of minutes, now, it'd be swell," she hinted. So Jeff sang "Home On the Range," and scored a hit. The others, who had been dozing, clamored for more. Jeff tried to excuse himself, but had it not been for Mrs. di Pappacio's timely interference, it is doubtful whether he would have succeeded. That worthy individual, however, firmly insisted that the bus be kept quiet so that her little angels could sleep, and the others, not caring to induce her wrath, desisted. Jeff sank back into his seat to find Miss Smith smiling at him. "You were lucky," she said in a low musical voice that caused Jeff to ask her if she didn't sing too. At this query, she looked abruptly out of the window again. The shoulder that she turned to him was unmistakably frigid, but her eyes were even more amused. Jeff looked his bewilderment, but settled stoically back in his seat to sleep.

He awoke the next morning to find Miss Smith leafing through a sheaf of typewritten pages. He wished her a good morning and she smiled back at him; she seemed to have forgotten her aloofness, and chatted gaily with him for a half hour. When the rest of the travelers began to show signs of life, however, she relapsed again into silence, and when Tommy di Pappacio, coming to look after the well-being of his cowboy idol, fell against her knee, she spoke to him in a manner that brought the red to his mother's eyes. While Jeff skillfully kept the succeeding installments of di Pappacio at a safe distance from her, their mother cast black glances in her direction, and the rest of the bus ignored her. Miss Smith looked over her papers, serenely unconscious of everything else. She spent the morning reading them, walked up and down the station at Denver, and slept all afternoon. While she was polite to Jeff, she made no attempt to further their

(Continued on page 22)



# Measure for Measure . . .

## Games

Dear Editor:

Your first issue has given us an inspiration for a fascinating new game. *Given*: the title of a Broadway play. *To Deduce*: the theme of the play. The chain of thought runs something like this: "*Dead End* . . . that sounds something like *Journey's End*, which is a war play. Well, if it's a war play, it's probably like *What Price Glory*? . . . *Ergo*, *Dead End* is a war story somewhat similar to *What Price Glory*?"

Really now, don't you think Mr. Hunter would do well, if not actually to see the plays he reviews, at least to read the plays themselves or synopses of them? Perhaps in that way he might have found out (surprise!) that *Dead End* is really a play about a gang of kids in the tenement district along the East River.

Yours truly,  
KATHRYN MARGOLIS.

Miss Margolis is evidently enough as deft at playing games as she is in originating them. Unfortunately we are "it," and, when we are caught, we can only grin sheepishly.

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*There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.*—Oscar Wilde.

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## Among Those Present

SHELDON HARTE, drama editor, publishes this month a short story, *Imitation of Love*. Mr. Harte has been a frequent contributor to *The Archive* since his freshman year, but this is his first appearance this year.

ROYDEN GOODE, whose poems *Nocturne* and *Advice* appear in this issue, is the first member of the class of 1940 to publish in *The Archive*. Mr. Goode is very prolific and very stubborn, so that we expect to print more of his work in subsequent issues.

BOB WILSON, who produced the critical essay on Mr. Cabell, returns this month with a short story, *The Golden Pipes*, in which he deftly develops a study in child psychology.

THEODORE HUSTON, JR., is a newcomer to *The Archive*. He is represented this month by an informal essay, *Saviours of Society*, and by a vivid descriptive piece, *Monday in Manhattan*.

C. E. MOUNTS, graduate student in English, and an assistant in that department, is our "guest artist" of the month. Mr. Mounts is the founder and guiding force of the university's poets' circle. This month he gives us *Villanelle of Vain Regret*.

KIFFIN HAYES, poetry editor, contributes to that department *Certainty*.

CHAD CALLAGHAN, short story editor, reappears this month with a clever short story, *The Splendour Falls*.

JEAN DIPMAN in her initial contribution of the year offers *They Didn't Know a Soul*, a story whose scene is laid in a trans-continental bus. Miss Dipman has promised us for the December issue, a story, *Only a Nigger*, traced in strong colors and relevant to the question of racial prejudice.

EDWARD POST, the editor, is printing his short story, *Beggar Man, Thief*, in spite of the rest of the editorial staff.

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*The 19th century dislike of Realism is the rage of Caliban seeing his own face in a glass.*—Oscar Wilde.

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## Bow-Ties and Shakespeare

Fortunately, Shakespeare was able to create Sir John Falstaff, as well as Hamlet. Unfortunately, our geni have not matured beyond the stage of embryonic Hamlets. Nevertheless, in contradiction to an incipient conception on this campus the *Archive* editorial staff as a circle of *Il Penseroso's*, it is to be noted that the editor and the managing editor frequently appear behind bow-ties, that the art editor pumps a base-drum in a jazz orchestra, that the drama editor has been seen counting bubbles in the Tavern, and that there is always current naturalistic evidence in support of the reputation which one of our short story editors is maintaining.

Apropos, in the *Archive* office there is a beautiful lead-plated gold cup awaiting Mark Twain at his reincarnation on the Duke campus.

## The Archive's Find of the Month

Two weeks ago, a very modest young artist discovered himself to the editor by



BILL LITTLER

submitting a proposal for the current cover of *The Archive* and asking meekly of the editor thought he could use it. That unpretentious and most competent young artist is Bill Littler, a sophomore in the pre-medical curriculum, and before he could make his retreat from the office of this valiant young literary review, he should have considered himself a sadly imposed upon person.

Besides the cover, which is a drawing of Kilgo arch, and the various illustrations for short stories, Mr. Littler has done also the title-heads for the book review feature, *From Cover to Cover*, and the stage review page, *Masks and Grease Paint*.

Upon close observation of the mask in the title *Masks and Grease Paint*, one discovers that one side of the face is a tragic muse, the other a comic muse. The drawing is a reproduction of a character-mask used in the later Attic comedy. The character portrayed is a sponger or parasite.

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*Thought and language are the artist's instruments of an art.*—Oscar Wilde.

## NOCTURNE

Why did I lie awake? The darkened room  
Did not entice the eye, and quietude  
Prevailed. What strange thing walked abroad? I heard  
Far footstep noise out on the street. The gloom  
Absorbed each beat; so when it reached my ear  
It was a part of deep dissolving night.  
The naked breeze came out of the moonlight;  
On her beholding me, in modest fear  
She wound a window drape about her form.  
My eyes were wide. She left. The curtain fell.  
A dog's voice from the distance cast a spell  
Upon me, and I seemed to feel the warm  
Breath of his throat reach into my chilled brain.  
At length an opiate drug dropped down in rain.

## ADVICE

ROYDEN  
GOODE

Sweet soft-eyed damsel staring,  
You now and then  
May, as a house cat hiding  
Her selfish end  
By, with false love, beguiling  
The feeding hand,  
To share one man intending,  
Two's reasons bend:  
A reconquest demanding  
Two foolish men  
And jealousy providing  
Love's magic wand.

But take great pains disguising  
This two edged sword.



## The Golden Pipes

(Continued from page 3)

it had just slipped out, that's all, and besides it didn't make sense, for God couldn't . . . well, anyway, nothing had happened to him yet, so maybe God had understood and had forgiven him, but he was still a little afraid.

When his mother thought that something must be wrong with him because he went so docilely, his father just patted his head and said to leave the boy alone, that kids were funny, and it was best to leave them alone, sometimes.

When they came to the church the boy's first instinct, a strong one, was to run away, but his father had hold of his hand and pulled him along sharply when he started to lag.

Once inside the boy could not keep his eyes from the tall, golden shafts. They were so stately tall, so stately tall and so close together, and so elegantly golden. He counted them. There were thirteen. There were two short ones at each extremity, and they rose in height by slow degrees until there was one tall one in the middle, like a king with his shining knights. They were all softly pointed and would make swell spears if they weren't so large, but even the smallest ones were three times his height.

But God? When would He come? Would He come down and take the other man's place up there behind the tall desk that was surrounded by the flowers, those white flowers that filled the church with that sickly-sweet odor? The boy knew He would be in a misty white nightgown, and would have a pale face with large, soft, his-neck-hair, and there would be a white circle of light around his head, and maybe He would have a crooked stick and a lanib, and maybe He would come down into the crowd and would touch Mrs. Harte's legs, and she could throw away her crutches and walk right again, and maybe He would touch old Grumpy Woodward's ears and he would be able to hear again, because God was always doing things like that. But the boy didn't quite know how He was going to come down through the golden pipes, for they were awfully close together.

When all the people bowed their heads he only half bowed his, keeping his eyes up where the golden spires shone in the rays of the morning sun that forced themselves through the stained windows that were alive and rich with blue and red. He wanted to be the first to see God come

down, but he didn't want God to see him. He might come down and say something about how he had cursed Him. The thrill, the unholy thrill of terror shot through him again. How his father and mother would look at him! And the neighbors. His mother would worry about them, he could hear her now. Would his father understand? He didn't like to think about it. His father hadn't understood the time he set fire to the grass and almost burned down the garage. He riveted his eyes on the golden pipes, and he wondered why the other people didn't keep looking up too, and why they kept on singing and praying, just as if nothing were going to happen, but there was, of course. God was going to come down there pretty soon. He looked up sidelong at his father, wanting to share the thought with him, but his father just looked straight ahead, stiffly, like he always did, and only shifted a hand over and softly patted his knee and smiled a little out of the corner of his mouth. His mother was also looking straight ahead, and paid him no attention. Why didn't they get excited, and why didn't they too look up at the golden pipes?

Suddenly, all the people stood up to sing, and he couldn't see the pipes anymore. He was furious, and tears appeared in his eyes. He stood dwarfed between his parents, and tried to keep from sobbing outloud. He didn't want to attract attention, for no one else was excited, and maybe God's coming wasn't exciting to them, or maybe . . . but, no, God was coming. He waited, fearful, tense, for the people to start babbling, and then he would know that God had come. He'd slip out in the aisle, and then he could see Him. But, the song ended, and the people sat down, and nothing had happened. He stared up at the golden pipes, grateful, his heart joyful again. God hadn't come yet.

Then there was a stir among all the people, and his father began to fumble in his pocket, and pretty soon a basket was shoved past his nose, and there was the jingle as his father dropped money into it. For the moment he almost forgot God, because he was thinking again how nice it would be to have all the money in the baskets that were moving up the aisles, and he wanted to reach out and grab some of it, but he was afraid, be-

cause his father wouldn't understand that.

The man up behind the tall desk began talking again, and the dull monotony of his voice, and the heavy, sickly-sweet odor of the flowers made him sleepy. The bench became hard, brutal, and he moved around restlessly, trying to get comfortable. His father, as usual, handed him the programme to fold and tear into designs, but the boy slid down on the small of his back and fixed his eyes on the pipes. He was beginning to get worried. Feeling as tired and uncomfortable as he did he knew the service was more than half over. Where was God? Wasn't He going to come? And why didn't the people feel worried also?

The voice of the man up behind the tall desk droned on endlessly, endlessly, uncomfortably, and time was passing.

With the pipes still in the range of his eyes, the boy stared up at the stained window above, just above, the pipes. The baby on the woman's knee he knew, was God, the God that had grown up and was going to come down into the church, and the woman was His mother, who wasn't very pretty even if she did have a circle of white around her head too. He slid further down in his seat and wished again that the golden pipes were smaller and he could have one, for they would make such swell spears.

Then his mother began to fumble around and gather up her coat. The boy looked at her protestingly, incredulously. Wasn't she going to wait? Wasn't God going to come after all? Those other churches . . . but . . . no . . . He was . . . ! Then all was confusion and they were moving out.

The boy hung back, looking at the tall, golden pipes, and then at the faces of the people, protestingly, misty-eyed. What was it? What was the matter? They didn't mind, they weren't surprised. His father pulled at his arm, impatiently. The boy was craning his head back to look up at the pipes, protestingly, misty-eyed. The sun had risen up over the church now, and no part of the tall shafts now glittered elegantly in the sun. They were dull now, softly dull, like the moist disappointed look of bewilderment that dulled Arne's eyes. God hadn't come. God hadn't come down through those tall, golden pipes . . . those tall, golden pipes. But they would make swell spears.

# Chesterfield Wins



Know the answer? So do I  
These Chesterfields—

*They Satisfy*



## Imitation of Love

(Continued from page 4)

"Men, you can't do this thing!" Strange in their pleading repetition, these few words alone could he think of. And that was all he said.

And again the chorus of fury flung back insults and curses, and demanded that the doors be open.

Then it was that she saw her lover for the first time that night, tall and straight as she knew him—but with an impetuous brutal power in each movement of his body, which was new to her and filled her heart with a sudden fear.

With a determined step he forced his way to the window, pushing those in his path to one side. For a moment he stood there, surveying the cringing figure of the man before him, then he grabbed him by the shoulder with one hand, and drew him viciously against the bars of the window.

Her heart beat faster as she watched. The crowd became silent. His voice, when he spoke, was as foreign to her now as it had been before when she could not see him. But now his every movement and gesture bore a strangeness that frightened and thrilled her.

"Sheriff," he cried, so that those in the crowd near him could hear his words, and those in the street below the unyielding sternness of his voice, "we've come for the nigger Joe Slade. You're goin' to open and let us in!" And here the crowd broke into frenzied screams of approval. "If you don't open the doors right quick, we'll break in—and we'll take you with the nigger!" And the mob stormed its approval. And the sheriff slumped back from the window and disappeared.

With her eyes riveted to him as he spoke in excited and nervous tones to those about him, she edged her way through the mob nearer the door. She edged closer to him where he was standing, but she did not approach him.

She watched him closely as he talked with those about him. She watched and noted every gesture and movement of his body as he spoke; how he tossed his head, how he pounded the palm of his hand with his fist, how he waved aside with a light, dismissing gesture of his hand some unsatisfactory suggestion, how with half conscious awareness he drew out a cigarette and fitted it drooping into the corner of his mouth, how he turned upon the crowd, impatient and shouting as they were, raised both hands above his head in protest for order and for unity, how he

turned once more to those apparent leaders about him and hurriedly concluded his plans with a flourish of his hand, then lit a match and with trembling fingers held it to the end of his cigarette. She noted all this and more without consciously appreciating it. For each move and gesture of his was some strange move and gesture of hers. All his actions were her actions accomplished through him. And it was as if the limbs of her body, wrapt in the folds of some strange trance, numb and unfeeling, followed all he did to the smallest gesture and nod of her head. It was as if her body was controlled by some brain other than her own.

Standing near the large oak door, her muscles tense and straight, her eyes on him, there came to her the sound of a bolt sliding in its lock. And in the next instant the double doors were flung open from within. The crowd shouted forth. And in the doorway before them stood the sheriff. He looked about him with rapidly shifting eyes of one in mortal terror, and his lips trembled with fear.

As the first ones pushed past him he raised his hand, but he was pushed to one side without further regard. And as she was hurried past him through the bottleneck channel of the entrance into the court house, she caught his feeble voice raised in futile protest:

"... men, you can't do this thing. . . ."

Led by those who knew the way the crowd pushed hurriedly down narrow wooden steps into the prison below. And there barred cells lined either side of a stone hall. It was the lock of the end cell on the right that the men were prying open. For crouched in the far most corner of the end cell on the right, number six, was the nigger Joe Slade, whimpering and crying.

And well might he whimper and well might he cry, for he knew the fate that awaited him now, inevitable and sure, more certain than the hand of God. Well might he whimper and well might he cry, for the nigger accused of the murder of Wade Lee's daughter, Anabelle, aged nine, must fear the brutal fury of this mob—and only death could lay in that mad strangeness.

And as the men worked at the lock she wondered why they had not taken the keys from the sheriff. This thought, however, but flickered quickly through her mind at the time. It was in time to come—dark nights and gray dawns, alone with

a yearning impossible of fulfilment, in restless anticipation of evasive sleep—in dreams of troubled sleep that finally came—at unexpected moments of the day—any place—at any time of the day or night the problem might settle upon her mind: Why had not they taken the keys from the sheriff? And although no logical answer was ever forthcoming, it must run its course, this problem, back and forth, back and forth, back and forth through her mind until she would scream out in hysteria. And wringing her hands in black frenzy would curse that night of strangeness and the irrevocable destiny which had led her there, and there had destroyed in a burst of brilliant knowing an illusion that had been her life.

And now the lock was forced and the barred door flung open. For a moment no one entered the cell, and a silence fell upon the crowded hall, broken only by the hysterical whimpering of the nigger, Slade. Those standing at the open door appeared to suffer some subtle embarrassment. And each waited for another to be the first to enter. Then aroused from its terrified sobbings by this sudden silence, the prisoner became quiet and looked up in question. And immediately the men rushed in upon him and yanked him brutally to his feet.

The crowd moved back up the stairs, four men with the nigger coming last. And word having reached those above and in the street that the prisoner was in their hands, there burst forth a mighty cry of joy.

And when at last his fear-drenched figure stood supported in the courthouse doorway the frenzied crowd acclaimed him with peal after peal of incoherent curses and threats and many violent gestures. Mad with this strange joy they knew no restraint, but cursed and yelled and shook their fists at him there, but embraced one another and clapped each other on the back, and surged back and forth in the yellow light of the torches.

From the steps she looked down on this wild mass of people, and in her heart there rose a dark foreboding. And as it suddenly arising from the shadows of some vague dream, she wondered why she had come. No other woman was there. All other women were at home behind locked doors and shuttered windows. And she hated him bitterly then for coming. She had begged him not to come. And

(Continued on page 19)



# From Cover to Cover

## CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

### *The Descent of the Idol.* By J. Durych. Dutton.

*The Descent of the Idol* is a magnificent historical romance, full of brilliant color and powerful description. The scene is Middle Europe in the Thirty Years War in the greater portion of the narration but shifts to Spain, to Northern Europe, and to South America. The book combines the career of Wallenstein, the fate of the Holy Roman Empire, and the love-story of a Protestant rebel and a girl trained in a Spanish convent. As might be expected, the story is of considerable complexity. The major figures tend to become obscured before the tremendous panoramic background. The Duke of Friedland, Wallenstein, is represented even more completely, however, than in Schiller's trilogy, and a number of the clerical actors are memorably delineated.

The reader will not find the "plot" obvious upon opening the book, but the beginning action is calculated to indicate the moving forces of a breaking and reforming world. The action is by no means unified chronologically, nor does it move at a constant or regularly varying speed. The theme is by nature ponderous, and it is not to be expected that the narration should rush, if, as the author intended, events and characters are to be accurately weighed. Unlike the multitude of popular historical novels, this book will require, because of its substance and manner, a great degree of intellectual application.

But do not suppose that its pages are without pleasure. Fascinating descriptions of a little-known period and artistic treatment of eternal emotions and motives are combined by mastery of words and the genuine presence of the writer. Because, possibly, of a natural inability of the translator, whom we must applaud for the greatness of his final production although ignorant of his original, certain scenes may not appear as vivid as they might possibly have been. But the pagentry of the whole is excellently and sharply de-

tailed. Death and squalor remain interesting to mankind as being inexorably intimate to life, and the Thirty Years War was not without awe-inspiring instances. Whether the novel is altogether accurate in its references is a problem which would require great historical knowledge to solve, but the reader will have no cause to consider the representation unsatisfactory.

The characterization of the lovers can hardly be judged. Angela is created a person of so extraordinary experience that she might not exist as a human mortal apart from her position in the tapestry. George and Katejan seem nearer the flesh. There is such a welter of lesser parts that in describing them the novel loses swiftness, but this is a choice the artist is free to make. The public will consider him in this instance justified. As was said, Wallenstein himself is drawn full-scale and with all the understanding applicable to this enigmatic figure.

I recommend the book without reserve to any who can read a genuine historical novel. Some will very probably not complete it. The endorsement of Thomas Mann is of great weight and should win Mr. Durych a large audience, as he amply merits. A magnificent production, but not, as I suggested, light reading.

K. HAYES.

### *Gaily the Troubadour.* By Arthur Guiterman. Dutton.

A minor poet is not necessarily a very minor blessing. We are delighted to have in Mr. Arthur Guiterman, and certain others well known, a source of comfort for minor, but extremely annoying, ills and a clear-sighted satirist of bores and pedants. But Mr. Guiterman would not care to be termed merely a "satirist," and the power of making pleasant experiences and amusing ideas vivid to our recollection can receive dignified employment. Light verse can be "a great convenience."

In this volume, which contains some material already well-received, Mr. Guiterman exhibits great cleverness and much successful humor, although taken at one dose the volume may not seem side-split-

ting. Such a book will provide repeated pleasure if judiciously consulted. The verse is divided into three sections; the first "Amoebas and Other Mortals" is predominately clever, with moments of reflection such as the "The White-Ash Breeze"; in "Mountain Village" the poet is preoccupied with his home, his cats, and his dogs. A final section is composed of literary opinions, with the unsmiling title, "Poetry and Drama." There is a wealth of pleantry but all readers will probably be "sufficiently amuzed," "The Habits of the Hippopotamus," and "Regarding the English," except possibly the English.

### *William Shakespeare.* By Ridley. Dutton.

The last volume of Mr. Ridley's edition of Shakespeare is intended to serve, logically enough, as an introductory volume to his *New Temple Shakespeare*. An attractive pocket volume, it contains the available facts of the Poet's career, a series of comments on his productions abbreviated from the material of the *New Temple* texts and general suggestions as to Shakespeare's craft and the enjoyment of his works off the stage. A very helpful little commentary with much of peculiar interest, such as the passage on determining the best early Shakesperian text.

### *The Quiet Lodger.* By William Wash Williams. Dutton.

Very poorly written from the standpoint of literary writing is William Wash Williams' sketch of William Sydney Porter, a man whom he loved with the strange intensity of hero-worship. As a reporter, William struck up a friendship with the short-story writer who is better known as O. Henry, and, as a reporter, he created his portrait of the man. But it is with a sentimental brush rather than with a purely descriptive one that the author paints his picture.

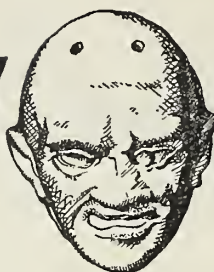
All the faults of journalism as creative writing shriek from the pages of *The*

(Continued on page 24)



# Masks and Grease Paint

## CURRENT PLAYS IN REVIEW



THROUGHOUT THE WORLD theatres have been built for the purpose of commemorating already immortal writers. They have been built for many men, but the majority have been built to honor one, the great English bard, William Shakespeare.

These theatres of tribute to Shakespeare are not confined to England, but are found also in many other countries; there have been Shakespearean playhouses in Paris, in America, as well as the dozens in London.

Today there is one that stands out above all the rest; it is the Shakespeare Festival Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, that little town that dates back to the Roman invasion and happens to be the birthplace of the greatest English dramatist. The Shakespeare Festival is not a new venture, for it was built in 1879 and has grown on the foundations laid then, to the present place of prominence it occupies.

Since its opening, the theatre has grown rapidly, a fact indicated by the audience figures and the length of the season. In 1879 the theatre stayed open for about ten days in the summer. The year 1886 witnessed the coming of Sir Frank Benson who changed the commonplace theatre to the Festival which we know today; the audience was unable to support the effort for more than a week a year during this period. By 1894 the attendance had reached four thousand a season, and this figure rose to fourteen thousand by 1904. Ten years later there was sufficient interest to keep the doors open for seven weeks, and last year the season had grown to twenty-two weeks, and drew a hundred and fifty thousand spectators. At present the season extends from the middle of April to the middle of September, and the majority of the performances are given before capacity crowds in the enlarged theatre.

The attendance figure is remarkable considering the fact that the town of Stratford-on-Avon has a population of only eleven thousand, and is a three hour drive from London. It is nearer Birmingham than London, but the majority of the out-of-town spectators come from the British capital. Not only do the British visit the provincial theatre during the

course of a season, but there are also hundreds of foreigners, including many American Shakespearean followers, who trek to the old English town each summer. The great increase in the audiences may be accounted for largely by the advent of the automobile which makes it possible for people, who do not reside in the contiguous territory, to come and pay homage to the great dramatist.

The cast that performs the productions is composed for the most part of professional actors from London, and of new actors who are making their debut before audiences. The company has had difficulty in getting suitable talent at various times, due to the fact that the Festival season overlaps the London season and the actors feel that they cannot get positions in the metropolis after the winter season has opened. This difficulty may be partly attributed also to the fact that players do not want to become known as Shakespearean actors or actresses because they consider it a hindrance in securing positions in modern plays when their names are associated preëminently with characters in Shakespeare's plays.

The Festival produces not only the best known of Shakespeare's plays, but also some of the little known works that he wrote. From 1919 to 1934, under the direction of Mr. Bridges Adams, the organization produced twenty-nine of the thirty-six plays in the first folio. Others have been done since then under the direction of Mr. Iden Payne. One of the plays given this season that is not as well known as some others of Shakespeare's was *Troilus and Cressida*, which was done in Jacobean dress and was quite well received.

An outstanding feature of the Festival is the number of distinguished visitors who direct plays each season. One of the best known is Mr. Komisanjivsky who used unorthodox modernism in *Macbeth* and treated *The Merchant of Venice* in an unusual manner. He often used no scenery and relied on lights for his effects.

On the other hand, the regular director, Mr. Payne, utilizes the conventional pillared stage, with little use of the front curtain, and relies on curtains between the pillars for his effects. By this means

he feels he establishes a better audience-player contact and keeps the continuity of the scenes which is so necessary for a complete appreciation and understanding of the works of the dramatist. Ideas are welcomed by Mr. Payne, and innumerable plans have been tried since Shakespeare's day; however, the director has a great facility for separating the good from the bad, and therefore makes few changes in the usual method.

The season just closed has seen the cast present *Romeo and Juliet*, *King Lear*, *Julius Caesar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Twelfth Night*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and the obscure *Troilus and Cressida*. All of these were well done from all reports, and the new actors showed great promise.

The season was financially successful since \$50,000 was cleared, most of which went back into the theatre for improvements. This figure should be somewhat discounted however, since there is no rent to pay. The theatre was built by donations which Sir Archibald Flower worked to raise, and which he received largely from Americans. This money was used to build the present Memorial Theatre in 1930 which replaced the previous one, destroyed in part by fire in the 1920's.

The Stratford-on-Avon Festival has an American counterpart in the festival at Pasadena, California; this Festival is devoted to the Greco-Roman cycle of William Shakespeare. It has presented among others, plays that have not been shown in New York in many seasons, such dramas as *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, and *Coriolanus*. This Festival promises to be to America what the one at Stratford-on-Avon is to England.

So throughout the world the name of William Shakespeare is kept alive in festivals paying homage to a great figure in English literature. Aside from these Festivals and theatres of tribute the professional companies are constantly producing the better known works of the poet; and now the motion pictures have added their interpretations of his best. All of these are interesting, aside from their intrinsic value, for they are keeping alive his memory and bringing to life lines written three hundred years ago.



## Imitation of Love

(Continued from page 16)

had he not been there, she knew, neither would she have been there.

They were bringing the nigger forward now, and she forced her way to one side and watched him pass. Two men supported him by each arm, and they dragged him down the steps into the howling mob below. And in front of him marched righteous Wade Lee, a heavy club in his hand, forcing a path through the throng.

As she watched the limp form of the nigger borne down the steps, his legs like wilted stalks dragging behind him, she felt herself grow sick. And as she was about to turn away a strong hand seized her by the arm. She turned quickly and looked up into her lover's face.

His face was dark with anger. His face was flushed livid purple with a brutal rage she did not know.

Holding her still in a vice-tight grip, his fingers pressing into the flesh of her arm, he glared down at her and gasped for breath and words to speak.

"This ain't any place for you now!"

"I told you I'd come if you did."

"You told *me*? I told *you* not to come!"

"Let go my arm!" she cried vehemently, and violently wrenched her arm free of his grip. And standing before him, head thrown back and bosom heaving, rather flung words at him than spoke: "I'm not your wife—you know that! I'm nothing you can make crawl! And I won't leave till you do!"

"You go now or we are through." He pronounced each word slowly and deliberately. And with each word he spoke his eyes grew narrower, till now he glared at her through slits of his eyelids all but shut.

Indignation flared up in her breast to a blazing fury. By sheer force of will she managed to control herself, however, and standing there she trembled, but held back the bitter words upon her tongue.

"Don't you think I can take care of myself!" he suddenly burst out with scorn and bitterness.

And she realized how futile any attempt would be to explain to him why she had come. And how could she explain when she scarcely knew herself?

"Well!" he shouted at her, further irritated by her silence.

"Of course you can take care of yourself," she replied. "It's not that at all. It's . . . I . . . we've done everything together! That's the way it should be! You know I love you . . ." and seizing his arm imploringly, "love you with every-

thing I . . ." tears choked her, and she could not go on.

Like a shower of water on a glowing grid her tears tempered the heat of his wrath. He placed his hand gently upon her shoulder.

"This is men's work, honey," he spoke kindly, and she lowered her head and listened. "It's not going to be any fun. Please go home and wait for me there."

"I've got to stay," she whispered without looking up.

"There's no sense in your being here!"

"You're here."

"I told you this is man's work," he cried with rising impatience.

She stepped back from him quickly and looking up into his distressed face spoke hurriedly.

"You're here—that's all that matters to me. I don't care why! But you are here and I am not going to leave until you do." He made as if to interrupt her, but she hurried on to have her say. "What reason is there for my living with you as I am? Because I love you with a greater love . . . it leaves no room in me for right or wrong . . . only you . . . and whatever you are, I am. Everything of me is yours. . . ."

"Great God!"

"And everything you do I must do!"

"For Christ's sake, are you crazy? There's work to be done. I can't stand here talking like this!" he cried savagely.

Already the fluid drops had passed off in steam.

"Whatever it is you've got to do, let us do it together."

"By God, no woman of mine is . . ."

"No woman of yours!!" Her eyes were blazing, and with flaring indignation her fury leaped to meet his, her determination as deeply entrenched as his own.

For a moment they stood in hostile silence before each other. People were rushing by them on all sides, but no one took any notice of them glaring at each other at the head of the stone steps.

And in the excitement men brushed past them or lunged violently against them as they hurried after the nigger and his escort. But of this she was but vaguely aware. At this moment she knew that she had reached a crisis in her life. Other crises she had met and successfully passed. But none had been as momentous as this. Her whole life hung poised now upon a thin thread of madness, with only the flickering yellow lights of passing torches to show her the face of her lover.

And his face was drawn in lines of brutal fury.

With a premonition of utter futility she hurried to speak before him.

"I am not going. If you were to make me, everything *would* be finished between us. Believe that! Trust me!"

She started slowly away from him, then darted back and flinging her arms about his neck she clung to him passionately. He drew her to him, burying his face in her hair.

"You've got to go, darlin'."

"Don't drive me away from you!" she sobbed.

And as suddenly as she had flung herself into his arms, she tore herself free and rushed down into the crowd on the steps. She pushed her way hurriedly forward, burying herself in the heart of the moving mass of men, and surged forward with them.

And those in front led the way down Main Street toward the village square. And the mob followed behind in one compact wedge of sweating bodies. Smoking torches lit up the procession with their flickering yellow lights which danced upon moist faces, leering, brutal, violent, cruel, and upon raised fists.

And in the center they dragged the nigger, Joe Slade. His head drooped upon his breast. His eyes were half closed. And in a drawling voice that broke and wept he repeated the psalms he had learned as a child.

Those nearest and about him, unrestrained, rained frequent blows and kicks upon his bruised and bleeding body. And they spat upon his lowered head. And they cursed him freely with the brutal violence of their cudgeling.

Swept along with the crowd, she edged her way toward the nigger. And the brutal fury of the mob found response in her once more. She too hated him. Nowhere in her woman's body was there a spark of sympathy or feeling for his cowed and beaten figure.

But in her, vindictive hatred arose from no outraged moral. The fiery clash with her lover which had altered neither his nor her own purpose, his smiling face turned livid against her, this night of strangeness with weird yellow lights and faces of madness streaming in confusion about her, the chorus of rasping, brutal voices and steel clinched fists rising on all sides of her had unnerved her completely. And in her hysteria she turned upon the black prisoner as the cause of her grief—



was it not on this nigger's account that her lover had come? And the brutal spirit of madness she caught up from those about her again flared within her and hut intensified her blind hatred.

She fought her way through the men till she reached his side. Then raising her voice to a wild shriek, scarcely knowing what she did, she struck at him.

Her fist landed on the side of his head. He cowed beneath the blow and lurched to one side. And a strange and brutal joy filled her heart then. She staggered back intoxicated with the madness of that swift dram to her brutal thirst of cruelty. And the men about her, finding their own passions appeased in the action of this woman amongst them, proclaimed her with reverberant roars of approval. And with open palms they struck her on the back and shoulders.

Reaching the square they led the nigger to the elm. The elm was ancient. The elm had stood a tall and beautiful tree before the town was built. Now old and gnarled it was majestic and wide-spread none the less. And from its boughs three niggers had already swung.

The crowd swarmed around the square and close to the tree. A silence fell upon them, and in silence they watched their leaders prepare for the swinging.

She stood on the inner edge of the circle that formed around the tree. And from where she was standing she could hear the nigger whimpering. He had slumped to his knees and his hands were clasped before him. And kneeling there he wept like a frightened child. And in a wailing voice sobbed forth an incoherent jumble of words, confused bits of prayer, imploring forgiveness of God and mercy of man.

And Wade Lee, club in hand stood over him.

She who could not watch pig-sticking and grew sick to hear the tortured shrieks of these animals at slaughter, who had fainted on the curb when a truck crushed the life from a dog in the gutter before her, who could not bare the sight or the smell of blood, had not the heart or the will to raise her hand against man or beast, now felt a hatred for this dying negro that could be quenched only through inflection of pain—and death.

From whence this vehement hate she knew not, nor then thought to know. She realized only that he was the source of impending misery. And her hatred against him rose with a strong premonition of disaster to follow. An anguishing fear of something, uncertain yet inevitable, lay heavily upon her heart. If only she could go now! She longed desperately to

leave at once—she could hurry home and wait for her lover there! Leave? that she could not—not for all her fear and omniscient apprehension, not for all her lover's commands and threats. For their love's sake and her very being, that one thing she could not do. He was here and until he left she must stay! Why? By what right? What reason commanded? Her conviction was too deeply rooted for questioning or reason. Doggedly, blindly she knew only that she had had to come, and while he was there, could not go.

"Damn that nigger!" she screamed in wailing tones.

And in her fury she spat at him from where she stood. And those men about her howled in delight. And the weeping voice of the nigger drawled on in incoherent prayer.

And from out of the crowd her lover forced his way into the small space under the tree. His shirt had been ripped and hung on his back in shreds. And over his arm he carried a coil of rope. At the sight of the rope the crowd shouted in hoisterous welcome.

He strode under the elm with a firm step. Then with a measuring glance he approximated the height of a stout horizontal branch above him and flung a coil of the rope up in an arc.

With heads tilted back the men followed its unravelling flight with their eyes. The rope fell short of the branch, and sounds of subdued jeering arose. With a scowl on his face he followed the rope to where its frayed end lay at the edge of the crowd—at her feet.

He stood before her a moment without speaking, the yellow light of a nearby torch gleaming on his moist face.

"You are still here," he spoke with little emotion.

"Yes. I've got to stay."

"Because I told you to stay away?"

"Because you came."

"You're a woman," he cried in exasperation. "This is no place for women now. We men have got to do what's got to be done!"

"And if you've got to do it, I've got to do it! Can't you see? I've got to do what you do—good or bad, we've got to do it together—or what am I . . . ? what is our love. . . ?"

"For God's sake. . . ."

"Doesn't my love mean anything to you?" she pleaded, tears starting to her eyes. Those about the two of them had turned in interest, and forming a circle about them listened with cruel, grinning faces. At her last words they burst out in guffaws of laughter.

To him nothing could be more degrading. She experienced none of his shame,

nor even took any notice of the jeering laughter. Her eyes were fastened upon his face. Her entire attention was riveted to him. And as his face paled she saw that he heard her words alone—knew not what she had said. She cried out in hopeless frustration, but barely knew what it was she was saying. She heard her voice, strange, high, and shrieking—:

"You never meant anything you said to me! I'm nothing more than another woman for you to get in bed with!" And here the crowd about them roared with delight. It was as if she did not hear. And she went on without a pause, her eyes still fixed upon his blanching face. "Doesn't my love mean anything to you? If it does, then don't try to drive me away! Because if I leave before you do, then it's all over—everything is finished between us. O I mean that! I swear I never meant anything more!"

"For the love of God, stop!" he cried.

"No! Our love has got to mean something more than . . . I won't be your whore!" she screamed out this last with all the strength left her.

What it was he was saying now she could not know for the mad screaming of applause and deafening laughter about her. She could see his blazing eyes and his face, first white then livid. And she could see his jaws working rapidly, and his chest heaving. And most of all she could see his eyes. And she had no need to hear his voice.

Now his mouth had ceased moving. He tried to keep his lips set in a firm straight line, she could see. And she could see his lips quiver in spite of himself.

Then quickly snatching up the end of the rope from the ground at their feet, he turned from her abruptly and hurried back to the tree. And with him the attention of the crowd returned to the lynching.

Under the tree he flung the coil once more, and this time it passed over the branch and fell within a few feet of the ground on the other side. He seized it as it swung back and forth, and commenced knotting the noose.

Beyond themselves with anticipation and excitement the men of the mob pressed forward on all sides. And as they pushed closer she was shoved forward. She tried to force her way back into the crowd, but strong hands seized her and held her in front.

"Come on gall!" one rasping voice sang out in jeering tones from behind her. "You don't want to miss the fun, do ye?" another cried "Your boy friend is going to tie the neck tie! Ha! Ha!" another yet. And still another: "Come on and show us



how you love him, gall!" And hoarse laughter from all sides.

And she found herself standing before the nigger. She looked down at his trembling figure, then up at Wade Lee, standing over him, a cruel smile of satisfaction on his lips. His eyes were stern and brutally determined. His bony hand, gripped tightly about the handle of the club he held, spoke of a violence seldom aroused in man. And his thick figure backed by the mob of sweating faces was the essence of some strange madness that would find redemption only through one act of brutality.

She looked over to where he stood beneath the elm preparing the noose. His head was lowered over the rope in his hands. She stood quietly and watched him at his work.

From the crowd voices were hurled at him—cries of suggestion. Some were in earnest, some taunting, some in hysterical madness. He did not hear, however, or pretended not to hear, and went on with what he was doing.

She could see that his hands were trembling and that his fingers were awkward and unpliant. Beads of perspiration fell from his forehead and his nose and his chin. And streams of perspiration flowed down his neck and back where the shirt was ripped and disappeared beneath tattered edges of the shirt again.

At last he finished and straightened up. He turned toward her, but his eyes were fixed in a cold stare upon the insensible prisoner. The crowd pressed closer still, and from its many mouths there sounded a subdued but menacing murmur. With a short length of rope in his hand he walked over to the praying black.

"All right, Joe, get to your feet."

And many willing hands dragged him to his feet.

"Hands behind his back!"

And his arms were twisted to his back.

The nigger raised his head and gazed with rolling eyes at the crowd of brutal faces about him. The whites of his eyes shone ghastly. His jaw hung open and spittle drooled from the corners of his mouth. And from his throat there issued strange guttural sounds with each labored breath he drew.

As he stood there, his hands being tied behind him, his gaze fell upon her, a few feet from him. His eyes ceased rolling, and he stared at her. A sudden smile rose to his lips, and his eyes lit up with joy.

She shrank back beneath his gaze and would have cried out, but stricken with fear, her breath came in short gasps and she could make no sound.

With a sudden mighty movement the

nigger wrenched himself free of his captors, and like some vanquished and dying god of superhuman strength hurled to the ground those who clung to his arms. And with a lunge he flung himself at her feet, and encircled her thighs with his powerful arms. And pressing his chin against her stomach he gazed up into her face with pleading eyes of innocence and fear.

"Virgin Mary, Mother of Jesus," he whispered, "save me!"

And crushing her more tightly to him, tears streaming down his face, his features grotesque with ghastly terror, shrieked:

"Save me, Mother. In His name . . . for Jesus' sake. . . ."

Overcome with repugnance and physical loathing at his nearness and touch she stared with horror into his upturned face. The rank nigger-stench of his sweating body filled her nostrils and nauseated her. She strained back from him, gasping for breath. And she pressed both palms against his forehead and tried to tear herself free. But her eyes were upon his upturned weeping face. And his eyes lifted to her white face in agony of fear; beseeching, pleading, held her in hypnotic consort and drained all strength from her body.

"Jesus' Mother . . . save me. . . ."

The men, recovered from their surprise, leaped to her aid from all sides, and finally tore her free of his appealing embrace. And they dragged him back, brutally beating him with clubs and sticks. Exposing himself unprotected to the rain of furious blows he strove with outstretched arms to reach her again.

"Save me!!!" he shrieked. "Virgin Mary . . . Mother . . ." and under a solid blow from Wade Lee's club slumped to the ground, struck mercifully unconscious.

Dazed and breathless she stood leaning against an upturned bench. With eyes open wide, wild with the fire of the madness and the strangeness of that night, she stood staring down at the prone black figure on the ground before her.

The choking odor of his sweating black body still filled her nostrils. Her hands were still wet with the cold sweat of his forehead. She could still feel the pressure of his chin against her stomach and the grip of his sinewy arms about her body.

And she wrung her hands frantically. And wringing her hands she wept.

Hers was an inbred fear and mistrust of the negroid race, and inbred horror of physical contact with them. And she had always held them as creatures to be tolerated—no more. The sudden frantic lunge with which he had flung himself

at her as if with the maniacal intent of bodily assault, and his having seized her in the crushing force of his appeal had been such a shocking and revolting encounter as to leave her mentally stunned.

And now she leaned against the edge of the bench and wrung her hands (how often was she to stand quietly alone at evening, her mind lost in wonder, unconsciously wringing her hands!) as if to rid them of some adhering filth.

The men stood awkwardly about her in silence. They stared at her curiously, not knowing what to do.

And as he, incentive of the love which had brought her, forced his way through the circle about her, she looked up.

Her eyes lost their vacant stare, and the strange light which they had held. She met his gaze of pain with eyes of passionless knowing.

For as she turned her eyes to him her mind became clear and it was as if she awoke from some deep sleep of purposeless dreams. And she saw clearly into what strange channels of inner existence and belief—her unlawful love for him had led her.

Her eyes wandered from his bewildered face to the bleeding body of the negro sprawled at her feet. A dry sob broke through her lips. And she pressed both palms against her temples and shook her head slowly to and fro.

"No . . . no . . . no . . . no! I'm not the . . . Virgin . . ." her voice, a husky whisper from distant, confused thoughts, spoke and trailed off to distant thoughts again.

With outstretched arms her lover approached her. She looked up at him with horror. A shudder of loathing passed through her frame, and she stepped back from him, shaking her head slowly to and fro.

"No . . . no . . . no . . . no!"

Looking at him now, she saw in him no longer the essence of herself.

She was no longer him—had never been. That—: an illusion she had never realized 'til now, a nurtured self-deception, a rationalized justification for her love!

And to his horror she smiled at him then—a strange, cold smile of understanding, and said quietly:

"He thought I was the Virgin Mary. You thought I was yours! I thought I was a part of you!! We three—oh blessed madness—have been deceived. I am leaving now—before you."

And she turned from him then, and she made her way through the crowd, which opened before her, into the darkness of the square.



## They Didn't Know a Soul

(Continued from page 11)

acquaintance. Mrs. di Pappacio did notice that she applauded with the rest when he obliged them with some cowboy songs.

Somewhere between Denver and Kansas City, Jeff was jolted awake to find Miss Smith looking at him with a somewhat quizzical expression. She was leaning back in her seat, and her spectacles were nowhere about. Jeff jumped when he noticed how pretty she was, with her hat pushed back so that little blonde ringlets showed underneath, and how big and lustrous were her gray eyes inside their fringe of black lashes. He jumped so high, in fact, that he knocked his sombrero well down under the seat, and when he had finished fishing for it, he found her apparently asleep, with her hat pulled forward and the spectacles replaced. From the look on Jeff's face, it might have been assumed that he had been the victim of a most alarming nightmare, but after gazing at his neighbor for a few moments, he was immediately asleep again. Miss Smith opened her eyes cautiously and almost laughed outright. Then she, too, went to sleep, still smiling.

The next day was more or less uneventful. The small di Pappacios had at last learned to avoid Miss Smith, and Tom Speed found that, surprisingly enough, Jeff played a good game of bridge. The whole bus took on that tense air common to bridge tournaments, with those who could not play as spectators and the di Pappacio fry as reporters. They took it upon themselves to inform their mother in audible whispers as to who held the high cards, and were quite useful in retrieving cards dropped in the excitement of the moment. Miss Smith still read the same sheaf of papers, glancing up surreptitiously now and then to see how the game fared. In spite of her occasional unnoticed grins, there were times when she looked wistful, and once, when Mr. Judd made a bad play, she frowned angrily. Mrs. di Pappacio, who had not forgiven her for her mistreatment of her progeny and who still cast frequent black looks at her, noticed the frown and made a mental note that Miss Smith was wishing she hadn't been so darn high and mighty. She derived considerable satisfaction from that fact, and smiled smugly as she thought of the impression her observation would make on the estimable schoolmarm.

As had been evident from the start, it

was Jeff who, at the end of the day, came out the winner. Mrs. di Pappacio hinted broadly that she would have a surprise for him when they got to Chicago, and as a special concession, she allowed her children to stay up until they arrived. At the station, she linked her arm in Jeff's, and followed by her offspring, paraded toward town. Miss Smith watched them with a delighted grin, and then she too left the bus, to send numerous telegrams. That was the one thing Mrs. di Pappacio missed. When, at the last minute, the beaming di Pappacios returned, with Jeff in tow, she was seated in her customary place. Mrs. di Pappacio began at once the ritual of getting her offspring to sleep, and again called on Jeff to sing for them. When they were all slumbering peacefully, Jeff sank back and leaned towards Miss Smith. "Do you know what the surprise was?" he asked ruefully. She admitted she didn't. "Hell," he continued. "Prepare yourself for a shock. They wanted to be the first to treat me to a real ice cream soda." Miss Smith giggled. "And of course you appreciated it no end?" she suggested. Jeff groaned, cast his eyes heavenward, and bade her a pleasant good-night.

The bus reached Cleveland the next morning. Jeff was apparently none the worse for his dissipation, and Miss Smith was visibly more friendly. When the di Pappacios came to drag Jeff out, she even smiled at them. Mrs. di Pappacio was saved from fainting only by the fact that she didn't have enough room, and she left the bus looking as if she had seen Garibaldi's ghost. She even forgot to snub Miss Smith, which, since she had been planning occasions wherein she could do so ever since the beginning, was evidence enough of her state. All day Miss Smith was agreeable to everyone; she talked to Jeff for hours on how to conduct himself in New York, including valuable advice on the ways of city slickers, bond salesmen, and the like. Jeff was dazzled at her expansion; when she showed them a picture of her dog (which Tony privately thought was a sissy dog anyhow) she even won the di Pappacios. Even Mrs. di Pappacio was forced to remark that Miss Smith could be nice if she wanted to, which you must admit was quite a concession. By evening, when they pulled out of Pittsburgh, the company had, with certain reservations, admitted her into their circle: Mrs. di Pappacio was still

wary and the schoolmarm condescending, and Tom Speed had not quite recovered from his earlier rebuffs. Aside from that, everyone accepted her. She surprised them all by accompanying Jeff in a rich contralto, and by knowing all his cowboy songs. Altogether, the day was a huge success.

On the last day, Miss Smith singled Jeff out as her especial friend. She spent much of her time in dissertations on the big city, and when, around four o'clock, they neared the metropolis, Jeff cautiously asked her if he couldn't see her while they were both there. After some hesitation, Miss Smith agreed, but with the provision that he meet her somewhere, as her parents were very strict. That arrangement seemed perfectly satisfactory to Jeff, so they agreed to meet at nine that night, at Grand Central Station near the telephone booths. Everyone was excited; Mrs. di Pappacio frenziedly collecting addresses and promising to write, the little di Pappacios getting in everyone's way, the schoolmarm assuring everyone she was delighted to have met them, and Mr. Judd promising them all tickets to the Yale-Cornell game. Tom Speed declared his intention of throwing a big party for them all real soon. When at last the bus pulled up in front of the station, there was a grand rush for the door. Jeff didn't say goodbye to Miss Smith for the simple reason that he couldn't find her, and Mama di Pappacio kissed each person soundly as he stepped out. It was truly a sad parting.

At six o'clock on the dot, Miss Smith rushed into a spacious suite at the Waldorf. She groaned as a small dapper man rose from the depths of a sofa and came towards her. "My God, Sonya," he shouted. "It's about time you got here! We've had the cops combing the country for you, and if you hadn't sent that telegram from Chicago, they'd still—Here we think you're safe in Hollywood and you decide to see America first! Well, it's turning out OK. The first night of your new picture is tonight, and some of the society people are throwing you a party after it. It'll be swell publicity, but why—" Miss Smith smiled. "Calm down, Joe; you managers are so excitable. I just wanted to have some fun for a change, and I did have a swell time. No, no one recognized me—would you, in this disguise?" She dropped her spectacles on

(Continued on page 26)

## Beggar Man, Thief

(Continued from page 10)

"At Spurgeon's fillin' station." Without wincing, she kissed Pink. Her attention fastened on his eyes. She stared at them a moment and burst into laughter.

"What 'id your nurse-maid say about spendin' your beggar-money for corn likker?"

"Who d'ya mean?"

"Your nurse-maid. Jeff." She kissed Pink again and laughed—laughed in rich tones that seemed to give the lie to all her ugliness.

Pink was growing less timid. He laughed too. "Jeff don't know. I told 'im I give the rest o' th' money to th' Salvation Army. He believed it, too, 'cause 'e didn't say a word." And they both laughed loudly.

Two hours later Jeff was still waiting up for Pink. Pink had no sooner entered the house than he called for his brother. His homely face glowed with joy, and excessive good humor cluttered his questions.

"When's my birthday, Jeff? Where's my money? Where is it? How much have I

got? It's jus' two weeks off, ain't it, Jeff?" "What's th' matter, Pink?" Jeff was bewildered.

"Sara's gonna marry me, Jeff. She jus' promised me. On my birthday. When is it, Jeff? Ain't it jus' two weeks off? Where's my money, Jeff?"

Tears came into Jeff's eyes. He followed Pink into the bedroom and watched his brother pull out the black stocking from under the mattress, and then sit down on the floor and pour out his money in a little pile. While Pink began arranging the coins in separate stacks, according to size, Jeff stood over him.

"You got twen'y-five dollars, Pink. Almost enough to get us them new ploughs and harness."

"Twen'y-five! Twen'y-five dollars! That's a lot, ain't it, Jeff?" And Pink began dropping the coins back into the stocking without counting them.

"Why're ya goin' t' marry Sara, Pink?"

"Cause I love 'er, Jeff. You know that."

"She's worthless, Pink. She's—"

"Don't say that, Jeff. Th' ain't none o' us 'thout faults."

"She's ugly, Pink. She's the ugliest woman God ever created!"

"Shut up, Jeff!" he screamed. "Shut up, Jeff," he sobbed, and wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

The horse was fed; the cow was milked; the pigs were "slopped"; and Jeff sat on the porch, waiting for Pink to come back from town.

It had been a long day of worrying about Pink. "I ain't got no more use for a nurse-maid," Pink had said and had gone along with Tom, without him. Pink had hardly spoken to him since Thursday night. Nurse-maid! And all day he had worried. Had anyone robbed Pink? No! No one would cheat Pink. No one would cheat a *blind* man! No one but that damned, ugly slut Sara. Why hadn't Pink listened to him? Now everybody for five miles around knew what a fool she was making of him. Going to marry him. Not even a "nigger" with good eyes would go to bed with her. He had told her that when she stopped at the porch that morn-

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ing and she had only laughed and given him the letter for Pink.

He wondered what was in the letter. Why hadn't she told him what to tell Pink, instead of leaving a letter to read to him? Maybe she had been afraid he would forget—or purposely wouldn't tell Pink. Perhaps he should read the letter before his brother returned! Sara was probably asking for something. If so, he might destroy the letter and save Pink from himself. She was robbing *him* as well as Pink. They had to have the ploughs and harness. She was making Pink rob him.

He pulled the letter out of his pocket. The envelope was sealed. He ran his finger under one end of the flap—and stopped. If he destroyed the letter, Pink would eventually find it out from Sara and would *never* trust him again. He had to hand it to Pink just as it was. Pink would run his fingers over it and then hand it back for him to read. He looked at the letter, and with angry resolutions stuffed it back into his pocket.

As Jeff rolled a cigarette, he heard the wooden planks rattle on the bridge at the foot of the hill. That was Tom and Pink! He quickly shaped the cigarette and lit it with nervous hands. When the old Ford screeched to a stop, he hurried out to help Pink from the car.

Pink was in a good humor. He was singing, and greeted his brother cheerily, "Hey, Jeff!"

Tears sprang like sudden rain into Jeff's eyes. Pink was no longer angry at him.

"You ain't mad at me no more, Pink?"

"I guess I warn't ever mad at ya, Jeff. I s'pose my feelin's was hurt. I reckon what you said to me las' Sa'day night was what you thought was right. But you're wrong 'bout Sara bein' ugly. You jus' can't see how purty she is, 'cause you don't listen to 'er talk. You gotta listen to 'er talk an' laugh, Jeff, 'fore you see how purty she is."

Jeff looked at Pink's big eyes clouded with blood. Why, God, why had he ever told Pink that Sara was ugly? For the second time he had pulled down darkness over Pink's eyes! And, for the second time, Pink had forgiven him. He was glad that he hadn't destroyed the letter. In a small way, in the smallest way, he felt that, by being able to give Sara's letter to his brother now, he was making some amends for the hurt he had given him.

Tom accepted their invitation to supper—to "stay an' have some corn pone and buttermilk." At the table Jeff held out the letter to his brother.

"Here's a letter Sara left for ya this morning, Pink."

Pink didn't even take the letter in his hands. "What's it say?"

Jeff opened the letter and glanced over it. He caught his breath and mumbled, "It's a dam' lie!"

"What's th' matter, Jeff? What's th' letter say?"

"It ain't true, Pink! It ain't true!"

"What's it say, Tom?"

Tom read the letter aloud. "Pink, I ain't goin' t' marry you. I'm goin' away, 'cause your brother said he'd have me tarred-an'-feathered if I didn'. He's got all the people mad at me an' so I can't marry you. I gotta go away. Sara."

"It's a lie, Pink! I ain't talked t' no-body 'bout Sara!"

"It ain't no lie." His breath came painfully, knotted with sobs. "You've done enough hurt t' me, Jeff. I ain't gonna see ya do no more. Tom said ya meant good, but I ain't gonna see—I cain't see. I cain't see! An' it's your fault. You ain't gonna do nothin' else t' me."

He snatched up a knife and stumbled around the table towards Jeff. Tom reached for Pink's arm, but Pink tripped. The knife caught—thrust into his side. And Pink lay dead on the floor. A little paper bag dropped from his pocket. Tom picked it up. Inside was a cheap ring. On the back of the ring-box the price was erased, but the impression of the pencil-point was still clear—\$5.00. In the bottom of the bag was a receipt: one wedding ring, \$25.00.

## From Cover to Cover

(Continued from page 17)

*Quiet Lodger of Irving Place.* With characteristic newspaper dogmatism, William steps warily into the book, lays the five "W's" of the introductory events on the table—the "who, what, where, when, and why" so important to the specific news story and so unimportant to the rounded unity of a book—and then, gradually, allows the subject matter of his story to evolve out of a mass of foundational detail. In his careful construction of atmosphere and setting, he forgets to deal with the true substance until he has reached the half-way point of his book.

Not much care has been taken with the grammatical accuracy of sentences and phrases; the pages are sparsely peppered with split infinitives, and clauses that stand as sentences; slang has been allowed to play havoc with whatever dignity the author hoped to achieve. But the shoddy style has merits in its easy familiarity, for it allows the reader to feel that he is the silent half of a one-sided dialogue, and

it gives the book a sort of personal appeal. It arouses interest in William Wash Williams, however, rather than in O. Henry, himself.

The sentimentality, which is unpleasantly evident, is thoroughly sincere and earnest, absolutely without shamefacedness on the part of the author; but it is, nevertheless, deplorable. In one instance, after relating a specific example of O. Henry's overpowering kindness to unfortunates, Williams lets his soft heart creep out in the open and comments, "Bless his heart"! And in the conclusion to his "portrait," the author renders a death-blow to his reader. He has mourned the death of his hero, and he has captured a certain mood of dignified sadness. But his last paragraph reeks so outrageously with sentiment that one is tempted to throw the book down and wonder if Mr. Williams has not, perhaps, lived thirty years too late.

*The Quiet Lodger of Irving Place* does not deserve unadulterated harsh criticism,

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nevertheless, for it is an interesting kaleidoscopic account of eight years in O. Henry's life, and is written authoritatively by a man of great modesty. It was during Williams' years as a cub reporter on the New York *World* that he met O. Henry, and his book is based on the experiences he shared with the "quiet lodger" in beer halls, chop houses, and "dives," watching the "Four Million" in the bared ugliness of their lives, listening to brassy, tin pan music. That he gained an insight into the almost incomprehensible mind of the writer as shown in the following lines is not surprising: "Poor Syd, he presented many paradoxes but none greater than that of a man being 'on the inside looking out' and 'on the outside looking in' at the same time. For no one ever stayed more closely within himself and looked out upon the parade of life, and none ever stood more persistently on the outside and looked into the very heart of the big show than he." Williams throws a very bright light on O. Henry's "snap endings," on his frank confessions that he wrote for money alone, on his procrastination—exasperating to his editors—but the light has always an element of softness about it.

Reasons for an author's writing are generally insignificant in a reviewer's consideration of the work. A book speaks for

itself. Yet, if it seems to have little to say or to say its little poorly, one is forced to look behind the scenes, into the author, in an effort to justify the existence of what he has written. Of Mr. Williams, it may be conjectured that he is endeavoring to exemplify O. Henry's own formula for successful writing: "If you can't write

a story that pleases yourself, you'll never please the public. But in writing your story, forget the public and think only of what interests you." Judging from the attempts of both O. Henry and his admirer, Williams, a strict pursuance of the formula will not bring success.

JANE LOVE.

## Monday in Manhattan

(Continued from page 6)

crowded streets of the East Side, his feet splashing unnoticed in the puddles.

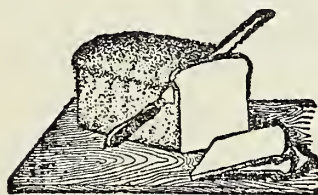
In Central Park, the rain pattered noiselessly on dead leaves and dripped from bare branches. A party of young debutantes laughed gaily as they waited for their cars beneath the canopy of the Central Park Casino. A group of chorus girls from the cast of "Anything Goes" sat down at the counter of a Broadway drug store to eat lunch after a late morning rehearsal. Their makeup was smeared where the wind had driven rain into unprotected faces. On Thirty Sixth Street, a beggar peered in through the windows of Keen's Chop House; water dripped from the brim of his already saturated hat. In the Cloud Club, atop the Chrysler Building, diners looked out on low-hanging

rain clouds which completely obscured the ground. Laborers, working on the foundations of a building, ate their lunch standing up, under an improvised shelter.

As the late-afternoon crowds began to pour through tunnels and over bridges, the rain stopped and the western sky turned a dirty yellow. The setting sun showed a deep orange through the gradually breaking clouds. Skyscrapers in lower Manhattan leaped into silhouette as the sun neared the horizon. Tugs and ferries swam through rivers of molten copper. A fresh breeze, full of the scent of a spring that was many months away, ruffled the waters of the lower bay and whipped through streets that had already begun to dry.

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## They Didn't Know a Soul

(Continued from page 22)

the floor and deliberately ground them under her heel. Then she took off her hat and coat and flung them across the room. "Where's Marie? Tell her to get a bath ready, and to lay out something simple. I've got a date." Joe shrieked. "A date? My God, girl, I told you some swanks were throwing you a big party, and so help me, you're going if I have to drag you. Listen to me, Sonya: if you want the name of Sonya Valez written all over the world, you'll do what I tell you. Think of the publicity this'll get you! And you wouldn't let me down after I've flown all the way from Hollywood to give you your big chance, would you?" Sonya smiled wearily. "All right, Joe, you win. I'll go to your darn party, only I hate to disappoint that poor cowboy. He's a real, honest-to-goodness cow-puncher, Joe, only terribly innocent. Tell Marie to lay out something floating and feminine for me. No, I can't call him up; I don't

know where he's staying. I guess one cowboy doesn't mean anything in my young life, anyhow, only I hate like the dickens to disappoint him. He doesn't know a soul in New York."

At seven o'clock Jeff rang the doorbell of a luxurious apartment on 5th Avenue. To the butler who answered it he flung a greeting, and raced across the reception hall. "Mater," he yelled. A well-corseted woman appeared at the other end of the room, flung herself into his arms, and then recoiled. "Jeffery," she gasped, "Those filthy clothes! What—" Jeff grinned. "It's OK, Mater," he assured her, "After all the publicity my divorce got, I didn't feel like being stared at, and this was the best idea I could think up on short notice. Sheila sends best—she married Bert Monday night. Hey, Mater, tell Jones to draw me a bath and to lay out a not-too-good suit. I've got a date tonight." His mother groaned.

"Jeffery darling," she pleaded, "you *can't* have a date tonight! The Astors are going to have a big party for Sonya Valez; her new picture opens tonight, and we're counting on you to help her enjoy herself. You've heard of her, Jeffery—she played in "One Night Alone" and she's a sensation. It took Marylyn Astor hours to convince her manager to let her come. Darling, you can't let us down when we're counting on you to impress her! Please, Jeffery, for my sake!" Jeff grinned resignedly. "All right, Mater, you win. I'll go to your darn party, only I hate to disappoint that poor kid. She's a cute girl, only sort of dowdy, and terribly innocent. Tell Jones to lay out my tails. No, I can't call her up; I don't know where she's staying. I guess one girl doesn't mean anything in my young life anyhow, only I hate like Hell to disappoint her. She doesn't know a soul in New York."

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Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)



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Cover by Bill Littler

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# The ARCHIVE

VOLUME L

DECEMBER, 1936

NUMBER THREE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at  
Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that  
the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for  
in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."  
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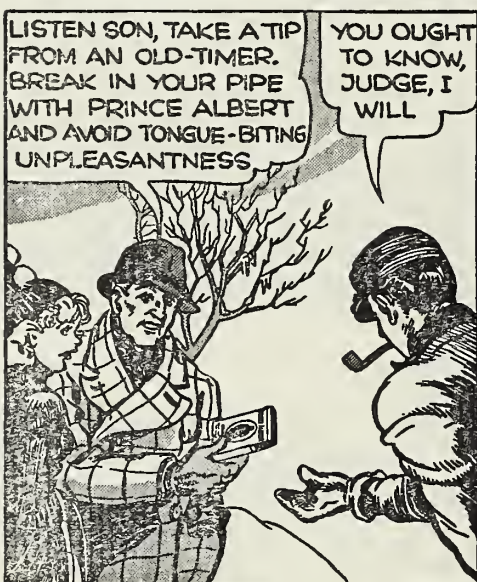
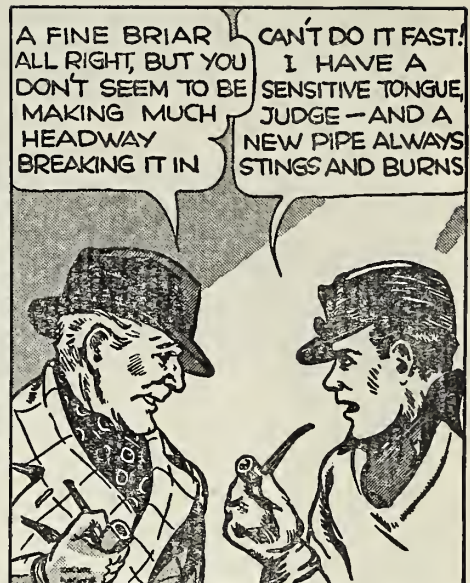
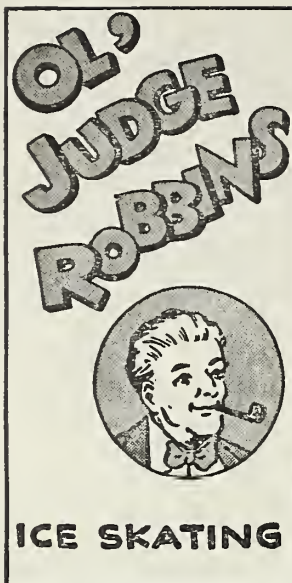
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# There Is No Sundering

JANE DUSENBURY

Illustrated by JOHN GAMSBY

"CLINT! CLINT!"

Ada came into the little house, hurrying from the early morning dampness outside.

"Clint! Wake up, you lazy!"

The girl set down a brimming milk pail, and rattled the hot stove lid. Swiftly she pushed coffee beans through a grinder and put the grains to brew in water, then placed a potted plant in the windowsill sunlight. She took two eggs from her apron pockets, and broke them into a pan.

Finally Ada regarded the peaceful blanket-covered heap that was her young husband, Clint.

Resolutely, she sopped a dishrag in icy pump water, and advanced to the defenseless and sleepy one.

"Clint, I hate to be so mean. You just know I do. But I'm going to work at Doc Prevost's today—and if I go and you sleep, you won't get up until noon, and everything will slip by. Besides, I want to get there early and read his new National Geographic. Clint!"

Ada paused—waited for results—waited in vain. She sighed, pulled the blankets from Clint's face, and sloshed the dripping rag over his eyes.

Clint shouted "Hey!" from the depths of his lungs, shook himself like a big dog, and sat up. He smiled broadly, got up docilely, kissed Ada, and went out to the porch to get his shoes from where he left them at night.

That's what's so wonderful about Clint, thought Ada. No matter what had gone wrong the day before—if rain killed the young radishes—if a pig took the cholera—if a piece fell out of the tractor; still the next morning Clint would be happy and smile. He'd plant new radish seed; he'd stick the pig; he'd call Montgomery Ward about the tractor—and still he'd smile.

They ate breakfast in haste, and with few words. Ada was glad Clint had a good appetite and nice table manners. She hated to watch Reverend Lutz, the Methodist minister, eat. He never touched greens, or white bread, and he speared peas with his fork.

"Hold on, Ada, and I'll walk a piece with you to Doc's," Clint said. "You're getting all-fired important going down there every Thursday. Does he like your looks?"



"He likes my cornbread and apple pie, I'll tell you. He's awfully distinguished. He reads books inches thick, and no pictures in them either. He thinks it's fine I went to normal school two years. He asks about you, and Clint, he says you can borrow his books anytime. Honest, you'd like them if you'd try to. There's one about Christopher Columbus and Isabel—"

"He's an all right fellow, I guess. Gets a big kick out of his farm. Doing a good job, too. His hens lay the biggest eggs in the country."

"You know, Clint—today his wife will be here, for all winter. He's been talking about her for weeks. He's even painted the dining room ceiling. And Clint, she writes pieces for magazines! Honest, I've seen her name there. 'Agatha Prevost'—you don't believe it now—she does, honest."

Here their paths split; Clint went down the hill to his barn, and Ada up the hill to Doctor Prevost's home. It topped one of the prettiest hills in western North Carolina. It was built of logs, and surrounded by young loblolly pines and hardwoods. On the big solid door was a brass knocker, shaped like a Cheshire cat. The doctor said it had come from Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born. The same afternoon he'd held her enthralled by a fiery rendition of some-

body's speech beginning "to be or not to be; that is the question." And there now, right by the knocker, was a much-traveled trunk.

"She's here!" breathed Ada.

Entering through the back door, the girl went into the house. There were dirty dishes stacked on the table; Doc must have eaten his breakfast. She heard voices in the parlor where there was an open fire—the doctor's deep, congenial, wise one, and another! His wife! Mrs. Prevost! Ada slipped through the swinging kitchen doors to the parlor. She felt her cheeks pink as she waited a fraction of a second for the introduction.

"Ada, this is Mrs. Prevost. My dear, this is Ada Whitely."

The girl and the woman nodded and smiled at each other, and the girl was immediately fascinated by the woman. Mrs. Prevost was lovely and lofty-browed. She had pale pink finger nails on graceful fingers. She played the piano, the doctor had said. She was dressed in a gray something that looked soft and expensive, and had fur on the collar. Firelight splashed orange around her head. The doctor looked very proud of her.

Ada was at a loss to withdraw gracefully. She bowed like a jerky little girl in dancing class, and excused herself. Then she went about watering the plants, dusting the piano keys, and mixing gingerbread dough—things she did each Thursday morning. While she stirred the gingerbread, she looked at pictures of the Austrian Tyrol in the National Geographic, and listened to the continued conversation of the doctor and his wife. The man and woman talked on regardless of her. They talked of people in St. Louis betting on a horse race in England. They talked of a Pietro somebody, who was late to his concert, and very sentimental. They talked about a picture that Mrs. Prevost was having shipped home from Hungary by somebody called "Pál." Then they became serious about who was going to be elected president, and talked a lot about government that Ada had not learned in her high school civics. They talked all morning until just before lunch, when Mrs. Prevost went to the piano and played something without looking at any music. It was not jazz; it

(Continued on page 18)



# The Grey River

THEODORE HUSTON, JR.

THE "WHITE ARROW" moved slowly from the lighted shelter of the station into the night and the driving rain. Its long line of Pullmans shed the heavy downpour like a blowing whale. Although the rain had been flooding the country since early afternoon, it was still coming down with a force which dimmed signal lights and made the engine headlight a pale halo. The train had cleared the yards and gone a few miles west along the main line, when it slowed down and crossed onto the eastbound track, then began to gain speed again.

In car B-92, George B. Wylie, executive head of Alliance Steel Inc., stuffed a handful of papers into an already overstuffed brief case and stared unseeing into the night. His tapering fingers drummed on the collapsible table of the compartment. He seemed totally unaware of his two secretaries, who waited a little awkwardly for him to dismiss them, and who exchanged meaningful glances when he continued to stare at his own reflection in the streaming window. One of them finally broke the embarrassed silence by suggesting that he go out on the rear platform and get a little fresh air. Wylie nodded, got up without speaking and walked heavily down the corridor, all the while running his hand nervously through his hair. The two men who remained behind in the compartment looked at each other with anxiety.

"If the chief doesn't get some rest soon, he's going to go completely under," one of them said.

"Yes, and if he goes, Alliance will go with him," the other replied. "That's just the trouble. He knows that and he won't let up on the pace that he's set for himself, even though he knows it's killing him."

On the rear platform, Wylie drew in lungfuls of damp, smoky air, hardly conscious of what he was doing. In his brain there was only a dull ache, which seemed to have been there always. Even when he slept, that ache throbbed through his dreams like a giant pulse. The normal feelings of life meant nothing to him. He was oblivious to everything but his work, and even that seemed to have been swallowed up by the grey river of Time which flowed swiftly by and battered ceaselessly at his aching body. His only conscious thought was that the future of Alliance

Steel rested in his hands, that he must keep fighting against the flood which was trying to engulf him. For him, there was no future, only endless centuries of secretaries, conferences, government interference, secretaries, conferences. . . . His mind became lost in its own complexities as he stared through the window on the right side of the vestibule. Below him, in the faint glow of the vestibule light, were two moving strips of steel. The fact cut slowly through the haze in his brain. If he was looking through the right hand window, what were the tracks doing there? His mind was too fatigued to cope with the problem and he went back into the car, shaking his head doubtfully.

Wylie's berth had been made up and he crawled into it, shivering at the cold, damp touch of the sheets. But instead of falling into a drugged sleep as he usually did, he lay awake, tossing from side to side. He heard voices in the corridor and listened intently. The Pullman conductor was asking one of the trainmen why the train was running on the eastbound track.

"There's been some kind of a washout a couple of miles further on. The westbound tracks are out but we'll be able to get through on the eastbound tracks."

The conductor laughed and said,

"I hope they remember to flag Number Sixty Two."

His laugh was drowned out in the roar of the train, but his words were not. Wylie's brain, grown suddenly agile through intense concentration, pounced on them and turned them over and over. They seemed to grow louder and louder, until he felt that he had been hearing them all his life, that he would never forget them. The strident bellow of the whistle came faintly back along the dark, swaying corridors. With it came a picture which sprang up in Wylie's mind. He could see another train rushing toward them, steam and smoke pouring from the engine, its whistle howling fearfully. He braced himself for the terrific shock, but all that he heard was the steady click-clacking of the wheels beneath him. Perspiration streamed down his face; he wiped it off with the back of a shaking hand. He lay still, listening to the reassuring click of the wheels. Suddenly, it stopped being reassuring; it grew oppressively loud and seemed to thunder in the

tiny compartment. Surely his train couldn't be making all that noise. It must be Number Sixty Two. He could see the spinning wheels rushing toward him, grinding him into a shapeless pulp. At that minute, the air brakes went on hard. This was really it; the engineer had seen the other train and was trying desperately to stop. Wylie sat up in his berth and clutched the sides convulsively. The speed of the train dropped rapidly, then the brakes were released with a hiss of compressed air and the engine jerked up on loose couplings.

Wylie felt that he could stand it no longer. He leaped out of his berth and strode down the corridor to the smoking room. He sat down on a leather cushion there and tried to get hold of himself. The lights helped by keeping those pictures from forming in his mind. But the noises of the train as it gained speed were amplified by the bare walls and linoleum floor. He felt that he was speeding blindly into a night filled with hissing locomotives and long lines of cars, silent and dark as death. Their headlights beat on him mercilessly, blinding him and hurting his eyes.

A porter suddenly stepped through the doorway and Wylie leaped to his feet, his eyes wide and staring. He muttered something to the porter, stepped out into the corridor and opened the door to the vestibule. The cold air cut through his pajamas unnoticed. He moved to the right hand window and stared at the two moving ribbons. Once more his mind began to conjure up pictures of overturned engines, telescoped Pullmans, broken glass, blood. Again the air brakes went on. This time there could be no doubt. He tore open the vestibule door, and watched the darkness flow past him in a black river. Ahead the locomotive twisted to the right and swung back onto the westbound track. But Wylie couldn't have seen and he didn't look. His fascinated eyes never left the moving steel ribbons. Suddenly, a few seconds before the car lurched and swallowed the ribbons beneath its clicking wheels, he leaped.

The twin red lights on the rear car faded to tiny sparks as Wylie's body stopped rolling, its hand against the lever of the switch over which the train had just passed.



# How I Saw Hitler

LORENZ EITNER

Illustrated by L. EITNER



IN 1934, the German Revolution was still underway. Communism seemed to be destroyed but the new régime was now striking at Catholic, protestant, and Jewish organizations.

The lower and middle classes were in Hitler's favour, and it was, therefore, very fashionable and a sign

of good taste to be against him. The so-called "Bohemians", artists, intellectuals and members of better society, could be seen sitting in cafes, smoking expensive tobaccos and reciting, with a sophisticated smile, the latest jokes about him.

Of course, no one dared to take any active part in opposing the National Government, but there was a general feeling of unrest and coming danger, which caused many people to leave Germany and settle abroad.

I was not without prejudice against Hitler, because many of my friends were Jews, who naturally disliked him, laughed at his peculiarities (for instance, his moustache was a target for ridicule), and told me fantastical stories about Hitler's life and "crimes." On the other hand, I was taught in school that he is the saviour of Germany, if not of the entire world; that he is the embodiment of Germanic virtues and manliness, an ascetic who does not care for clothes, women, or money, and who neither smokes nor drinks—a man who sacrifices his life for his country.

Now, perhaps, Hitler's greatest handicap is that he does not photograph well. In most of his pictures he looks like a combination of Frankenstein's monster and Charlie Chaplin. I think, this is one of the reasons for his unpopularity outside of Germany. He looks, in his photographs, like a man who could murder helpless women and babies; in a word, like Hollywood's conception of an European dictator—(played by Charles Laughton: style, *Mutiny on the Bounty*).

I was not surprised at all when some nice old American ladies told me that, if they could get a chance, they would, with

the greatest of pleasure, break Hitler's neck, just to rid the world of that monster and to make it safe for democracy. I am certain that, had he the looks of Clarke Gable or Anthony Eden, he would have fewer enemies—at least, among the ladies.

It is said that Hitler is awkward and uncomfortable in company, but he is a different man when he stands on the rostrum. Although he is not an excellent orator, his very presence lays a magic spell upon the audience, and with his fanaticism he can drive his hearers into wild enthusiasm.

Of course, I was very much interested in seeing this man in whose hands lay the fate of all Germany, who had, in the course of two years, considerably changed the aspect of European politics.

In Frankfort, where we happened to live during the German Revolution, our neighbor was J. Sprenger, the Governor of South Western Germany. Sprenger was

not very popular. He had been an humble post clerk before he became all-important in South Western Germany, and people claimed that he owed his position to his personal friendship with Hitler rather than to his abilities. When, in the early part of 1934, it became known that the Leader intended to visit Sprenger, it was generally believed that this was the end of Sprenger's career and, possibly, of his life. Sprenger, who perhaps had similar fears, wanted to prove his loyalty in a way that would please Hitler, and, therefore, planned to give the *Führer* and overwhelming welcome in Frankfort.

Summons appeared in the newspapers, proclaiming that every citizen was expected to decorate his house for the great occasion. Schools closed in order to give the girls and boys a chance to do their best in welcoming the *Führer*.

Flagmaking was the most prosperous industry. (Continued on page 19)





# Two Sonnets

Tonight you came to mind, a ghost, and stayed  
 A moment, hung in all that distant veil  
 From which I knew you, subtly arrayed  
 In loveliness. Today is up for sale,  
 And memory lies stagnant in the past.  
 Between us love lies lost; no leaf remains  
 That grew with it, and turned, and fell at last  
 To rot into the dust with passing rains.  
 Think not that I have failed to ask of you.  
 What matter now the fraughtless words they say?  
 I mind them not; however strange and true,  
 They cannot change the shadowed yesterday.  
 No. In my thoughts your image is complete.  
 I leave it so, and pray we shall not meet.

VIRGINIA HODGES

KIFFIN HAYES

So, "do you really love me?" you inquire,  
 And I have much to do to avoid lies.  
 Again you ask, so teasing with your eyes  
 My stubborn mind, that almost I desire  
 To be persuaded, or forget that fire  
 Which purged my heart, and mem'ry's flame that tries  
 My ash of flesh. Life's will within me cries  
 So deafeningly that I will take love's hire.

Between our brittle compliments there came  
 A world whose images will not be gone,  
 Ruled by the gods I sought but dared not name.  
 How shall I lie to you, who have already known  
 A penitence that I should fear to shame,  
 Who bear the strange stigmata in my bone.

# And He Learned about *FRESHNESS* from Her!



**D**OPEY'S delicious Delilah dished out fetching freshness with saucy sureness. Always start them off with *Double-Mellow* Old Golds. They will catch on so much quicker.

The two jackets of Cellophane is the first tip-off, and then with the first delightful puff of that mellow, sun-ripened, prize crop tobacco, the light of true freshness will dawn and he'll catch the spirit of things, Christmas included.

Yes indeedy, and you'll get a bigger kick out of that Kriss Kringle Kiss . . . *it will be factory-fresh.*

**ZIPS OPEN DOUBLE-QUICK!**

Outer Cellophane Jacket opens from the Bottom.  
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**PRIZE CROP TOBACCOS** MAKE THEM **DOUBLE-MELLOW**  
**2 JACKETS OF "CELLOPHANE"** KEEP THEM **FACTORY-FRESH**



# Only a Nigger

JEAN DIPMAN

SOMETIMES I THINK maybe it's driving me a little mad. It's been almost three months now since it happened, but I can still see every detail of it as if it had been yesterday. I can put it out of my head, now, sometimes, but there are times when I can't stop thinking about it, and that awful scream keeps ringing in my ears until I have to go out and get dead drunk to make it go away. Even then, sometimes, I can't forget it, and I have to keep doing crazy things to occupy my thoughts. That's what's gotten me into so much trouble lately. At night, though, is when it's worst; I toss and turn and try to bury my head in the pillow to keep that scream and that dull crunching sound out of my ears, but it won't be kept away. It just bores through everything and repeats itself over and over in my head until I can hardly keep from screaming myself. I'm afraid some time I will give in, and then they'll know I'm going mad. I used to dream about it every night, but now I don't so often, or else, if I do, I can't remember. When I wake up sweating, though, I know what I've been dreaming about.

You'd think after three months the memory of it would blur a little, but it hasn't, though everything is changed: I can't look Bode in the eyes any more; he doesn't seem to feel very badly about it now, but whenever I'm near him I feel so criminal I have to get away before I yell at him. That's why Bode and I don't tear around together any more; lots of people have wondered about that. I can't feel the same towards Marge any more, because I saw how utterly merciless and self-centered she really was, and that hurt. I guess everyone of us was just as bad, though; we must have been. And Ruth thinks I'm terribly, terribly mean. She was dead drunk when it happened, and doesn't remember. I wouldn't let anyone tell her, so she doesn't know why I wrote mother not to let her come down to houseparties again. She's always idolized me like most kids do idolize their big brothers, but that's gone too. She just resents me, now, because I'm cutting her out of a good time. I wonder what she'd say if she knew.

The houseparty was over around one; the four of us were feeling swell, then, so we drove in to Hillsville for something to do. We found a place where they had a

bar, and went in there. That tickled Ruth; she couldn't get over the idea of having prohibition down here and going to speaks. She hasn't been around much, and they haven't had prohibition at home for years. We all ordered sandwiches and drinks there and danced to the radio. We were having a swell time, just the four of us acting silly. I was in training, so I couldn't drink more than a couple, but the others had nothing to stop them. Ruth began to act high after her first sloe gin, and I wanted to take the next one away from her, but I knew Bode'd take good care of her, and I thought I'd rather she tried getting tight the first time when she was among people she knew well. She kept drinking it down, though, until her eyes got all sort of glazed and staring and she couldn't walk straight. Then she stopped and just sat there staring at Bode. Marge was beginning to get high, too; she started to sing off-color songs. I'd never seen Marge do much drinking, and I'd thought she was pretty nearly perfect, but those ditties were certainly pretty foul. The whole affair began to disgust me. Bode looked at me and winked, and I could see he was enjoying himself. So Marge and I danced and made lots of noise with everyone else there, while Bode poured them down. Ruth just sat and stared, first at us, and then at Bode.

After we'd been there a couple of hours, they began to close up the place, so we went out to the car. I insisted on driving, because I was sober, and while Bode seemed all right I wasn't taking any chances with the girls in the car. There are always too many drunks on the road Saturday nights, and I knew Bode liked to drive fast when he was high. Marge didn't want to go home yet; she'd come down from St. Agnes' for the week-end and since she had no one to check up on her, she wanted to play fast and loose. We decided to go to Richton and get some hamburgers before going home. Ruth got sick twice on the way, and we had to stop and let her out; then she went to sleep on Bode's shoulder. Marge sang all the way there, and made wise cracks with Bode.

We got the hamburgers, and the three of us sat at the counter singing "The Music Goes Round and Round" at the top of our voices until a cop came in.

Then we left. Bode wanted to drive back to college. I tried to side-track him, but he wouldn't be put off, so finally we moved Ruth up in front and Marge and I climbed in back. Ruth was still dead to the world.

We didn't say much on the way home; Marge was getting drowsy, and I was busy watching the road. Bode was taking the curves much too fast. And then all of a sudden, he jammed on the brakes. We swerved over to the left and ran up a bank. I caught a glimpse of a terror-stricken black face going down before the right fender, and I heard that awful scream that's been tormenting me ever since. God, how that man screamed! And then that dull, crunching thud. Marge began to scream too. Bode just sat there at the wheel, staring at the brake. Ruth didn't move.

I got out of the car and stared down at the man we'd hit. He was writhing and squirming in the dust, and groaning. His clothes were all bloody. All of a sudden he contorted himself up into the air and thudded down again on the road. He lay there perfectly still; I guess he was dead. Marge was behind me now, yelling, "Thank God, it's only a nigger. Thank God, it's only a nigger." Marge was a Southerner. Bode was out, too, and just stood looking down at him dazedly. I couldn't say a word. Marge kept saying, "It's only a nigger, it's only a nigger," over and over again, now mumbling it and now screaming it. I wanted to yell at her to stop it before she woke Ruth up, but I couldn't find the words. I tried to decide what we must do—get him to a hospital, I guessed.

I stooped and picked the man up. He was sticky with blood, and just sagged limply in my arms. He felt as if he didn't have any bones, and his head rolled down over my arm and dangled there. I started to carry him into the car, when Marge began to scream again, "Put him down; put him down, Pete, and let's get out of here! We've got to get out of here! Hurry, Pete, before anyone comes along!" She grabbed my arm and shook it; the negro's head rolled limply from side to side. "Let him down, Pete, down; do you hear me? Someone'll come." I looked at her and brushed her aside, but she grabbed my arm and clung to it,

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# O Nittle!

JEAN RUSS KERN

AS I SAT ON A ladder in the back of the stage, trying to learn my lines before the curtain went up, I wondered if it had been such a wise thing being in this play. You see, it happened this way. One afternoon I was looking at all the furs, and jewels and outfits in Harper's Bazaar, and I came to the conclusion that I would just have to give up my plans of marrying for love. But that evening at the dinner table, when I announced my decision, father just laughed and made some remark about the depression's keeping up, and mother pointed out the fact that men like sweetness and if I kept on being so cynical, I wouldn't marry anyone. Really, the way mothers are so unsympathetic at times. I think they drag in their practical lines so much that they forget the ethereal and romantic side of life. But when she saw my soulful expression, she added rather gently something about the willingness to give up things for the man you love. Later that night in bed, I began to picture myself as one of those girls in the "Bisquit" ads, who, because of their husband's small salaries, would starve, if it weren't for "Bisquit." One thing led to another, and I found that the best plan would be to make my own fortune. So, when try-outs for the fall play were announced the next day in school, I decided that I would begin my career then.

But from the start, things just didn't turn out so well. They say that great actresses all face hardships and disappointments before they stand in front of the curtain with a big bouquet in their arms and smile at all the clapping hands. While I wasn't eating fried egg sandwiches in rooming houses and playing strip acts in burlesque shows as they did on their upward climb, I certainly wasn't getting the breaks, as the hoofers say. In the first place, Mrs. Clarence, the oral English teacher, was in charge, and she has always eyed me suspiciously in the halls, ever since she saw me in the movies with a boy whom she had flunked for cutting her classes. So, I immediately pictured her looking up a degraded character for me to portray. I didn't exactly want to start out with siren rôles, because, if I were to give a convincing performance, the parents in the audience would probably begin to speculate about my

morals. Luckily, though, the cast didn't include a villainess.

But the play itself, I thought, was an awful flop. It was written by Mrs. Clarence's favorite, Daniel Northrop, who was one of those child prodigies. He constantly had what was supposed to be an expression of meditation and which was only his mouth hanging open. It seems he had read a play by Gertrude Stein about saints, in which the action was blended in with musical and lighting effects. So, he wrote a play with that in mind. It was a very queer play, about knights in search of some magic jewels, and it was just brimming over with a lot of mystical and weird things. The whole idea, as I got it, was that the audience should try and figure out what the actions of the players and these mystical and weird things meant, and then after losing their minds over it, discover it doesn't mean really anything in this world. The only reason Mrs. Clarence was in favor of it entirely was that she prided herself on being up on everything, and she felt she was championing a new theater movement.

Then the next disappointment was the selecting of the parts. I was eager to play the rôle of the girl who dies for the cause, because although you wouldn't have to say much, you would stand around in dim lights and look sorrowful and make eloquent gestures. That type of rôle always go over with the audience. But Mrs. Clarence said I looked far too healthy for a person who was going to die and she chose Mary Evans, who has to take cod liver oil every day to keep going. I was cast as a waitress in a fantastic wayside tavern. I had a lot of peculiar lines to say, and had to wear a black and white striped gown that made me look enormous and an odd red cap on my head. Daniel's father owned a chain of tourist cabins and houses, so he just had to have the leading knight stay in a tavern and in little huts along the way of his journey through the Forest of Evils. I was supposed to give the knight food and directions concerning this forest.

Well, there I was on a ladder, mumbling my lines and trying to relax my face into a smile, as Daniel's waitresses had to give Service with a Smile. I could hear the school band playing *Pomp and Circumstance* and the laughter and voices of the

audience. Some cadets as knights went clanking across the stage to peep out, and the dancing class in grey rags and scarfs were leaping around in the air, practising their interpretation of a fog rolling in. Mrs. Clarence with a pencil in her hair kept tearing wildly back and forth and waving the script around as Daniel with his mouth opened, muttering "carry on," followed her. The music instructor was placing behind cloud props the glee club, which was dressed as angels, while the costume girl kept running around and picking up the feathers which dropped from their wings. The boy who they were sure was the one who wrote all the dirty words on our school's wall kept making cracks about the angels. In the front of the set, some teachers were trying to keep the elves and wood sprites in the trees from throwing things at the people below. Everything was in a hectic state, and to make matters worse, when I peeped out, I saw father and mother in the second row with John Gates, the boy whom I knew I was in love with. I could sense that mother was telling him how they knew I had a flare for acting ever since I recited in the third grade *The Landing of the Plymouth Pilgrims*. I simply wilted and drooped, there on the spot, and Mrs. Clarence came up and said rather hysterically something about smiling and looking as though I could sell something.

The first and second acts went off rather well, except for two scenes. Mrs. Clarence had put *Macbeth* on so many times, that she just had to have some witches dancing around a cauldron. One of the witches tripped over her broom-stick and fell in. It was a girl in the dancing class though, and she got up so gracefully that she made the fall seem symbolic. But the fatal happening was in my scene. The cooking department had made some cakes for me to serve in a basket. Some of the knights and monks suggested that they make my load easier by eating some of the cakes. My downfall came when I helped them. Just as I came on, one of the angels up behind a cloud dropped some heavy books into the basket. So, I went staggering out on the stage trying to carry the basket, and flashed the wondering knight a smile full of crumbs. The first few lines I managed to sputter and cough through, and I could see Mrs. Clar-

(Continued on page 20)



## I CRY TO THE HAWK

---

I cry to the hawk  
As he wheels in his swift flight,  
I chase the bee  
Across sweet clover playing,  
I follow the winging butterfly  
Across far hills exploring,  
The gentle song of wind wafts me along,  
The caresses of wind lure me on,  
The sweep of clouds across the sky  
Pulls me with a silvery cord,  
A taste of summer is in my heart,  
Sweet tastes of earth in my mouth.  
For a while I had forgotten  
That you must leave and joy depart.

EDITH WALKER

## I USED TO SING OF LOVE

---

I used to sing of love,  
And pain  
When love went away.  
But since you came  
Love vibrates the heart chords  
So strongly  
I cannot sing of love.  
And now pain leaves me mute  
And I can neither sing nor pray.

# Renaissance

JESSIE HERTZ WALKER

GRANDMOTHER reflected that she hoped the children were enjoying this dinner party in honor of her eighty-fifth birthday, for she certainly was not. The noise and confusion tired her, and the alternate periods of excited talk and bored silence at the dinner table made her uncomfortable.

She looked down the length of the table from her position at its head. She must be a little dizzy and upset, she thought, for the darting rays of lights from the cut glass dishes in the center of the table seemed to pick out faces, and to concentrate on them with dazzling intentness. There was the dark red of the dining room wallpaper, the brilliance of the sparkle from the glass dishes, and between the two, floating like vague circles on a sea of light, were the faces of the family.

She strained her eyes until one spot near the foot of the tables resolved itself into the face of Janet, her only grandchild, now seventeen.

For a moment when she first saw Janet, it seemed to her, as it always did, that here was her own person, reflected in a mirror which could look back some sixty years and show her to herself as she had been then. There was the same dark hair, growing into a peak on the forehead, the same wide-set, swiftly changing eyes, the same contour of face, even the same half-defiant expression about the mouth.

It seemed to Grandmother now that Janet looked very much dissatisfied. Her long hand kept turning over a salad fork beside her plate as she stared at some point of nothingness before her. Then she glanced up momentarily, her eyes falling upon her father who sat at Grandmother's right. Hostility—or was it contempt?—crept into the look.

"She's going to grow to hate Roy if he's not careful," Grandmother thought as her eyes followed Janet's to him.

Roy, her eldest child, sat there beside her pecking daintily at a fruit-cup, his pudgy little finger arched in an elegant curve. His flat face was an empty expanse of boredom.

"The art school," Grandmother thought. "Janet still wants to go."

The controversy over Janet's future had started nearly a year before, and had arranged the family on two sides as though

Janet's life were a wedge driven into its very heart.

The dispute had begun one afternoon when Janet and her father had come into Grandmother's Victorian house to see her. Louisa and May, Roy's younger sisters, had been there too, paying one of their weekly calls which Louise insisted they owed Mamma—especially at Mamma's age.

Roy, Louisa, and May were deploring the behavior of the son of one of their friends, who had given up a position in his father's bank for an ill-paid job with a newspaper.

"The boy's mad," Roy had pronounced. "Young people nowadays don't know what's for their own good. They have all sorts of peculiar notions. I don't know where they get them."

"I think he was right," Janet had said quietly. "He hated the bank. You've got to work at what you like." She had hesitated, then, taking advantage of the surprised silence of her aunts and father, had blurted out, "I want to go to art school, Father."

An unfriendly stillness had hovered over them.

"In my life up to this point," Roy had at last said, "I have never heard a more ridiculous statement. We'd better forget that you said it, daughter."

"Why shouldn't the child go to art school?" Grandmother had inquired. "She has talent. I see nothing ridiculous in the notion."

Grandmother had watched Roy, had seen him leafing through his mental files of sermons for all occasions, had seen him separate one and proceed to voice it.

"There's no need for a daughter of mine to work. I won't have it. She'll stay with her mother and me until some good man who can take care of her marries her. I have no patience with these new ideas—not for my daughter, anyway. I have plenty of money for all of us to live together and be happy. There's no sense in her thinking about working, or art school, or any such nonsense. Finishing school was all she needed. I just won't have it."

"You were born in the wrong age, Roy," Grandmother had told him and had overheard Louisa whisper to May that Mamma was failing fast. She said such queer things.

Grandmother sighed. Louisa, holding a bit of celery in her hand, used it to emphasize every other word of the long, uninteresting tale she had brought to the dinner table with her from the drawing room where they had all waited for dinner to be announced. May was watching Louisa's celery, her own spoon forgotten in her hand. Janet's fingers still played with her salad fork. Roy alone was eating.

"If only Roy wouldn't stick out his little finger in that ridiculous curve," Grandmother thought, and caught back the words on her tongue to tell him to grasp his spoon as though he meant it.

"He can't help it. He's always been that way."

The memory of an afternoon when Roy had been nine years old mingled in her thoughts.

He had come into her small sitting room upstairs after school hours, had implanted a precise kiss on her cheek, just as his father did whenever he came into her room, and had seated himself stiffly on a chair near her, arranging the crease of his trousers in the exact center of each stout leg.

"Has the evening paper come yet, Mamma?"

"I think so, dear, but why don't you go out in the yard and play in the snow until dinner?"

"I don't think I will. Father says that's a good way to catch a cold. Father doesn't like to go out when it's cold."

"But that's no reason why you shouldn't, Roy. Bundle up well. You won't catch a cold."

"I'd rather stay here and look at the paper if you don't mind, Mamma."

He had stayed there with her, rustling the paper importantly as he turned each bulky page, and clearing his throat now and then as though he were about to say something, but could not quite find the words to express himself—an exasperating trick of his father.

"If only I'd taken him out that afternoon and put him head-first into a snow drift," Grandmother thought. "He might be different if I'd done it."

Grandmother now let her glance wander from Roy to Louisa, who sat beside him. She was still doggedly pursuing her endless story. Grandmother, who had

*(Continued on page 19)*



# REPOSE

The sad breeze of twilight blows gently on my forehead.  
 The dark is not come, yet dies the sunset's light.  
 As chill thoughts of autumn drift out to endless spaces  
 The pale sky of evening mounts upward into night.  
 Then, having seen the dome of shaded darkness,  
 Waking, I dream, and dreaming, feel and see.  
 Eyes now sealed up conceal the creeping dimness;  
 Breath seems to stop, yet I cease not to be.  
 From years and space the miracle of nightfall  
 Bears memories that pain but bring repose.  
 As visions pass, I seek eternal being:—  
 Finding a star, I let old volumes close.

VIRGINIA DUEHRING

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE

# TWICE DEFEATED

Laughter is sweet  
 And the sound of many voices—  
 Memories, still and cold.  
 Two hearts can throb with  
 The hum of the multitude  
 To a song of their own—  
 One, absorbed in the quiver  
 Of multiple harmony.  
 Here, where silence is strength  
 I strike new cords—in pain—  
 A melody I longed to hear  
 Now imperfect and untrue.

Why were we  
 As the day is to the night?



And I wish you  
many of them...

*They Satisfy*





M  
O  
R  
N  
I  
N  
G

Again the tapping rain, and pleasure gone.  
 Again the light in shadow turned aside  
 From mystery to sodden grey. So dawn  
 Awakes another metamorphic tide,  
 Another seeking tide to undulate  
 The leaning, brown-green grasses of the sea,  
 And yet unendingly to imitate  
 Another tide that yet may never be.

A  
T

Wet grasses bend, as winds begin to rise,  
 And fling their drops upon the sated earth,  
 Which humbly takes this inundation, sighs,  
 And drips of gloom or half-abandoned mirth.  
 Again the tapping rain, amusement gone,  
 While frantic waves endeavor to progress  
 Beyond the line by last high-water drawn.  
 Thus pleasure lost, or was it happiness?

S  
E  
V  
E  
N

VIRGINIA  
 HODGES

## Poems

R  
E  
F  
U  
S  
A  
L

There is no love of mine  
 That I may offer up.  
 There is no answer here  
 To fill the sated cup.  
 A body wanders now  
 Beside a lulling sea,  
 And visits once again  
 Where rest was wont to be.  
 But peace no longer lingers  
 Along a quiet shore.  
 Peace has left us mourning,  
 And calls for something more.

# Measure for Measure . . .

## Believe It or Not

While the students of Duke University are clamoring for the establishment of a college comic magazine to replace and abolish the undergraduate literary review, now in its fiftieth year, Washington Square College in New York City, is introducing a new kind of college magazine. It is devoted entirely to reviews of books and is to be published eight times during each college year. The magazine is distributed free of charge in the Browsing Room of the college library. This note is made merely because the fact is interesting; we are not suggesting that Duke University institute any such useless publication. After all, how can a university be so presumptuous as to ask its students to accept, even without charge, anything so dull as a periodical composed of such insipid matter as book reviews?

## Trinity Tradition

There is a certain group on the campus—that is, the majority of the students—which is loud and long in its lamentations of the absence of “a single tradition” at Duke University.

“We should inaugurate some worthy tradition,” declares one sober-minded young man. “I propose that the entire student body establish the custom of getting drunk on the night of January the fifteenth.”

A very clever wit present remarks that they already do.

But another serious-minded gentleman interposes. “I quite agree. But I suggest that the tradition be distinct and characteristic of Duke University. I would introduce the designating of the first Saturday after the second full moon in April as Chapel Window Day. On this day the student body—or better still, the students who are fraternity members—would choose sides and throw rocks at the chapel windows. The side which breaks the smaller number of windows would present its opponents with a copy of *The Decameron*, illustrated by George Petty—with the text deleted.”

No matter how admirable the suggestions of this conscientious group are, we must remark that they are wrong in one respect: there is a single tradition at Duke University—a tradition as deeply and tenaciously entrenched as the most ardent traditionist could ask. It took root

and grew to verdant health under the tender and jealous care of the students of Trinity College, and now it breaks forth in luxurious bloom under the fertilizing attentions of Duke undergraduates. The amazingly wonderful consideration is that a complete and workable philosophy of life, comprehensible by even the average undergraduate, has been evolved: *to abhor anything which savors of culture, anything relative to the fine arts, which are no more than excuses for lazy people to make livings; such things are unhealthy and those who indulge in them “come to no good end.”*

Seldom does a student body, even after generations, formulate a tradition so profound and so extensive as to include among its many aspects a practical theory of life—and especially such an admirable one. The phantoms of old Trinity and the living spirits of *great* (see Fielding's *Jonathan Wild*) Duke University are to be congratulated!

## Introducing

VIRGINIA HODGES, a freshman, who knows how poetry should sound and writes it that way. She is the most promising of the *Archive's* new poets.

VIRGINIA DUEHRING, who has the same delicate and lyric touch that characterizes the work of her sister, Frederica.

LORENZ EITNER of Vienna, Austria. Mr. Eitner is a freshman and his article, *How I Saw Hitler*, is *not* a translation. The article is illustrated by its author. We remark in Mr. Eitner's work a freshness and naiveté, perhaps attributable to his comparatively short acquaintance with the English language, which preserves him from triteness.

EDITH WALKER, a student of Appalachian State Teachers College. Miss Walker is the pupil of Dr. Abrams, a Duke graduate. She has no medium for publication and we present her as our guest artist. Her verse, like Mr. Eitner's prose, is characterized by its quality of freshness and its artlessness.

JEAN RUSS KERN, whose humorous stories were well received last year, and who returns to the *Archive* in this issue with *O Nittle!* Miss Kern failed to christen her story, and after an hour of brain-racking and hair-tearing, the editors, in exasperation, created an anagram from the phrase *no title*. The result: an exasperated O Nittle!

JANE DUSENBURY, also a contributor last year, who has dismissed her disgraceful indolence long enough to produce *There Is No Sundering*, an interesting and original story.

JESSIE HERTZ WALKER, who makes her first appearance in the *Archive* with *Renaissance*, an admirable study of characters.

MARY TOMS NEWSOM, who has forsaken her position as *The Chronicle's* official Peeking Tom, and is now courting the poet's muse. We sympathize with Miss Newsom, and, being sincerely interested in her welfare, are profoundly happy over her salvation.

## Phyllis Bentley

Miss Bentley, while she was on the campus, was kind enough to address the Undergraduate Writers at an informal meeting. She was very much pleased to find a group of students sincerely interested in literature and creative writing. Also, she was pleased to find a student publication on the campus, devoting itself to the literary expressions of the undergraduate.

Miss Bentley spoke on *The Modern Novel* and graciously answered any questions which the Writers chose to ask. The meeting was very successful and the organization hopes to be able to bring other prominent literary figures to its meetings.

## Book Notes

In the first number of volume two in the new *Colophon* series, Daniel V. Gallery has contributed an interesting article on Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, in which he shows that a glaring error in connection with longitude and latitude has been reprinted from edition to edition without any known comment from the many seamen who must have read the book.

Doctor Johnson once said to Boswell, “The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price.” Acting on Doctor Johnson's advice, J. P. Lippincott Company are introducing a collection of pieces by Christopher Morley in a volume entitled *Briefcase*, and the price is only *twenty-five cents*. The book is bound in paper, but none of the works has ever before

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# From Cover to Cover

## CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

***Green Margins.* By E. P. O'Donnell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1936. \$2.50.**

What makes any book of fiction worth reading? The fact that it is interesting, and the fact that it teaches about life, are certainly two acceptable reasons. And, in this case they are both applicable to the subject of this review, E. P. O'Donnell's book, *Green Margins*. The substance inherent in the characters, and the skill with which O'Donnell distills this substance into the clarity of prose that sometimes approximates the sublimity of poetry, combine to endow his book with a full-blown interest to anyone interested in the two phenomena literature and life. The book teaches, in a comfortably loose sense of the word, about a section of the American continent, the Mississippi Delta section of Louisiana, a region which though possibly "caught" within the boundaries of popular song, has hitherto been scarcely touched by any novelist.

But *Green Margins*, lest this be discouraging, is not strictly a regional novel of the stereotype that are full of excellent content but are often unsatisfactory to readers. *Green Margins* is both more and less regional. It is essentially the story of "Sister," a girl who got an illegitimate child, and husband, and a philosophy of living. And it is this last that lends the book its significance, and which certainly must have led Houghton Mifflin Co. to award it first prize in their \$1,000 contest.

For all life is really taken up with the getting of a philosophy, whether or not we realize it, and whether or not an attempt is made to formalize it and articulate it. In a novel the author is faced with the problem of emphasis. Mr. O'Donnell wisely chooses the getting of Sister's philosophy as the warp of his novel. Of plot there is little, of action much. Certainly that approximates the story of most of our lives.

Both in form, and in the handling of the matter, then, the novel is based on valid philosophical and psychological grounds. And, over and above this, it is

vitaly interesting. Thus, we hope, it is established that the book is quite definitely worth reading—to say nothing of reviewing with the hope of getting others to read.

The story of the novel is focussed about the person of Nicolene Kalavich, known as Sister, daughter of a Dalmatian immigrant who is dying of tuberculosis and drink. Sister is swept dramatically into the book by the storm that drives her to seek shelter in a boat on the river shore and to an encounter from which she emerges with her virginity gone but her innocence of soul unimpaired. The rest of the story, from the opening incident on, is concerned with the episodes of her life which follow upon this night: her banishment to her grandfather's home, her mother-hood, her struggle to sustain her child, her relations with the man she does not love and the man she loves and marries, with her friends and her brother.

Her grandfather is an old Slav whose cabin is full of the world's best books, from which he seeks, successfully, to educate her. The man she does not love is a painter seeking local color, who loses his abstractness in her concertness. The man she does love is Mitch Holt, who spends half of the book in prison for smuggling. One of her best friends is Unga January, with colored blood, who finally succeeds in attracting Sister's painter to her bed. Her brother is a weak, despicable, but somehow strong and likable fellow.

But, at best, enumeration of characters and outline of plot is a futile task. It is the interrelations of the characters, and the canvas on which they are portrayed that is important. And that can only be got from reading the book. And besides, in *Green Margins* all is subservient to Sister, who young, cramped life is irradiated by her dreams; Sister, groping toward understanding, wistful and defiant at once, wise despite her ignorance, innocent despite her knowledge, a figure vibrant and (with the title of a recent popular novel in mind) *valiant*.

More competent reviewers than I point out technical flaws and deficiencies in the book, but though they may exist, they are not painfully obvious, and as far as enjoyment of the book is concerned, are negligible. To me the book is intensely

alive, original, vivid, and memorable. It is a book like its heroine, "with a little core of hardness," frank of speech, hitting straight from the shoulder, but melting at times into sensitive tenderness. It is a book that can be profitably read.

C. R. WILSON.

***Audubon.* By Constance Rourke, Harcourt, Brace & Co.**

Although several more unsuccessful writers have attempted to make Audubon live again on written pages, it has taken Constance Rourke to effect that rebirth. Qualified as she is for recording the life of a pioneer-painter, Miss Rourke has been eminently successful. And she has done a great service for moderns, for a revelation of the true genius of a man who loved *living* nature passionately is certainly timely now. It brings a fuller realization that just as the National Association of Audubon Societies in the campaign for preservation of wild life is worthy of him, so was he worthy of it.

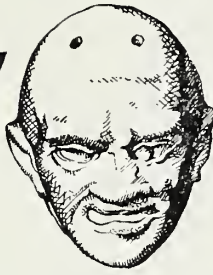
There is a great deal about Audubon which will ever remain a mystery: his birth, his early youth, his "shadow" name. It is on what vague knowledge we have of these events that Miss Rourke has fabricated a rather coincidental proof that there is an element of truth in the suspicion that Audubon may be identified with the Lost Dauphin. Although she makes it an interesting subject for discussion, however, little more can be derived from her speculation. Audubon does not need an origin or ancestors. He stands alone.

Using tales and anecdotes of the nomadic life of the man as body for her biography, Miss Rourke weaves another of her valuable contributions to the records of American cultural history. Into the pattern, she has placed brief glimpses of him as a pure artist; there are considerations of his technique, of his desire to paint realistically in an age of romanticism in art. "'Alive and moving—I must draw only that way,' he told himself." Skillfully, and very subtly, Miss Rourke has given the public a complete judgment of Audubon's place in American art. Years of study of the print in "Birds

(Continued on page 21)

# Masks and Grease Paint

## CURRENT PLAYS IN REVIEW



### The Petrified Forest

*The Petrified Forest* as a dramatic creation is unique in its appeal through theme, rather than through plot. The plot-structure is very slim—briefly, it is the story of a man who stops at a filling station in the Arizona desert. He falls in love with the proprietor's young daughter. Against his will, he is detained, together with a group of travellers, by a band of fleeing gangsters, and at the end he is shot. This in itself is hardly enough to hold the audience. The strength of the play depends almost entirely upon the expression of the dynamic theme through the characters.

Where intellect on one hand, and brute-force on the other, are raised to a point of extreme individualism and loose rapport with society, purposive striving is lost. This, in essence, is the theme upon which the play is constructed.

The character of Allen Squier, the disillusioned intellectual, provides the chief means of revealing the theme to the audience. The plot provides for the situation in which Squier, in his aimless wanderings, comes in contact with Duke Mantee, fleeing from the law with no purpose other than to escape death. For Mantee, in his flight, has no more objective goal than Squier in his wanderings.

The two opposing personalities are representative of decaying individualism in a world of convention and social contact. They are of the "lost race." And symbolic of their futility looms the petrified forest.

"It is pleasant to be back again amongst the living. Hooray!" With these words of Allen Squier, the curtain descends on the first act. There are patriotic "Hoorays" shouted emotionally as the flag goes up. There are the "Hoorays" of little children as they awake on Christmas morning. This "Hooray" is characterized by the cynicism of a man who has disappointed himself.

Mr. Beatty's conception of Squier's words did not reflect this sentiment. His portrayal of the character throughout was not tempered with the cynical philosophy, the cold intellectuality, which is its chief appeal. Mr. Beatty failed to catch and express that impersonal, almost indifferent, cynical attitude that characterizes Allen Squier. Squier's philosophical mo-

ments were personalized to a point of sympathy by Mr. Beatty, rather than rendered coldly abstract.

Miss Harris did a sincere piece of acting in the part of Gabriel. Her conception of the character, a young girl dissatisfied with her surroundings, and dreaming of cathedrals and Bourge, for the most part was good. At times, however, her interpretation was somewhat monotonous, due to her sustained emotional pitch.

The parts of Duke and Jason were both admirably well cast and the portrayals of these two characters were thoroughly convincing.

Mr. Price was offered a splendid opportunity to demonstrate his talent for characterization. In the part of Gramp he was more than satisfactory.

Miss Schaefer showed her ability, in the part of Mrs. Chisholm, to make the most of an admittedly minor part. Her interpretation stood out from a splendid amateur production as nearest approaching professional acting.

The remainder of the cast, and especially Mr. Irwin as Boze, performed their parts quite adequately. Those of the so-called "supporting cast" provided an excellent background for the leading characters.

The production as a whole, under the usual competent direction of Mr. West, ran smoothly throughout the two acts, with few of the awkward technical difficulties of an amateur production.



### Theatre Hints

*Boy Meets Girl*—East Theatre, 48th Street, East of Broadway.

Second year on the boards. Comedy-romance of Hollywood. If you haven't seen it by this time, it might be advisable to spend your money on more recent productions.

*Dead End*—Belasco Theatre, 44th Street, East of Broadway.

In which Sidney Kingsley proved his hand once more at dramaturgy. The play is in its second year, and still well attended. If you haven't seen it, you will find it worth your while to do so.

*Hamlet*—Empire Theatre, Broadway and 40th Street.

No unfavorable criticism has yet been offered the John Gielgud production. Gielgud is hailed by critics of the periodicals and papers as *the* Hamlet of modern times.

*Hamlet*—Imperial Theatre, 45th Street, West of Broadway.

The general run of criticism seems to favor John Gielgud—but not to the disparagement of Leslie Howard. Any one interested in Shakesperian drama should not fail to witness both interpretations. If you can't meet the price of a seat at each, then stand at both.

*Hedda Gabler*—Longacre Theatre, West 48th Street.

Nazimova, whose reputation for her interpretation of Ibsen needs no boosting, scores once more.

*Idiot's Delight*—Shubert Theatre, West 44th Street.

Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play. More mud pies at munition makers. Lot of Lunt-Fontaine fun. A play with a point, and a laugh or two, besides.

*Reflected Glory*—Morosco Theatre, 45th Street, West of Broadway.

Criticism varies. Tallulah Bankhead takes the part of a young actress for whom the stage is more real than the realities of life. All critics have acknowledged Tallulah Bankhead's brilliant technique—but something seems to be lacking to give the production a top rating.

*Stage Door*—Music Box Theatre, 45th Street, West of Broadway.

Typifies the struggle of young actors who would hold out against Hollywood and run the risk of oblivion (to say nothing of starvation) to preserve their own individuality as actors on a legitimate stage. Starring Margaret Sullivan of Hollywood fame.

*Swing Your Lady!*—Booth Theatre, West 45th Street.

Latest musical comedy farce. A novel plot for a change—but not too well executed. Criticisms not very favorable.

(Continued on page 23)



# There Is No Sundering

(Continued from page 3)

was very beautiful. The doctor leaned back and smoked his pipe and listened.

By lunch time Ada was feeling dazed, abject, and ignorant. They knew so much—about so many things. She had no idea what they were talking about. Now, over her gingerbread, they laughed at a French chef in some hotel who autographed his wedding cakes.

"How wonderful they are!" thought Ada. "Clint and I ought to know about so much that we don't. They know about things that really matter. If only Clint wanted harder to learn things. I'd work so hard!"

Dear Clint! Haven of refuge, healer of sore fingers, mender of broken stair-steps, adder-up of household expenses, kisser-away of tears! But when it came to books and learning—there Clint was no help; he knew many things she did not know—things about crop rotation, and chicken itch, and fence yardage—but he knew nothing about these subjects that had sounded in Dr. Prevost's home this afternoon. Clint would smile, and condescend that no doubt the Doc was an all-fired smart one, and that Mrs. was a good, sweet lady. Then he would dismiss them and their wonderful thoughts from his head.

With these stony thoughts, Ada hurried to finish her work, each minute feeling more awkward, stupid, and unloved. It took hours to shine the silver tea set, to put up fresh curtains, and to count the linen. She wanted to borrow the National Geographic, but she was afraid to ask the doctor in front of Mrs. Prevost; so instead she took the book about Christopher Columbus off a shelf. She would take it to Clint, and he just *must* like it. When she left the house, the early winter dusk was nearing.

She started down the familiar path homeward, placing one foot firmly before the other, as though to assure herself of a firm foundation. "Always remember, girls," the normal school teacher had said, "it is the fine things of life you must build upon—music—art—literature . . ." and so on. Once the normal school teacher had told about the life of Wagner. Ada had hated him and his egotism pitilessly. Then the class went to Asheville to hear his music. Ada had not understood it, but afterwards she forgave Wagner everything, and loved him dearly for writing a piece like that. Ada had given Clint a drug store copy of Wells' "Outline of History" one time; he had said, "I sure appreciate it, Honey." That

night he had settled in a big chair and soberly attacked it; he had looked up a lot of words in the dictionary; he had said "pal-e-o-lith-ic" aloud to himself over and over; after a while, he'd firmly put it on a shelf, looked at her sternly, and paced outside to gaze for forty minutes on his moon-flooded hills. Then he'd called Bloochee, the dog, and they'd gone tramping down to the creek to see if the dam were holding. The *next* evening, after he'd helped her with the dishes, he'd sat with Philo Vance for two hours, and had gotten into a fine good humor.

Ada walked faster. She broke off twigs that stretched across her path. She must tell Clint right away. "Clint," she would say, "things are going to be different. You don't realize what all there is to learn about everything. You don't understand how different, how *different* the doctor and his wife are from us. Clint, please understand!"

Fifty more feet of narrow darkening path, and there was home. Strange, almost alien. Bloochee bounded to meet her from the step. Clint had started the fire; a spiral of smoke wound stilly into the sky.

"Clint!" Ada called. She thought of sonatas, and Carl Sandburg, and English horse races, and New York electoral votes. Clint and she must start learning about them right away.

Clint wasn't inside; he'd have answered, or come out. Down by the barn then. Bloochee was already leading the way. "Clint, I'll never be happy if you won't try to understand!"

The barn door was ajar. That meant Clint was inside. Ada was breathless. It was almost dark; one light was burning over by the cow stall inside, and Clint stood there facing the stall, with his hands crossed in front of him, like a small boy praying.

"Clint!"

"Sh!" he said. Then, "Ada, look here. Look here, I tell you! I never in my life . . ."

"Listen, Clint!" Ada pleaded.

"God! God! You are so wonderful," said Clint, oblivious to Ada.

Curiosity impelled her. She peered over Clint's shoulder into the stall. Then involuntarily she grasped his arm, and heard him say with great tenderness, "Why, Betsy!"

Betsy's sad cow eyes were placid and clear, and beside her was a baby calf. Clint went to Betsy, and stroked her ear against his cheek. Then he smiled at the

simple face of the calf, and at its wobbly, big-kneed legs.

"I reckon you're about the cutest thing out. We'll call you Liza, and raise you up to be just like your mammy."

Ada looked at the animals. They were dear things; involuntarily she glanced at the trough to see if there was water. But her mind was racing with thoughts of things she must tell Clint; emotions flew within her; her heart was beating fast from the race down the hill. She started to speak, to divert Clint from Betsy. Words would not come. She felt angry, baffled tears in her eyes. She must, must speak.

"Clint," she faltered. "I brought you a book. The one about Christopher Columbus—"

"Stick it somewhere, will you, Ada. Thanks, and I'll try to look at it. My gosh, Liza's got a perfect white diamond on her forehead. That heifer is going to walk away with the Asheville fair, I say."

Ada squeezed Christopher Columbus until her fingers hurt. She felt waves and waves of vexation and despair. She said "Clint!" in a high, tight voice, and stamped a foot forcefully.

Clint turned about to face her. "Ada, for goodness' sake! . . . Well say, now. Here, Honey, you look all worn out. You worked too hard up at Doc's today. You ought to take time out up there and look at some of his books he talks about instead of scrubbing around all day. Now look, you take this here Columbus you brought back home, and turn off those beans I've got on the stove. I'll be back just as soon as I fix Betsy and Liza for the night."

Ada muffled a long sob of deep disappointment and regret. A little plaintively she reached and touched the sleeve of Clint's lumberjacket. He would always be like this, wouldn't he. Never like the doctor; never even like Ada, his wife. He didn't want to know about things, and neither Ada, nor the doctor, nor fire, nor floods, nor God himself could ever make him different. He was of the earth and clung to the earth. Looking at him, though, Ada felt a deep safety, and a longing for him. He was the biggest part of her world.

She walked out of the barn, with the book in her hands. It was dark and moonless outside, and behind her she smelt new hay and heard Betsy moo gently. Then there was the crack of a lighted match, and that was Clint lighting a stove to keep the barn warm that night.

## How I Saw Hitler

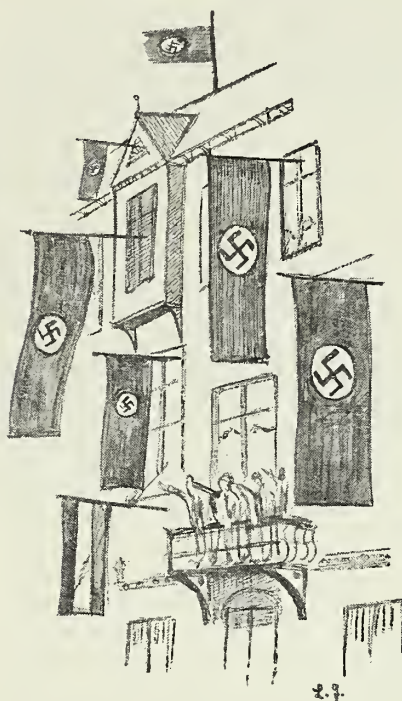
(Continued from page 5)

dustury at that time, and, as the day of Hitler's arrival approached, the streets of Frankfort presented a colorful and joyous picture. Millions of flags covered the walls of the buildings and huge banners hung across the streets in black gothic letters: FRANKFORT GREETS THE LEADER.

Finally, the great day came. Hitler's arrival was scheduled for six P.M., but already in the morning I noticed a bustle of nervous activity in the governor's house. Numerous servants were cleaning up the rooms, while messengers arrived continually. At noon, the police started to close the streets, and all cars parked there were removed. Then the crowd began to form. At first, only a few people took their stand on the sidewalk, but by five o'clock the entire sidewalk was packed with a seething mass of spectators, and the police had a hard job keeping them out on the street.

We had invited a few friends and we were sitting at our front windows, from which we could see everyone waiting patiently for the Leader.

At six-thirty o'clock the *Führer* had not yet arrived. It began to get dark and we felt tired and disappointed. Our excitement was about gone. My father tried in vain to cheer us up by imitating Hitler before the mirror.



When we had about given up, deafening cheers sounded from the crowd. Jumping to the window, we saw the street full of enormous cars and hundreds of policemen, standing on both sides of the street, protecting the automobiles.

Out of a black Mercedes, parked directly in front of Sprenger's doors, stepped a man in a simple brown uniform, and it took me a few moments to realize that this man was Hitler. He did not seem to notice the roaring crowd but walked calmly up the way which led to Sprenger's garden. At the gate Sprenger's little daughter presented him with a large bouquet. Hitler smiled in a friendly manner and said a few words to her.

From my window, I could see him very distinctly. I was surprised to see that he was a comparatively good-looking man: he was middle-sized and in his forties; he looked healthy and alert. His friendly red face showed no distinguishing features and his famous moustache did not look as funny as I had expected. The *Führer* was wearing an ordinary "brown shirt" uniform, which contrasted sharply with the brilliant uniforms of the men who surrounded him.

When he had reached the door of Sprenger's villa, he stopped, turned around and saluted the crowd. At this moment, a terrible thought came to my mind: what would happen to Germany and to all of us if somebody shot him now? And I realized how much depends upon that man who a few years ago was an obscure painter somewhere in Austria.

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## Renaissance

(Continued from page 11)

long since learned to hear Louisa's stories with her ears while she kept her mind free for other things, noticed that she had somehow managed to take a few bites from the celery without damming the flood of words.

"Isn't this lovely, Mamma?" Louisa interrupted herself to ask when she caught Grandmother's glance upon her. Her voice was a false, enthusiastic tinkle—a tone which she had used for Grandmother since the day when she had discovered that Grandmother was failing fast.

"Very nice."

Louisa took up her story again.

Louisa, Grandmother remembered, had upheld Roy in his decision about the art school on that afternoon when Janet had first dared to make the suggestion.

"These artists!" she had said to Grand-

mother. "One doesn't associate with them, much less have one in the family. They're—well—not quite nice, I should say. You know what I mean."

May, younger than Louisa, had held true to her childhood habit by echoing Louisa with "I think so, too."

"I'm sorry you didn't have eight children, Louisa," Grandmother had observed.

"Mamma! Really! I don't see what that has to do with—"

Ever since that afternoon the issue had been there for the family to discuss and rediscuss until Grandmother visualized it as torn into ragged shreds. Roy's wife, a phonograph to play back the records of his own opinions to him and to everyone else, had agreed that Janet was to be a lady, not an artist.

The aged servant came to remove the

first course. Every fruit cup, Grandmother noticed, remained almost untouched except Roy's in which a lonely cherry floated.

"Didn't you enjoy your fruit tonight, Janet? You're so fond of it."

"It was delicious, but I'm just not very hungry."

"She's never hungry," Roy said. "Doesn't eat enough to keep a bird alive."

"She's not a bird," Grandmother thought, "and she doesn't have what she needs to make her alive."

Often during the months since that day when Roy had delivered his sermon, Janet had come to see Grandmother alone.

"I can talk to you when the rest aren't around, Grandmother. They won't let me talk about what I want to. Father forbids me to even mention art school to him again. He sent me away from the dinner



table the last time I said something about it."

One afternoon in particular Grandmother remembered now. Janet had stood below the portrait over the marble fireplace, had looked up at it intently, had even reached up her arm to touch the lower edge of the painting where Grandmother's shawl seemed to lie in folds.

"Why did he paint you like that? He didn't know you, did he? It looks exactly like you, but it's not right, is it? Something's missing."

She had turned to look at Grandmother then, had stumbled over to a footstool at her feet, and had buried her head on Grandmother's lap.

"Why won't they let me do it? I keep trying to learn things by myself, but I can't. I just don't know what's wrong with what I do. Why don't they let someone teach me? Oh, Grandmother!"

The child had cried despairingly then, unable to check the tears gathered through months of restraint.

"Just be patient, dear. Things will change."

Grandmother caught Janet's eye now, and smiled at her.

"Poor dear. I know how she feels."

The sparkling glass in the center of the table whirled and spun in an ever-increasing circle of dancing lights. Brilliant colors flashed out of the mass and struck like tiny arrows into Grandmother's heart, sending sharp darts of pain through her.

She was a girl again; she was Janet, and the splashing lights were candles on the walls in the drawing room of her father's home. It was she who was telling her father that she wanted to learn to paint, and she who was hurt by his stern, shocked words of reproof. It was she who looked up at him with hostility and the impotent need for expression in her eyes.

"What's wrong, Grandmother?" Janet's far away voice came thinly to her, as through a veil.

"Nothing, dear. I'm quite all right." The lights slowed in their mad dance now, and the darts no longer pierced her heart.

"You look pale, Mamma," Roy said. "Really, at your age, you mustn't over-exert yourself. And you haven't eaten at all."

"I'm quite all right."

Gradually the faces along the sides of the table came to rest. Roy's boredom, Louisa's endless tale, May's listening silence, Janet's longing and dissatisfaction—all of these were back in their proper places; she herself was again at the head of the table.

One time, Grandmother thought, and before very long, she wouldn't come back to the head of the table, yet she would

still be there as long as Janet was. Her own life was beginning all over again in Janet's. Her desire to paint, her long, strong hands, her observing eyes—they belonged to Janet now.

"But there's going to be something different for Janet," Grandmother thought. "She's going to have the chance to learn to paint. I never did. When my life ends,

hers and mine begin. I'm going to leave every penny I have to her. Every last penny. It belongs to us together, not to Louisa and Roy and May."

"Hasn't this been lovely, Mamma?" Louisa asked. "I always think there's such a nice sentiment in having a birthday dinner—especially at your age, Mamma."

"Very nice."

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## Only a Nigger

(Continued from page 8)

sobbing, "It's only a nigger, Pete, it's only a nigger. Put him down, and let's get out of here! They'll throw me out of school, Pete, you know they will. You've got to leave him! No one will know we did it. It's only a nigger, Pete, only a nigger!"

I tried to open the door to put him in the car, but Bode came and stood in front of it. He was sober now, and looked at me wildly. "You can't do that, Pete," he said, "We've got to leave him here and get back to college. Everyone will swear we're all drunk, and there'll be all kinds of hell to pay." I looked at him. Even Bode wanted to run away from it, and Bode was one fellow I'd thought I could depend on to do the right thing. "He's dead anyhow, Pete," he said, "and you can't do anything. My God, we can't let anyone know we did it!

They'd hold us for manslaughter, and that would ruin dad. Besides, it'll spoil Ruth's life."

I thought that over. His father was a big politician at home, running for senator. It certainly would ruin him. And Ruth! What would dad and mother say to me when they found out what I'd let her in for? And Ruth is only sixteen, and so impressionable it'd nearly kill her. Marge and Bode were both tugging at my arm now, screaming at me to drop him. The man's head wobbled back and forth. I dropped him. He crumpled up on the road and seemed to settle into a mass of rags and dark, clotting blood. Marge and Bode grabbed me and half-dragged me into the car. We backed down the bank and headed towards college.

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## O Nittle!

(Continued from page 9)

ence behind the curtain pushing a glass of water at me. But I collected my poise enough to arrange my features in a mysterious smile, which fitted in with the atmosphere. Afterwards, mother told me that the lighting and sound effects prevented their hearing and seeing me.

In the last scene, the winter one, the snow came down very irregularly, and the monks mingled so well that one of the false trees fell over. Someone in the orchestra had presence of mind to roll the drums to make it appear to be a storm. Poor Mary Evans was trying to drape herself around a cross-shaped tombstone, and Mrs. Clarence kept reminding her in a hoarse stage whisper to be willowy. And then the dancing class rolled in as a fog all over the stage and left the gloomy

feeling everyone was supposed to have at the end of the play.

When the curtain went down, I went with it. If only I could go to a dressing room overgrown with flower baskets, instead of to the gym locker room. The principal in a tuxedo that he rented for plays and graduations was congratulating Mrs. Clarence, who was losing her hairpins and her mind.

Just as I was about to leave the stage, John came up and, telling me how inspiring I was, asked me to go to his fraternity dance. I wondered as I changed my costume, if John, when he fell madly in love with me as he was bound to—tonight being so inspiring and all—, if he would object to my career.

## From Cover to Cover

(Continued from page 16)

of America," countless hours of research—all added to a remarkable knowledge of the American frontier, which Miss Rourke has amassed, have led to a clear-cut picture of the heretofore elusive man of genius. She follows him to Florida, to Labrador, to the swamps of Feliciana, in his search for every kind of American bird; she shows his human humor and his loyalty to Lucy, his wife.

The book is necessarily rather brief, but it is simply written and lends itself to easy reading. Miss Rourke writes very smoothly, with such quietude that the action takes place in the flowing rather than in a sudden burst after a damming-up. Yet, the style is never sluggish. It is a story well-told with a definite educational value.

Of the five books which the authoress has written since 1927, three are unadulterated cultural histories; the other two are biographies of men important in the development of culture. She is the lone explorer in the field of theatricals of the California gold rush; she has contributed valuable ideas and information in her

study, *American Humor*, now she has invaded the history of American art. If you have an abundance of natural curiosity and want to relax in a light, yet valuable, book, I should heartily recommend *Audubon*.

JANE LOVE.

### **More Poems. By A. E. Housman. Alfred Knopf.**

In the Leslie Stephen lecture which he delivered at the University of Cambridge in 1933, A. E. Housman said: "To transmute emotion—not to transmit thought but to set up in the reader's sense a vibration, corresponding to what was felt by the writer—is the peculiar function of poetry." The definition is an explanation of his own little volumes, *A Shropshire Lad*, *Last Poems*, and the posthumous work, *More Poems*, which has just recently been published. The three books are interwoven in subject matter, style, and philosophy: one cannot like the first two without liking the last one; one cannot dislike the two without disliking the third.

*More Poems* is nothing more than pages added to the preceding volumes. There is the same poignant regret that the world exists and that human beings dwell here and have hearts and souls—then die. A little briefer, perhaps, than the other poems, have been, still these final verses have just as much strength and intensity behind their spoken words—perhaps more. Some of them date back to 1895 and 1896, when the writing and the publishing of *A Shropshire Lad* took place.

That Housman, during his life, struggled against some powerful, incomprehensible emotion is clearly manifest in his astringent lyricism. It is haunting in the lines of *A Shropshire Lad*, even more so in *Last Poems*, and the same strange strain reverberates in the forty-eight pieces included in *More Poems*. What that emotion was and why it was we cannot tell. Was it grief? Doubt? Or, perhaps, a twisted doctrine of faith? Certainly it was bewilderment, for the poet found himself a mass of incessant complexity out of which he could evolve no reason for existence. In *More Poems*, there is the

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"They say verse is sad: no wonder;  
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Tears of eternity and sorrow,  
Not mine, but man's."

The lyrics contained in *More Poems* were gathered from the manuscripts in accordance with instructions which the poet left to his brother, Laurence. Only those poems "which appear . . . to be completed and not to be inferior to the average of my published poems" were to be used, and all those unchosen were to be destroyed. As Laurence Housman confesses in his Preface, he was faced with a double responsibility: to preserve his brother's literary reputation by withholding any inferior lines; and to satisfy the Housman-hungry public. The public has been Housman-hungry, unquestionably. And *More Poems* is not a disappointment. It is a revelation. Its bitter, acrid verses

embody the poet's philosophy more simply and naturally than either of his other volumes.

Slightly more reminiscent of Emily Dickinson than are his other works, the volume is composed of amazingly diverse poems; peppering the pages of doubt and futility, whimsy and fancy are startling in their bubbling spontaneity. Most of the poems are, however, truly of Housman; they show his preoccupation with death—there is an increasing concern with death in this volume—his frightening declarations of the inconstancy of life, and his discouraging assurance that all love is illusory, often unrequited. Absolute despair and lack of hope is mirrored in these lines:

"I promise nothing: friends will part;  
All things may end, for all began;  
And truth and singleness of heart  
Are mortal even as is man."

In these deft, easy lyrics, there is compelling simplicity of diction which makes

descriptions delicate and clear, which express moods enduringly and completely. Such phrases as "star-sown sky," "sceptre-shaken world," "though they hale in crimsoned nets the sunset from the main"—show a cleanness of feeling and thought. It is interesting, too, to note the classical tendency to hyphenate words in Housman; there are many such classical traits.

It provokes small wonder that he should have felt the strain of creation too intensely to endure it often, as he once said. In reading *More Poems*, one feels again the tremendous tenseness and pain which he felt, and it leaves one with a sense of pleasure, too, the luxurious pleasure of self-pity. He makes the reader feel grief over himself without reservation. And he achieves his purpose, for he sets up in his reader the vibration which he felt when he composed it. Certainly the little volume is worth reading—and buying, especially for young people.

JANE LOVE.

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## Masks and Grease Paint

(Continued from page 17)

*Three Men on a Horse*—Fulton Theatre, 46th Street, West of Broadway.

Hilarious comedy that has run and run and run. To be seen at present on stage and screen. Both guaranteed to chase the blues.

*Tobacco Road*—Forrest Theatre, West 49th Street.

Has passed through three houses, has supported three leading actors, is running through its third year of over 1291 continuous performance—bettered only by *Abie's Irish Rose*. Singularly enough, like

the famous *Abie's Irish Rose*, it all but folded up before it got a footing. If you haven't seen it, perhaps you had better!

*Tonight at Eighty-Thirty*—National Theatre, 41st Street, West of Broadway.

A series of short plays recently published in book form, presented three at a time. Author: Noel Coward. Lead: Noel Coward (and enchanting side-kick, Gertrude Laurence). Music: Noel Coward. Lyrics: Noel Coward. Director: Noel Coward. Whom do you want to see . . . ?

*Tovarich*—Plymouth Theatre, West 45th Street.

John Halliday and Martha Abba. Light and amusing—a trifle fantastique. In no way outstanding in the realm of the theatre. Good entertainment for the not-too-critical.

*White Horse Inn*—Center Theatre, 49th Street and 6th Ave.

For several years this gala musical comedy has been a success on the continent—likewise, more recently, in London. Recommended for those who enjoy a brilliant spectacle.

---

## Measure for Measure . . .

(Continued from page 15)

been published in book form, and Mr. Morley himself has chosen the contents from his recent writing. If this initial volume is successful, Lippincott will publish further numbers "at intervals."

Willy Pogány, who designed one of the finest of all editions of the *Rubáiyát*, has now done eight full color plates, besides

numerous line drawings, for Thomas Crowell's deluxe edition of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. The book is set in Granjon and printed on antique India paper. In cloth and boxed it costs two dollars and a half; in leather, five dollars. Perhaps no other book has more often been selected as a gift for "the

girl friend" than *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and Willy Pogány's drawings should make the book an even more delightful gift.

Grosset and Dunlap has published James Hilton's delightful and fascinating Hawthornden Prize Novel, *Lost Horizon*, in a seventy-five cent edition.

---

## Portrait

"I want to live," he said.

He said that all his life.

And when he was dying, he said,

"I want to live."

Well, he died.

And we who knew him were sad,

Not because he was dead,

But because we knew he had never really lived.

He tried too hard.

CHARLOTTE MILLER



# Main Street Moo

Some rugged individual in our neighborhood  
Has recently acquired a cow,  
An unseen beast that probably gives milk  
And definitely moos.  
Somehow I cannot quite relate  
Such essence of the countryside  
With an auto-bedlam, concrete, grey Main Street.  
Somehow I cannot smack my lips  
At the meager, tasteless, pale-faced milk  
That a crusty scattered-grassed backyard must yield.  
I wish a fellow citizen  
Who loves the peace of a sleeping city  
As much as I  
Some innocent midnight  
Would choke that God-forsaken moo.

MARY TOMS NEWSOM

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*The Archive*

*February 1937*





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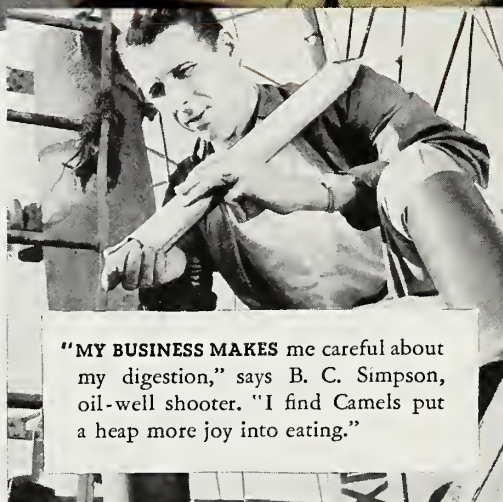
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

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## The ARCHIVE

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VOLUME L                      FEBRUARY, 1937                      NUMBER FOUR

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A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at  
Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that  
the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for  
in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."  
Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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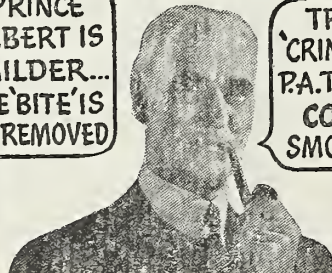
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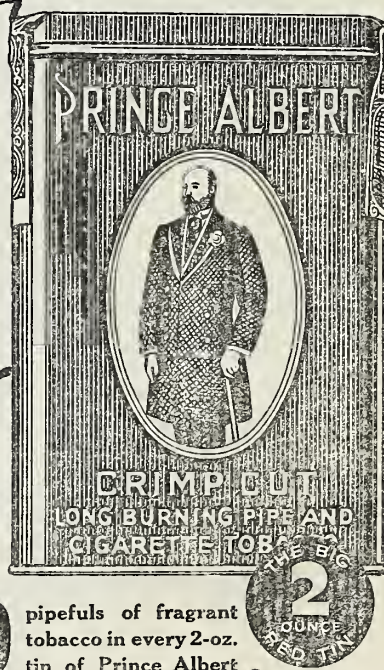
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# The Story of Benny the Horse

DON SHEEHAN

Illustrated by JOHN GAMSBY

THE FIRST TIME I see the Horse is on the corner of Nassau and John where I see Charlie standing one day at lunch time. I walk over to him as I notice he is very excited. Charlie tells me he is going to feed bag with Benny the Horse and naturally I have heard of this character and desire very much to meet him personally in order to get the dope on the 5th at S— as I hear that something very hot is running. George tells me the Horse will be very happy to talk with me as he is a great guy for encouraging adolescents to become bookie fodder.

Soon we see a small character in a weedy benny coming toward us and Charlie tells me that this is Benny the Horse. Naturally I am very disappointed as I expect the Horse to be a drape king. I am even more surprised when he walks up to Charlie and asks him for a quarter. Even Charlie is disillusioned by this announcement and asks meekly what so famous a character as the Horse wants with a measly two-bits.

"For the ferry," says the Horse, "I'm gonna make a million bucks. I gotta see Sam the Maiden quick."

It is well known that the Horse is a character who is fond of big numbers but I do not know who is Sam the

Maiden. I finally learn that Sam the Maiden is a character who has psychic powers in picking the ponies but who at present is residing in a cell on Governor's Island. How Sam gets the name of the Maiden is because he is fond of betting on maidens at the tracks. At present he is inhabiting a cell for not paying income tax which personally gives Sam a great laugh since he is very fond of solitude which he gets very much of at present.

Charlie is naturally very willing to slip the Horse the two-bits as the Horse promises that he will personally tell him the name of the hot thing which the Maiden releases to him. The next day I eat with Charlie and I am naturally very surprised when I see he eats the \$.20 Special as I imagine he is in the roses because of the information which he gets the day before, and I ask him what is the hot thing which the Horse gets from Sam the Maiden. Charlie begins with an expression which looks like George the Gent's the day he loses on the last horse of an eight horse parley.

"My friend," says Charlie, "I am sitting in my office at 2:00 P.M. and in comes the Horse with his face shining like the Gent's blue serge pants. Naturally I am very excited as seldom have I seen the

Horse raise his eyebrows as he is a character who is always calm. I am sitting in my chair and I do not see the Horse until he is right behind me. Before I have a chance to say 'what's good' he comes up and gives me "Infinitate" in the 4th at B— and walks out without asking for a mere half buck that he may eat as the Horse is a character who is very particular about eating.

Naturally I see that this is a good thing so I quick and go to Joe the Book who is easily convinced that he could extend me a half-century marker as this is a horse which couldn't finish better than fourth in a three horse race. I am smiles all day long until—look," says Charlie.

Charlie opens the Form and I see that "Infinitate" runs eight lengths behind the pack at the mile and quits. I suggest in a whisper that maybe the Horse is slipping as the Horse has many friends who would tell him of such a statement and I am naturally a little nervous that someone might hear what I say.

Charlie looks at me disgustedly.

"My friend," he says, "the Horse is a genius. I could tell you the story of the electric clock at Joe's which would show you this if I thought such an uneducated character as you could appreciate it. In fact, I am feeling like talking so I will tell it to you anyway.

"One day the Horse is standing on Vesey Street dinging a thin dime in his pants and feeling very sad—in fact it is well known that the Horse is a character who always stands on Vesey Street when he is sad—when up walks Sam the Maiden and George the Gent who is called George the Gent because it is rumored he has fifteen suits which I don't believe personally but which is rumored. The Horse considers that he is very fortunate that the Gent and the Maiden come along as it is very easy for three such characters to make many dollars in a short time.

"The Horse thinks a long time and screams finally that he has got a plan to make a million bucks as the Horse is a character who always thinks in big numbers. Fifteen minutes later the Horse is standing on 45th Street telling his plan to the Gent and the Maiden which should prove to you that he is a genius, my friend.

"It is the plan for the Gent to go to Max's which has a direct wire with the

(Continued on page 17)





# The Seventh Quilt

HELEN BAXTER SMITH

"No!" SAID GRANDMOTHER, "Absolutely, no."

She drew her gray knitted shawl more closely about her thin, little shoulders, and sat resolutely upright.

"No, Louisa, I don't want to take a little nap, I am not sitting in a draught, and I don't want Jean to read to me."

She saw Louisa struggle valiantly to hide the exasperated look which threatened to control her features, and reflected that Louisa was really getting old. Her well-groomed hair had a startling silver sheen on it in certain lights, and her face was beginning to sag gently into old age.

The well-trained muscles of that face defeated the rebel expression which had threatened it.

"But you really musn't exert yourself, mother, you know what Dr. Woolf said—"

Grandmother, sitting defiantly on the edge of a ladder-back chair, stiffened. She smoothed the front of her lavender gingham dress with great dignity, and looked at the toes of her black slippers.

"I won't hear of that doctor, Louisa. He's too young to know anything, and besides that, he's a Yankee! I told you I wouldn't listen to him. I want Dr. Wilford. He has some sense."

"But mother, Dr. Wilford is so old-fashioned. This man is modern and he really knows what you need."

Grandmother sighed. Louisa was a wonderful daughter, but sometimes she was tiresome—and stubborn—like her father. He had been a terribly stubborn man. Once before Louisa was born, she hadn't spoken to him for nearly a week until he had finally agreed to buy new drapes for the front windows. Of course she had bought new ones only three months before, but a new style had come in since, and he had been most trying through it all—most trying and stubborn. He had followed her through the house imploring her to speak, and had finally given in, saying:

"Buy drapes, buy carpets, buy anything! but for God's sake say something!"

Louisa was stubborn like he.

The argument between the two women was interrupted by the noisy appearance of Jean, the old lady's granddaughter. Grandmother braced herself both physically and mentally for the onslaught of Jean who for no apparent reason blew into the room like a young cyclone.

Grandmother had tried in vain to understand what it was about the girl that brought into any room she entered a sense of confusion. Louisa had explained that it was merely the junior high school age which would soon pass off, but Grandmother was doubtful. In her day girls were ladies even at that age. She felt a little nervous tremor run through her thin old bones as Jean planted a noisy, affectionate kiss on her forehead. Another slight shudder ran through her as Jean pulled out a lipstick, and began to smear her mouth with vermilion paint. Grandmother had long ceased to remonstrate about this, but the sight of a lipstick filled her with misgivings. She tucked in the corners of her mouth and reopened the argument with Louisa.

"There is nothing in the world the matter with me, Louisa, and I don't like Dr. Woolf. He's a Yankee in the first place. I don't like—"

Jean looking greatly incensed interrupted:

"Good heavens! Grandma, this isn't 1860. I think Dr. Woolf is swell."

She began to comb a mop of fuzzy hair on her forehead with great vigor.

Grandmother adopted a look of outraged dignity. This younger generation simply had no idea of the importance of things.

"If you had heard the battle of Shiloh," she said in a pained voice, "and had seen your own father with his hand shot away—"

"Well, Dr. Woolf didn't have anything to do with that—"

"And," continued Grandmother firmly, "you could have seen Yankee soldiers riding away with my dear mother's best silk—"

"But gee whiz, Grandmother!"

Louisa interposed diplomatically, "Jean, you just don't understand Mother's viewpoint. Now Mother, for your own good and for my sake don't go jumping about, and remember not to use your eyes."

Grandmother looked at her blue-veined yellowish hands lying useless in her lap. She held her breath to keep down her rising fury. Not use her eyes!—not go jumping about! It was all the fault of that wretched Dr. Woolf. It was he who had told Louisa about a blood clot near her heart, and had advised absolute quiet. Poppycock! It was he who had said that her eyes were failing, and had forbidden

her to read or sew. She may as well be dead as useless. She looked sadly at her hands again. There was nothing to do but submit; it was the best way of getting rid of Louisa. She said meekly,

"All right, Louisa, I'll go to my room, but I won't take a nap. I just want to sit and be quiet."

Jean dropped a kiss on her forehead.

"That's a sweet dear. Here, let me help you."

"No," said Grandmother, "I can go myself. Just let me alone."

She arose nimbly and hopped up the steps like a sparrow in a lavender gingham dress. They settled her in a chair in her room with an afghan around her knees and a bell at her side to ring for the maid. Grandmother felt her spirits rise. They were going out. She would do some of the forbidden work.

"Remember," said Louisa standing in the doorway. "No reading, Mother."

Grandmother nodded. She listened as they put on their coats and went out. A few moments later she heard the car go down the drive.

"Dr. Woolf," she said in a low voice to herself. She talked to herself a lot now.

"Trying to make an invalid out of me. Even wanted to take my curtains down."

She looked at the heavy gold drapes and the heavy lace curtains with pride. They were hers. Everything in the room was hers, the great mahogany bed with its high, carved head and foot, the marble topped washstand, the vast wardrobe against the wall. The rest of the house was Louisa's, and it was permeated by matchless good-taste. It was early American, graceful and cozy, but Grandmother preferred her own furniture and all her personal treasures—the shell knick-knacks that third-cousin Joe had brought from the West Indies, the silver cup Louisa had won at the Baptist Female Seminary, even Jean's baby shoes, all these things she had hoarded with pride and clung to through the years.

"There's nothing the matter with me," mumbled Grandmother. "I'm perfectly all right. I'd better get to work."

She rang the bell vigorously. Louisa had told the maid to keep an eye on her, but she would fix that.

Aubelia, young and black, appeared. Grandmother's long sharp nose twitched suspiciously.

(Continued on page 17)

# Fiction Is Stranger

PAUL ADER

GEORGE P. PRESTON wiped his worried brow.

"Well, sir," he said with ludicrous earnestness, "I was editor of the college magazine last year."

*Crimson Book's* managing editor laughed humorously.

"Is that all?" he asked with his chin-poised in mid-air.

George began enumerating his many qualifications.

"And furthermore," he said climactically, "I have read all the long and short stories of Kipling, Conrad, Maugham, Upson, Stevenson, Maupassant, Balzac, Tolstoi, Poe, Twain, Morley, Faulkner, Hawthorne, Saroyan, O. Henry, and Henry James. So you see, sir, I feel that I am fully qualified to work on the staff of *Crimson Book* as MSS reader."

"Your audacity," said the managing editor with sarcastic pig-irony, "is refreshing, uniquely so!"

"I'm smart, too," added George brightly.

"Smart as iodine," replied the m-ed, depositing one sole in the waste-basket. George waited.

"Young man," the m-ed added, "if you're half as good as I think. . . ."

"Oh, sir. . . .!"

"Zip your lip. . . . I say, if you're half as good as I think you aren't, I might give you a try. It would be a pleasure to fire—"

"When do I come to work?" George broke in, happily business-like.

"Who said anything about your coming to work, huh? Report at eight-thirty Monday morning."

Profusely George began to thank. . .

"You," continued the managing editor as an after thought, "will be assistant to the fourth assistant fiction reader, Mr. Pruser." The editor withdrew the deposited sole, and the interview was at an end.

George bowed a smiling exit.

"O Happiness!" he chortled facetiously, as he flipped a coin to decide whether he would spend two bits or a quarter on his supper. He ate; he slept; he returned to the conquered fort.

At eight-thirty sharp George blew in the door of the editorial offices happy as a spring poet and wise as a Rhodes Scholar. Mr. Pruser set him to work re-addressing rejected MSS, a task which could not have agreed more incompletely

with George's sensitive nature. He felt so sorry for the recipients of the cruel rejection slips!!

"Poor creatures," he muttered, "this hurts me worse than it does you." He licked an obstinate stamp.

"Don't kiss the postage," said Pruser from behind the first page of a bore. "Use the sponge." George felt sorry for old Pruser, too. His spirits, thought the young sage, never rise any higher than mercury in a capillary tube.

Time passed in weeks. By the end of an English fortnight he had a desk of his own, but it was not over-long before the routine began to manifest itself in monotony. Monotony put the damper on George's enthusiasm, and when George wasn't enthusiastic, he wasn't entirely efficient. "Contrary to physics text books," says George, "efficiency in the amount of enthusiasm divided by the total work done."

In another two weeks George was wishing he were back in college. . . . O happy, thoughtless days! With a sudden jerk he forced his eyes back to the typewritten MSS he thought he was reading. "This fiction," says he, "is as exciting as a freshman theme on the meaning of a formal education."

One day George was meditating as he skimmed first pages. "If," says he, "I were the managing ed of this rag, I'd get out a new edition in rejection slips. I'd print four Frank Norris rules on the front: (1) Don't write novels; (2) Don't write short stories; (3) Don't write; (4) Persuade your friends not to write."

A guttural exclamation derailed the train of George's thought.

"Where," shouted the excited Mr. Pruser, "is the editor? the managing editor? any editor?" George knew something was wrong—something had to be in order to shake the negative inertia of Mr. Pruser. The m-ed, Mr. Lou Pensill, was found. Mr. Pruser waxed vociferous:

"Gently scan this epsltle," he said, "and prepare to become convinced." The letter was read; Mr. Lou Pensill snorted in the middle of the complimentary close:

"This is an impossibility, absolutely and uniquely incredible!"

"My very impression," said the excited Mr. Pruser gleefully, "until. . . ." He thrust the MSS into the hands of the m-ed. "Read," he said, "while I hold your pulse."

Mr. Lou Pensill proceeded to peruse the narrative, while the staff availed itself of the letter, which, George noted, was from such-and-such a street, San Antonio, Texas. It seems that a Mr. Thus-and-So of Texas had unearthed a number of unpublished stories by the great O. Henry himself. One of these gems had been enclosed, and it, with the others, could be purchased at a price by *Crimson Book*. "Seeing," said George with surprising lack of originality, "is believing. I have not seen; ergo. . . ."

Meanwhile the m-ed had nearly finished the story; already he had begun to share the enthusiasm of Mr. Pruser.

"This," he chortled, "is real pre-war O. Henry, pure and simple, than whom none other!" The goggle-eyed staff had gotten the MSS, and it was going the rounds—poor George was tails; by the end of the first page they were tickled salmon-pink. When at last George began to read, so great is the contagion of enthusiasm, he was ninety-nine per cent convinced.

"I have seen," he said at the end, "and I completely believe almost. Having gone to school with the brain-children of William Sydney Porter,\* I am ready to believe that this is undoubtedly O. Henry; or," he qualified, "a reasonably perfect facsimile thereof."

"Facsimile, my first edition," exclaimed Mr. Pruser, "this is perfect."

"That's the trouble," George lamented.

"Quick, Kilowattson," the managing editor was shouting, "prepare a wire to the gentleman in Texas. Hunter, find a photographic likeness of O. Henry. Admanson, write some advance play-up copy. Shut up, Preston! Where's the Heap Big Editor?"

George had evoked the managing editor's last (but one) exclamation by opening his mouth to express his one per cent doubt. He closed that part of his face, and began thinking to himself. Even a one per cent doubt demanded immediate action. He thought tensely, and paced up and down the floor. He found it exhilarating—the thinking, I mean, not the pacing. In an hour he had done thinking; having thought, he proceeded to act.

"Inertia," he said ungrammatically, "is when a body gets started and doesn't stop till something drastic produces that phe—"

\* O. Henry.

(Continued on page 18)



## LEIGH DIAMOND

AT SEVEN-THIRTY the day for Joe College began; that is, no earlier than seven-thirty. He had an eight o'clock class, but if he was a few minutes late, no matter. Old Jenkins generally couldn't get to class on time anyway. But the old boy managed to get off some fairly good cracks; so it might be worth while to go. Besides, Joe had better save his cuts for his date with that little blonde number at State. He would never manage to get up the morning after that. These meditations concluded, Joe urged his last reluctant shoe upon his foot, and with a superhuman effort tied the bows. Stimulated by a cup of steaming coffee—he had time for nothing else—he reached the class room and with a sigh of happy abandon slumped to his seat, only four minutes late. Dr. Jenkins paused for a moment and then proceeded: "The literary style of Addison probably has never been equaled in English literature." The words resolved themselves into a not unpleasant humming in Joe's ears. "The style of Carlyle, on the other hand—" Joe wondered what would happen if he closed his eyes for a short time. "In summing up,

gentlemen, it would be improper to say that either was the greater writer. They both were eminent in their own particular fields, but—" A subdued snore arose from Joe's quarter of the room. As the bell rang Bill Simmons nudged him. Bill was a good guy that way, always doing little favors for a fellow. Yes, sir, it really paid to be a fraternity man and have frat brothers like that.

The next class was Philosophy I, and Joe entered it with an angry frown. How could he be expected to understand what Dr. Maxwell was talking about, when even some of the Greek professors themselves didn't know? What did he care what a lot of dried-up old Greeks thought about life? Science had disproved most of their theories anyway, and besides, what good would it do him to learn these antiquated ideas? Some of his professors liked to talk about culture and being a well-rounded man. Well, that was all right if it could be applied to the business world; but just imagine talking to that blonde at State about Zeno or whatever his name was, just imagine. If

it hadn't been for Jack O'Brien he never would have taken that course, but O'Brien had told him that Philosophy I was a snap. It served him right, taking the advice of that damned bookworm.

Completely bored by this time, Joe looked about for something on which he could fix his attention. He eyed the professor reproachfully, then glanced summarily over the front row until his eyes came to rest upon a blonde head in the extreme right of the room. Joe sat up. The hair was the same shade as that of the blonde at State, differently shaped head though. If she would only turn around he could really compare her to that State number. There, she had stirred in her seat. Yes, she was turning. Ugh! glasses; what a disappointment. But about that State number, what would be the best way to pass the evening with her? Of course, there was the dance, but he could not arrive there until eleven o'clock. Only these country hicks got there any earlier. He could take her to a movie, but that really didn't give him the proper chance to impress himself upon the girl. A fellow had to have the time to sell himself. That was the secret of popularity all right, the ability to sell one's self. Dr. Smith had emphasized that

*(Continued on page 20)*

## JOE COLLEGE

JOE IS A good friend of mine.

He is very tall and very strong, and, with the careful slowness of his movements and his good-natured smile, he reminds one of a big St. Bernard dog. An abundance of brown hair surrounds his sun-tanned face in which a pair of light blue eyes sparkles under heavy brows. He could be called handsome if he would decide to shave; but his week-old beard, his dark complexion, and his rumpled hair make him look like a tramp in disguise.

I met him on the day school started. Without knocking at my door, he entered my room while I was unpacking my belongings. I asked him to sit down, and after a few moments of embarrassment he introduced himself as Joe College of Kennebunk ("The little Wonder-Town of the Mid-West") where his father owns a small factory.

In less than an hour he had told me the story of his life and his plans for the future.

"In high school I didn't study, you see," he said to me, "and besides, I made bad marks because the French teacher had a grudge against me. But now I'll start studying! I'll show my parents that I'm not as dumb as they think!"

A week later he visited me again. He

was just working on his first English theme and wanted some information.

"That theme is going to be swell!" he told me, "I have already re-written it five times, but now I'm satisfied. It's the best theme I ever wrote."

I did not see Joe for the next two weeks. Finally, one night he came to my room. He was pale and seemed to be extremely nervous.

"Today, I got my theme back," he said slowly.

"Yes? What did you get?"

Silently he gave me the paper. On the cover it bore the remark:

"F  
(Contains incomplete sentences and  
several comma blunders.)"

"And I worked five hours on it!" said Joe desperately.

For a while there was silence. Then my room-mate said: "You shouldn't spend that much time on a theme. The main thing in Freshman English is not to make grammatical errors—the content of the themes does not matter so much."

Joe did not answer. After a while he said with a sigh: "I'll go to the Tavern now. Will you fellows come along?"

I excused myself, but my room-mate went with him.

When my room-mate returned at 3 o'clock next morning, he told me that he had, with the help of a taxi-driver, carried Joe home.

"He isn't used to beer," he said.

Since that day I noticed a curious change in Joe College's attitude; he became one of the loudest boys on the campus; he could be seen at every "Pep-Meeting"; his clothes, and especially his neckties, became flashier every day, and he wore his dink in an extremely individual fashion. The Woman's College has become his real home, and once a week, Joe drowns his sorrow in the "Tavern."

"I've flunked all my subjects so far," he once told me with a broad smile, "College is not the right place for me. I'm not interested in Art and such stuff. I want to become a business man like father. And besides," he looked around carefully, "the history teacher has a grudge against me."

A week ago, I visited him in his room.

"Ah! Come in! Come in!" he shouted,

*(Continued on page 20)*

LORENZ  
EITNER

# Verse in 1936

KIFFIN HAYES

ALTHOUGH I am not certain of what profound sociological phenomena a bumper literary crop is symptomatic, I venture to pronounce America's poetry of this last year excellent. Our poets, though they hardly agree among themselves, have been busy with themes of larger social or even political import; many readers of the *Atlantic* must have been only less surprised to read Robert Frost's "Wayside Stand" than delighted with Robert Hillyer's excellent epistle to the former poet. And Sandburg and Prokosch can hardly sue if they have been quoted in the last election. But what have the poets done?

At least two very good things have come over the sea. Mr. Yeats' *Oxford Book of Modern Verse*, is so much a monument to his personal taste and that so excellent and original that this book is an exception to almost all the blanket criticisms of anthologies. The selections are predominately Irish and do more than any other arrangement I have seen to indicate what seems to be a genuine tradition of modern English poetry; the signal feature of this latter is, in the opinion of recognized authority, what is termed the "Celtic Revival." But England herself is not slighted. A. E. Housman's posthumous *More Poems* was the verse of the year. It was the only volume of poetry to be among the best-sellers, a position it held for two weeks in this country. In the case of this book, as of *Tristram*, being a best-seller was no reflection on the merit of the work, and sales of both were aided by monthly book-club selections. The lines themselves can be accurately described as "like Housman" and a little more somber. This book I place among the three best of the year and expect no small condemnation by those who rank it an unquestioned first.

England is not without die-hards and merry independents. The poet laureate published a volume of good laureate verse, with reflections upon the state of England (but laureates must reflect consolingly) and a moderate narrative suggesting a theory of Ovid's banishment, "A Letter from Pontus." (Any one of Hillyer's six satires would make better correspondence.) Roy Campbell, who came to the front for South Africa and tropic confusion in the *Flaming Terrapin*, goes plunging on with Mithraic symbols, about which I know as little as you, and I have quite forgotten the name of his latest book.

Conrad Aiken should afford easy tran-

sition across the ocean; he is American and Southerner by birth but has made his home in England. If a critic were feeling a bit cross, Aiken's personal, much-published, but not too communicative worry might suggest Miniver Cheevy. His last work is *Time in the Rock*, something of a monologue in grey, but Aiken preserves his especial grace of shading which has caused at least one of his early pieces to become hackneyed, "a penalty" of perceptible excellence. Another established poet, though not of our greatest, who has published this year is David Morton, whose *Spell Against Time* is a volume of genuine Nature poetry.

Two first books of verse which appeared in the last year contain well-wrought traditional verse. Robert Francis, *Stand with Me Here*, and Lionel Wiggam, *Landscape with Figures*, have attracted notice in the better periodicals; both are personal, but have not as yet acquired the individual flavor which immediately identifies a well-expressed and unique personality.

Among the radicals in form and idea we have two well-known poets and a new. Wallace Stevens' *Ideas of Order*, which attracted considerable attention in limited edition, appears in a trade edition while a new volume, *Owl's Clover*, is published in a limited first edition. (This practice can hardly be blamed, since it is a small extra profit for the poet, who generally is far from wealthy, is a boon to the collector of contemporary special editions, and guards against the failure of a complete printing.) Mr. Stevens' verse is not communicative; it aims at an arrangement of ideas or images which will have significance as a design. (This statement can be almost disqualified by a disciple of Stevens, but has as much value as a generalization of this nature can: it emphasizes an outstanding principle of the writer.) In *Owl's Clover* Stevens also takes note of "the present crisis," but his work is limited rather narrowly to literary exercise; his primary theme is 'imagination as reality,' the political scene seems to threaten the poet's world rather than to demand his effort.

Carlos Williams is less touched by political ideas than any other of our prominent poets. The last of the imagists, he treats humanity—*Adam and Eve and the City*—as living objects to be sharply depicted but not made subjects for moralization. Although he is not interested in so-

cial insurance, his characteristic method is under-writing; his presentations are direct and so shorn of non-essentials as to be occasionally difficult of recognition. Possibly the most important of new comers to American poetry is Frederic Prokosch, already known as a poet in England, whose first volume of verse, *The Assassins*, is vigorous and original. This man's major concern is the change of the social order; European civilization is helpless as Andromeda bound to the rock. For him the present is full of death and falling cities, and its memories are of cities and heroes fallen, but Prokosch does not believe that the future will bring any constant perfection; the coming day will bathe the flesh now wounded, but civilization will not be at any time whole. He is reminded

How heaven has sheathed  
By such creations our powers  
In incalculably deep  
And everlasting danger.

Americans are proud to boast that our literature is now giving direction to the Europeans, but this American poet has gone to school to Stephen Spender.

The three foremost poets now in the United States lend consenting voice to current preoccupation with the economic or political state of the country. Robert Frost states plainly that he wishes to make *A Further Range* "even into the realm of government and religion," but the latter is hardly an unfamiliar field to any poetry. He is the definite individualist, saying

I bid you to a one-man revolution,  
The only revolution that is coming.  
We're too unseparate out among each other  
With goods to sell and notions to impart.

Frost's last work is not his most perfect, but it is excellent, and to the point. Carl Sandburg is less concerned with political measures than with the people's general stupidity. *The People, Yes* departs from absolute preachment as much as from pure poetry. His free verse is more than ever a medium of painting; he does not see any present issue so clear-cut as there seemed to be when he wrote "A. E. F." and "Grass," nor is his poetry so clear.

Liberty of man and mind  
That once was minds necessity  
And made the West blaze up has burned  
To bloody embers and the lamp's out:

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# College Women Don't Marry!

WALTER SCHAEFER II

IF A GIRL FEELS that she will be very unhappy in life unless she gets married, has children and builds a home, she ought to know that she will materially lessen her chances of doing all those things by going to college. Further it would seem just as certain that the suggested panaceas—courses in home economics, cooking, nursing, hygiene, marriage and child raising—will avail but little in lessening those odds.

That, in brief, is the thesis to be put forth in this article. It is a far different one from that which I expected to find when I began this investigation a number of months ago but the evidence has overwhelmingly forced me to this conclusion despite a bias towards a more happy one.

Let it be understood at the start that I am not interested in whether marriage is a good thing or a bad thing, a desirable institution or an undesirable one. I am not concerned with the problems of career versus marriage or the falling birth rate or the disorganization of the family. At the vaguest mention of the tortures a woman's soul may undergo in "holy wedlock," I shall clasp my hat over my eyes, plug my ears and depart the scene. I am dealing with one thing and one thing only—if a college girl wants to get married, what are her prospects?

That college women fall far below their less schooled sisters in marriage ratios, is a fact so well known that its mere statement arouses no comment. From the "Journal of Heredity" come these statistics:

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Wellesley, 44%   | Ohio State, 57%    |
| Wisconsin, 44.5% | Oberlin, 58.9%     |
| Illinois, 46.8%  | California, 60.1 % |
|                  | Iowa State, 69%    |

Henry R. Carey in the "North American Review" reports:

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| Vassar, 55.5% | Bryn Mawr, 48.1% |
| Smith, 50.1%  | Barnard, 41.8%   |

These figures are somewhat misleading because the more recently graduated classes are included, pulling down these averages. A more accurate picture is presented in still another survey—

|                                                                       | (ages)  |        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|--------|
| Smith .....                                                           | 30-42   | 63.6 % |
| Wellesley .....                                                       | 35-42   | 61.8 % |
| Mt. Holyoke .....                                                     | 30-42   | 49.2 % |
| Bryn Mawr .....                                                       | 30-42   | 57.27% |
| Barnard .....                                                         | 30-42   | 50.7 % |
| TRINITY .....                                                         | over 35 | 47.9 % |
| (including all women through class of '23—figures from alumni office) |         |        |

By contrast Harvard, which is somewhat lower than most mens' colleges reports a ratio of 73.7 while of women at large who have reached the age of 45 in 1930 in the United States, the census bureau reports that 90% have married.

Here at Duke the situation is somewhat complicated by the recent expansion of the university. Thus while the figure for all women graduates of Trinity and Duke up through the class of 1935 is only 46.1%, it is immediately obvious that this figure will be considerably increased during the next few years. It is also apparent that Duke women are marrying in somewhat larger numbers than the graduates of Trinity. While crystal gazing is a most hazardous undertaking, I would venture the guess that, if the present trends continue, the Duke figure will be somewhere in the neighborhood of 60%—perhaps several percent more or less.

Yet college women want to marry. From time to time the *Chronicle* prints the results of polls taken of women undergraduates. Always have a large percent of those polled expressed a desire to marry—usually high in the 80's. I was able to lay hand on only two of them. One was taken at the University at Redlands, California, where 89% of the co-eds felt that they wanted to marry and the other at Bryn Mawr where 81% placed marriage before all other considerations. The same results from such a poll might be expected here for as a professor of psychology on this campus put it—"If a girl says she doesn't want to get married, she's either lying or she's pathological."

The failure of women college graduates to marry and bear children has not passed unnoticed. On the contrary it has aroused no end of comment among scholars, journalists and laymen. In several instances it has given birth to involved surveys.

In 1929 an article appeared in the *North American Review* by Henry Carey entitled "Sterilizing the Fittest." It is hard to imagine a more virulent attack on women's colleges—on their administrations, the way they are run, the ideals on which they are based or a more savage condemnation of the tolerance that permits "women's colleges to breed unintelligence by sterilizing intelligence." (It should be noted here that he is concerned mainly with the Northeastern women's colleges but what he has to say does have a certain amount of application even at

a Co-ed University where the marriage ratios are not much higher than at the isolated women's colleges.) He makes the interesting discovery that in the last few decades marriage ratios of women's colleges have been steadily falling off. This he attributes to the raising of scholastic standards which consume time and vitality which should be directed toward marriage, and the attempt of college administrators to turn the interest of their students towards careers, jobs and self-support often prejudicing them against marriage and home life. An attack so violent could not fail to stir up an immense amount of criticism and discussion. During the following year the magazines catering to the more educated classes carried innumerable articles suggesting reforms, questioning Carey's interpretation of his statistics and discussing its implications.

The *Atlantic* printed an article, "College Women and Marriage" by a woman writing anonymously as "College Wife." The writer, a woman ten years out of college and just recently married, does not feel that her college prejudiced her against marriage but that the failure of college women to get married can be explained in three ways—(1) Being away from home for four years causing her to lose contact with and interest in the men of her own age with whom she formerly associated. (2) Men will not marry their intellectual equals and (3) she is restricted in her choice of husbands to those men whom she believes are her intellectual equals. She says, "College women like any others want to marry and have children but that is not all that they want. If all that is to be asked of them in life is the fulfilling of their biological functions and the practicing of the household arts and graces, there should be no women's colleges and education should be, as it originally was, reserved for men.

"Of course a few smart and beautiful girls do go to college and emerge still smart and beautiful but they are received back enthusiastically into society more in spite of their learned degrees than because of them. For several years your beautiful college grad may have to live down the appalling fact that she actually received a Phi Beta Kappa key.

"Most of the blame for her failure is inherent in her going to college at all,

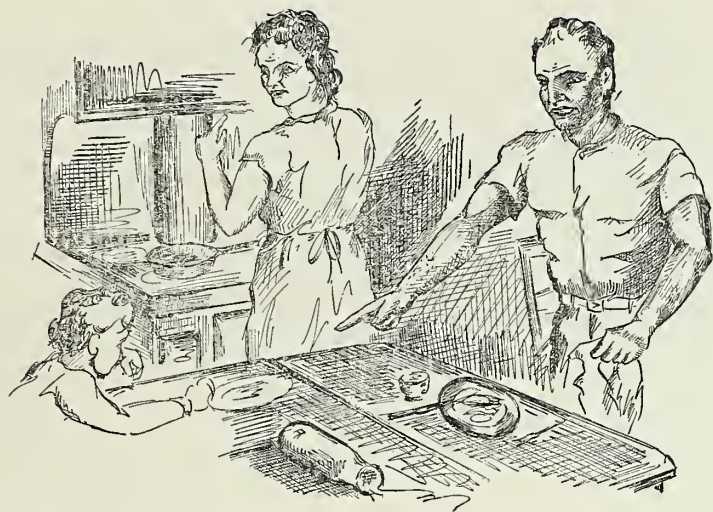
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# The Misfit

JANE GUNN

Illustrated by BILL LITTLER



"PETER! PETER BAILEY! Do you hear me? Are you a'comin' down here or do I have to come up'n fetch you with my stick?"

"Yes ma'm. Right away. I'm a'comin'," a quavering voice answered from the depths of the dimly lighted upstairs.

A few minutes later a small boy pushed open the door of the closet stairway. Burrowing both fists into his eyes he felt his way down the last three steps to the rough board floor of the kitchen.

"Get your hands out of your eyes and come over here and fetch you some breakfast," bellowed Mr. Bailey from his place at the head of the table.

Peter jerked his hands down and stood blinking at the yellow light of the coal-oil lamp which dangled from the ceiling.

"Why don't you get a move on you? Didn't you hear what your father said?"

"Yes ma'm." Peter glanced toward the corner of the room where his mother stood. She was scraping a fork in something that was smoking and spluttering in the frying pan.

"I'll swear to goodness I don't know what you think you are. Your brothers an' sisters always git up without bein' called and do as they're told. A body'd think you was a king that you could sleep late mornin's and go about doin' what you pleased all day."

Peter looked quickly back at the table and hastened toward his seat. But his foot caught in the frayed rag rug. He lunged against the table and upset the

bottle of milk standing in front of his older brother's plate.

"You clumsy fool!" cried Louis, jumping up. A stream of milk was fast engulfing his plate and was soon cascading over the side of the table. "Why don't you look out where you're goin'?"

"I didn't mean to. Honest I didn't, Louis, but—"

His father was standing. One hand crumpled his egg-splattered napkin; the other pointed toward Peter's place. Peter stared in fright at the shaking fore-finger. "Will you get to your seat! Any more foolishness out of you an' I'll whip you good'n plenty." A titter from his sisters made the blood rush to his face. He swallowed hard to keep back the tears while he nervously lifted first one leg, then the other over the bench and slumped to his seat. The shrill voice of his mother rang in his ears. He noticed, dully, that she was mopping up the milk, but he didn't listen to her. He stared at the cracked plate in front of him, his hands fumbling the buttons on the front of his thick blue shirt. He could only wish miserably that he'd never been born.

After a few minutes the family had forgotten him. Mrs. Bailey had dumped the frying pan full of greasy sausages onto the tin plate in the middle of the table. All were eagerly stabbing their forks into the heap. Peter was glad they liked them so well: they wouldn't ask him to take one. He wondered how they

could stand them and glanced sidewise at Louis. Half a sausage was disappearing into his gaping mouth. Peter shuddered and looked back at the table. No more milk, nothing left but sausages and bread crusts. He wished he might have a tiny piece of one of his father's eggs and tried to hide his longing as he saw the last piece pinned under a sausage on his father's fork. He glanced away guiltily and reached across the table for a piece of the bread. Rose, the baby, was sharp-eyed. Here was her chance for a part in the fun. "Look out that you don't dump the table," she screamed.

His parent's eyes were immediately bent over him. "Why ain't you like your brothers and sisters? You don't see them always spilling things!" Peter shrank from his mother, her right hand was flourishing a knife in front of him. "I'm sorry, ma'm."

"Yes, you're sorry, but what do you do about it? When you're home you're always makin' trouble for someone. And when you're out, heaven only knows what you're up to. Anyway you don't never sell any of your father's yard orn'ments. Probably go off playin' somewheres."

"I try to sell them, honest I do. But they ain't nobody wants to buy them."

"Then how's come Louis an' Eve an' Ernest an' even little Rose here gets 'em sold?"

He knew how they did it. They went up to people and told them how their father had been out of work for so long, and how hungry they were and then they'd begin to cry. But he couldn't do that. Even if he wanted to he couldn't. The words stuck to his tongue and the tears would never come out. That day he'd gone out with Louis, hadn't he tried to do what his brother told him? But the woman had slammed the door before he could finish. Louis had called him a dummy. He'd said there wasn't a brain in his head. Louis was right. He messed up everything he tried to do. But today he'd have to do better. He'd have to sell the animals.

"I will today, mother. I'll sell all of them, honest I will."

"See to it you do."

"You kids had better be gettin' out of

*(Continued on page 23)*



# Jigsaw

EDITH SNOOK

ONIONS—fried onions—why did nobody want hamburgers without onions? The soggy, curling slices browning on the greasy stove—filling the place with their odor. Better open a window. Gerry pulled up a green encased pane and sniffed the fresh air. She pressed her nose up against the screen to get a deeper whiff of it. Lord, how clean and salty it smelled; how good to cool off her forehead where the damp hair clung. She looked out on the street and *sighed* at the sight of some strolling bathers returning from the beach for lunch. Glowing tans—flying hair—long, strong arms and legs bared to the wind and sun. Another group on bicycles. A whistling lad sweeping the steps of the Sea Breeze Theater. A couple in shorts carrying tennis rackets. She heard the eleven o'clock boat whistle and Mike's voice almost simultaneously.

"Gerry, what are you doing?"

Curtly, "What does it look like?" Mike annoyed her when he spoke like that.

"You better shut that window and get back on the job."

"O. K." Mike was right. She saw that the gas flames were waving dangerously and promptly shut the window.

"Well, you needn't be so huffy about it."

"For goodness' sake, Gerry, snap out of it. Mr. Baliano will be back any minute and you know—"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"Anyhow," he persisted, "it's eleven o'clock, and the crowd'll be coming in any time now."

"Well, I'm not walking out, am I?"

Gerry shoved aside the browned onions to lay on some fresh, green slices. Got some hamburgers made up, Mike?"

"Don't I always?"

"O. K.! O. K.!"

She looked sideways at Mike, but he was watching her, so she turned her back on him and started splitting open some buns.

Mr. Baliano's voice issued from the kitchen. "Mike, did Finn's send over that coffee?"

"Haven't seen any, sir."

"Who the hell do they think—"

"I'm sure we have enough, anyhow." It was Gerry interrupting. Mike's glance was reproachful. Couldn't she say anything?

"No arguin', young lady."

She opened her mouth and shut it quickly at another look from Mike. He'd

been there longer. He knew Mr. Baliano better—and the Anchorage Cafe too. She looked around the place—it was the first time it had been empty this week—at the green linoleum floors, at booths, cream with green trimmings, at the green covers of the high stools. Two weeks was a pretty short time to get sick of a place. She ought to be glad she'd gotten this, after all. And there was Mike. He was really a swell partner—always saving her work and everything. And he had asked her to go on the boat trip over to the island tomorrow afternoon and dance and then take the midnight sail home. She hadn't been to the island yet and there would be a full moon on the water. They would stand on the bow and let the wind blow their hair and watch the gulls dipping in the moonlight. It would be wonderful. But it was the devil to pay with Mr. Baliano on the rampage now. And it was hell between twelve and one, with only the two of them there. Monday wasn't so bad as most days, though.

Oh, Mr. Baliano was yelling again. Mike was at the kitchen door answering something. She sighed as she saw a couple of men enter and sit at the counter. One she knew. He was Jim Something-or-other and he worked in that salt water taffy place on the boardwalk. Seemed like an awfully decent sort. The other was a stranger. They sat down. The stranger eyed her and grinned. "Nice joint you got here, sister." She asked them coldly for their order. Hamburgers and coffee—be sure and put onions in the hamburgers; she'd be sure. She turned her back and pushed some half-fried cakes to the hottest part of the stove. She heard "Jim" tell the other what a swell idea it was to get off and eat early—got better service and all that.

"You mean you get more attention from the waitresses—"

"Shut up." Jim's voice was lower. She was relieved. Then she sensed Mike by her side and glanced up to see a scowl on his face.

"Better let me wait on them."

"I'll finish, thanks."

"Go on then, Miss Independent. Just thought I'd help you out."

"Don't need it, thanks."

She was really grateful to him for being so thoughtful, but he needn't know that. Never a good idea to let a man know too much.

She took off the hamburgers, poured some coffee, and set the food before the two men without a word. The one whom she didn't know caught at her hand as she turned to leave them.

"Got a date tonight, honey?"

"Cut it out." Jim yanked the other's arm away and looked apologetically at Gerry.

"Anything else?" Gerry's voice was quiet.

"No, thanks."

She was glad to go wait on an old man at the other end of the counter—Mike was in the kitchen again—and busied herself scrambling some eggs. She couldn't help hearing bits of the men's conversation as it tumbled out over the empty room.

The stranger was teasing Jim about his girl, but somehow, this was a sore point. It came out that only yesterday they had quarrelled again—over a broken date or something; Gerry was listening almost unconsciously. It seemed he had asked her to go to the Sunday afternoon band concert in the Park and she couldn't go on account of relatives' coming and then he'd seen her on the beach and gotten real sore and she'd explained about the relatives' not coming but then she got sore because he'd gotten so mad even before he'd heard the story and hadn't believed her and he was sick about the whole thing—and a little cynical too. He said now that he might have been wrong this time but she always did take too much for granted. Jim couldn't make her out at all—it seemed he didn't know quite where he stood. But the stranger objected that probably Jim was just as bad as the girl.

"Oh, I know you. You're so damned proud."

Jim muttered some reply.

"Tough luck, Jim, anyhow,—Really must be somebody else."

"Must be."

Gerry felt rather sorry for Jim, in a vague sort of way. Funny how much she knew about him when she didn't even know him.

"Why don't you get around with the other girls—make her jealous?"

"Cut it out. You know, Pat's the only girl I care—"

"O. K."—"Just thought you wanted advice—"

The conversation lagged and there were

(Continued on page 30)

## Abelard and Heloise

Lissom and lovely in her sea-green gown,  
 Sunlight an aureole about her head,  
 She sat, her brows drawn in a tiny frown,  
 Reflecting on things Abelard had said.  
 His were the thoughts on which her young soul fed.  
 Loving at first his mind and mastery,  
 She grew to love himself, most utterly.

Summer in Brittany—the fields were fair,  
 The apple trees in fragrant whiteness dressed.  
 Peter twined flowers for his lady's hair,  
 While she against his shoulder lay at rest.  
 And they found joy divine, although unblessed.  
 Heloise turned her face up for a kiss,  
 And both believed the world well lost for this.

Now Heloise, shut in by Convent gates,  
 Her soul from bitter dregs of passion free,  
 Forgets the world, its ecstasies and hates,  
 And goes her quiet way of ministry.  
 But in her heart there aches a memory  
 Of youth: her tower room with door unbarred,  
 And Brittany's green fields—and Abelard.

VIRGINIA HODGES

## Mood of a Snowy Midnight

EDWARD POST

A soul runs in tireless haste  
 Across the wide, white night  
 Snow-covered, past the waste  
 Of thought and fashioned dreams,  
 Free of will and light,  
 Of purposive and patterned schemes.

This midnight-chilly peace  
 Is sustenance soul-sought  
 In vain in smoke and grease,  
 In churns and stews of power  
 And long, electric-taut  
 Neglect of the simple, worthless flower.

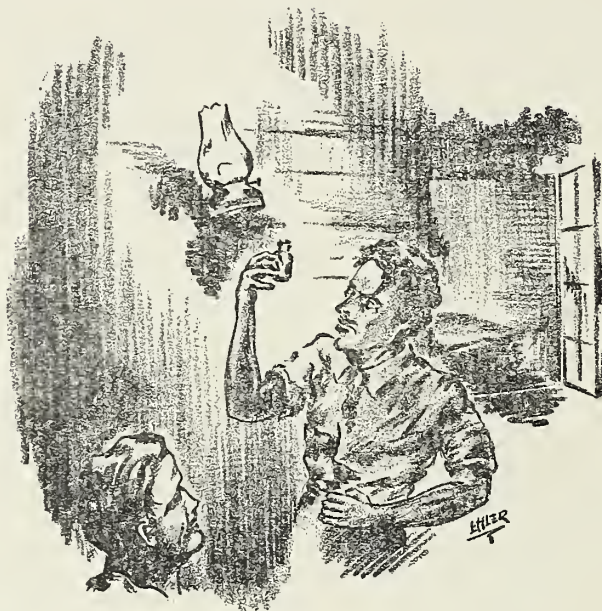
Here runs the soul wind-free  
 In lyric strides of sense  
 To feel and not to see,  
 To touch the spirits' strength,  
 Whose broken bodies, dense  
 With night, have lost their pain at length.



# Life Is the Way Out

JANE DUSENBURY

Illustrated by BILL LITTLER



IN THE EVENING in Las Cruces, Mexico, every sound echoes through the hot, still air for great distances around, and finally falls and dies in the expanses of surrounding sage brush and pampas grass. At that time the sun gathers fury before it sinks to sleep awhile, and showers Las Cruces with a coppery, intangible haze. Then all the mongrels in town go yapping hungrily home, their feet flecking up puffs of copper dust from the street. And soon it is dark.

Oil lamps flicker sporadically about the town. There is the sound of earthenware supper dishes thudding gently together, and of soft Latin voices and of laughter, low and permeating. In a little while a piano begins to play on the one street of the town—loose chords at first, then melodies and jazz imported from the states. Doors slam, and feet go jop-jopping through the dust to El Retrato, the rendezvous of wine, gossip, and guns. Brightly lighted, rapidly it grows more crowded and noisier.

This night, inside, sat one American named Giles Fletcher. He was youngish, with seeing eyes. He had lately finished his medical internship, and the pallor of a hospital's sunlessness still clung in the creases around his eyes. The rest of his face, and his wrists and hands, were bronzed and weathered by the Las Cruces sun. This was a vacation for him before

he started practice of his life's work. He wanted to save lives. The idea was a glory and a passion with him. It was there inside him all the time. Even now, upstairs under his cot was a kit of chemicals with which he experimented—on animals, on himself. Saving lives! The idea was God-like. He wondered tremendously how men could kill other men. He had worked years to learn to save lives, lives that hung by threads; he would work years yet, all his life, until he'd saved all he could but his own, until he became weary and died. These long sunny days, unpunctuated by hurrying hours, and these softly wiling nights were a balm, a space, before he began.

Tonight he would have liked good company—somebody to gently work his mind—somebody with ideas—maybe anybody that spoke decent English.

The door of El Retrato was shoved open, and a man came in. He walked with quick, unsteady steps, clutching on to things as he walked—the door handle, a chair back, and a show case filled with stale peanuts, then the wooden counter. He was thin, with a bony, sharp face, and little ears and long straw hair. He said something rapidly to José, the proprietor, who did not understand, shrugged, and muttered Spanish.

"No comprendo," he said.

Giles felt an inward glow. An English speaking, American citizen. Fletcher rose and went to shake hands with him.

"Name's Fletcher. How do you do, sir. Come sit down, won't you?"

The fellow threw back a torrent of words. "How d'you do, sir. Thank you, thank you! See here, sir. I want to pass the night. Can't seem to make this chappy get the drift, you see. Name's Barnett, 'kyou sir."

Fletcher coaxed out some Spanish to José, who shrugged and pointed upstairs, and looked suspiciously at the agitated newcomer.

"You can stay up with me if you don't mind the close quarters," Giles said. "But have a drink. It's just dark, early yet."

"Yes, appreciate it. Weak, I am. No strength at all. All the fire out of me. Lungs bad, awfully bad. Look, I'll take your arm if you don't mind, and lop down into this chair. Nothing to drink. Tell the chappy nothing. Had to stop the night here, on my way to the city. Bad if chappy doesn't like it. I say, I'm empty in my veins. No blood nor marrow."

Giles watched the fellow purely objectively. Easily in the last stages of consumption—the very last. But with lung deflation, and a year of dry air, he might get over it. There'd be a life saved. It was awful, the way men could pluck other men from the brim of death.

Barnett was talking again, looking around avidly at all the faces in the room. For a while the faces had watched the newcomer, but now they were back at their keno, and dice, and torquilla, and stories. The piano played jangles, and Barnett was talking above the racket.

"Look, Fletcher, it's loud in here. Loud and stinking. I say we get out on the pampas, on a couple of these pintos here. You'd give me a hoist aboard one. There's a moon up. Ask chappy now, for a couple of pintos. I swear it, I'm sweating, and this smoke is bad on me inside."

"Willing here, fellow, if you like."

Giles wheedled José again, and José gave him the key to the pony barn. Barnett followed Giles out, moving as though his joints were wired together, and jerked by uncertain strings. He held

(Continued on page 31)



# In Memoriam

HELEN LESLIE

WRY LAUGHTER, Mary my child, you and your wry laughter, summon it up now for you'll need it always—from now on it's your only shield—the one sure defense mechanism. You know your psychology-defense mechanisms—we all have them—all need them. And wry laughter is the best and besides you have a talent for it, a latent genius. Wry laughter, with a knowing twist of the mouth, and a sardonic lifting of the left eye-brow, with a weary shrug of What does it matter? You do it well now, but you'll do it better. You'll learn and all the rest of your life you'll make that wry, dry cackling,—empty, infinitely sad. That's your fate—Oh merciful Gods—wry laughter. But you can get used to anything in this life—or so they say—and now you'll damn well have to. For you're committed, my girl, the decision is made, you didn't exactly make it yourself, but then—anyhow stop rationalizing—the decision is made—that's a relief, no more mental conflict, certainly not. And you can always take another drink.

That's one thing you've got to say for this crew—they're free with their liquor when they have it, and somehow they usually have it—though they haven't much money and never will have—they'll never be financial successes, these little playmates of yours. But they'll write you subtle sonnets in the fashionable frustration manner—subtle sonnets of love that never was—sonnets of weak lust expanded into honest-to-God passion—smooth little clever sonnets analysing love and lust and thee and me to nothingness, and always they'll be just slightly greasy and more than a little unpressed, with a stale flavor. But you're committed now—after last night you're one of them—oh definitely.

For after all, here you are with a clump of snoring bristle pressed into your shoulder—that nicely modeled shoulder that Michael admired—Oh yes, Michael admired it, but he wasn't having any, thank you. He admired your shoulder and your character and your brains and you in general but he wasn't having you at any price. For Michael had a conscience and a deep-grooved pathway for his life—and he was getting too fond of you—Michael wanted no emotional complications—not he. And he couldn't be bothered with such as you—Michael was afraid—after all who wants romantic school girlish love these days? So when he saw how things were going Michael fled, the dignified

Michael turned tail to and fled still clutching his dignity as he ran. For Michael wasn't going to have you on his conscience and wasn't going to have you in his way and you were in love.—Oh very much in love—and you had to tell it like a fool and Michael didn't want your love, so with smooth paternal phrases Michael eased out and fled.

And you can laugh wry at that—it's really rather sad though, for you had love to offer, Honest-to-God genuine, guaranteed love and it's rather rare these days, but the one thing Michael didn't want was love—anything but love, but not that. And that's the thing our forlorn little race seems to want but not Michael. And anyhow you're getting sloppy and sentimental and sentimentality is the ultimate sin and you know it—so a little more wry laughter, please—grind it out, that's a good child. If you haven't learned by now there's no hope on earth for you—wry laughter or you haven't got a prayer—twitch that eyebrow, writhe the corner of your mouth but don't shrug right now, my dear, you might wake up the bristle.

But getting back to Michael, good honorable Michael who fled from your love—the honorable Michael—for he was an honorable man was Michael and wouldn't let you thrust your love on his conscience—an honorable man, so are they all, all, honorable men and who said that? Why old Will, to be sure—Oh, you were always good at spots, another little talent of yours for you're a versatile young person, and it's nice to have a sideline 'though wry laughter, the wryest and the driest and the saddest—that's your real forte. Well then, this honorable man, this Michael and his graceful phrases, paternal graceful phrases that eased you out of his door and out of his life. That you were very young, my child—romantic and young—and soon this would pass, this little flurry, this romantic notion—and would be forgotten with the blessed facility of youth—youth, blessed facility, forgetful youth. That was you, Mary. And that was why Michael fled—fled youth and inexperience and love. Ah well, you can leave the inexperience to Time—the youth and love, too—Time will take care of them all. But Michael wasn't having any, though he was duly grateful and thank you very much, very much indeed but not today, thank you. Or perhaps not tonight, young Josephine. But

you can stop that, too. For triteness is the second ultimate sin. And so the big seduction scene never came off, though it would have if you had held your tongue, you fool—the time, the place and the man all set for a popular love-song or a nice satisfactory seduction scene and what stopped you? Why, youth and inexperience and love, for Michael fled such things. But you were hell-bent on seduction—nice word, that—seduction—prim and old-fashioned and genteel—but you weren't exactly prim about your seduction, my girl, nor genteel. Oh no, you were damn brazen. Because it didn't matter and nothing mattered and you were drunk and blurry and needed a violent reaction—there's nothing like a violent reaction—absolutely nothing like it. So you went and got your lovelorn self a nice violent reaction.

You put on that dress, that black one that does things for you. Not, of course, that there was anything wrong with your shape—it was all quite in keeping with your nicely modeled shoulders that Michael admired, that Jimmy wanted to paint and after all he will now—now that you're a member in good standing, dues all paid up—Oh to be sure, you're a member now, you're committed. So in that black dress you went from bar to bar, from glare to glare, from one liquor reek to the next and you went quite alone. After all, it was the appropriate, the magnificent gesture—to get drunk all by your little lonesome. After such a charming easing-out, graceful turndown and final. After all this, what does anyone do? One gets drunk, of course, preferably alone. One has a violent reaction. It's quite in order, my girl, in the best romantic tradition—to get drunk, drunk with a dark and significant brooding, with fluent and knowing cynicism, with a lift of the eyebrow.

And so, Mary, you got yourself well lit and the lights glittered and wavered and the music beat and beat and pounded. Pounded, in rhythm with your pounding, beating, through your heart, through your head. For after all and after all, it was quite the real McCoy, your love—and a precious lot of good your loving did. For there you were getting drunk and also drunker, making the gesture—in memoriam—last tribute to the one real emotion you ever owned, the one real sentiment that ever you felt and that to what end?

(Continued on page 21)





# From Cover to Cover

## CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

### **Portraits and Self-Portraits.** **By George Schrieber. Houghton Mifflin.**

Here is a novel idea that makes an unusually interesting book. Mr. Schrieber has made portrait sketches of forty of the most important figures in contemporary literature,—not photographic portraits but Life-Portraits, as he calls them. There is a faint tinge of caricature in Mr. Schrieber's work, but this is the mild sort of satirical eye that lends his subject a gratifying realism and a vividness that amazes one when he realizes what short and simple work the artist has done.

More interesting, however, than these graphic portraits are the word-portraits—self-portraits—which the subjects have done. One suspects that they will remain interesting as long as the authors themselves are read, and most of them will be read for a number of years to come.

There are certain self-portraits that are not particularly interesting or stimulating in themselves. There might be some value in those ones in their indication of the writer's personality. William Rose Benet, for instance, in his autobiographical sketch, strives to be funny or coy—it is difficult to say which. It is not difficult to say, however, that he *is* coy,—and not funny.

Albert Einstein, on the other hand, is brief and profound. He writes:

"Of what is significant in one's existence one is hardly aware, and it certainly should not bother the other fellow. What does a fish know about the water in which it swims all its life?"

"The bitter and the sweet come from the outside, the hard from within, from one's own efforts. For the most part I do the thing which my own nature drives me to do. It is shameful to earn so much respect and love for it. Arrows of hate have been shot at me, too; but they never hit me, because somehow they belonged to another world, with which I have no connection whatsoever.

"I live in that solitude which is painful in youth, but delicious in the years of maturity."

Lion Feuchtwanger is clever and facetious; Robert Frost sketches in verse; Sinclair Lewis is prankishly naïve; Somerset Maugham is piquantly brisk; Franz Werfel, with a black cigar in his fist, is abrupt and contemptuous; Thomas Mann and Thomas Wolfe write long sketches, which one would expect.

All in all this is a most delightful gallery of personalities in the literary world, and brief as the self-portraits are, each gives a definite impression of its author.

EDWARD POST.

### **Clutch and Differential.** **By George Weller. Random House.**

Mr. Weller's novel is more or less an experiment. As the title suggests, the author utilizes symbolism as a medium for getting across his idea; his idea appearing to be that modern American life is as mechanized as the machines, the predominance of which so distinguish twentieth century America from any other past era. As a technical device for conveying this impression Mr. Weller writes long chapter headings about automobiles. These are superfluous, fail in serving Mr. Weller's symbolic purpose, and the reader soon learns to skip them.

The technical structure of the book is rather unique in that Mr. Weller writes chapters which are, in themselves, complete, well-rounded short stories. He has connected these loosely by bringing the same character into one or many of the stories. The character may serve as the protagonist of one story and be only casually mentioned in another. This gives a kaleidoscopic effect and conveys, as Mr. Weller intended, the impression of life's essential vagueness and ephemerality. But of plot the book has none. It is completely subjective and lacks all the formality of the usual novel. It has no objective characterization.

Not because of its originality, which is only to be praised, but because of an inherent organic defect, the book lacks an intensity and depth which the reader feels the book might well have had, had the author been less in a hurry to startle the public. Some of the stories, considered in isolation, are splendid. Throughout the book Mr. Weller reveals a remarkable psychological insight into human nature.

It would have been a noteworthy artistic achievement had he woven his stories more closely together and given the book a substance more endurable than the innards of an automobile. These last are lifeless, they rust, they clash, they grind harshly, and they grow ineffectual. And that is what Mr. Weller's book, though interesting and to be encouraged as an experiment, tends to do.

ROBERT WILSON.

### **Three Worlds.** **By Carl Van Doren. Harper.**

The majority of reviewers seem to have been especially, and rightly, delighted with this book's character-sketches of contemporary figures, but Mr. Van Doren's more personal speculations on the *tempora* and *mores* of America's past half century deserve no less attention. The *Three Worlds* he has known appear to him sharply divided by the Great War and the Depression—and even at this point we may be cheered to see the latter placed confidently in the past—the personal worlds of the author have been village, town, and city; university, journalism, and 'Literature'. In his personal and the external world Mr. Van Doren appears to discern clearly, or as clearly as possible, the essential qualities of events and people, but he disclaims any power of prophecy.

The book is a treasure house of well-selected expression and anecdote. Mr. Van Doren remembers Robinson's brief observation, "Kipling's poetry is better than most people think." Those who are not fond of Kipling will probably be able to find comments to their own taste. As a literary picture of the Post-war America the volume is probably the best to date, and later historians will draw heavily upon it.

The style is simple, self-confident and highly readable, though there are occasional 'sentimentalisms'. An already famous passage on Elinor Wylie might have been somewhat more restrained. The fact that Carl Van Doren has been allowed to become, as he remarks, an expert and has long enjoyed the reputation of an authority produces a detachable pride in his memoir, but to no objectionable extent.

K. HAYES.





*...one of the first  
pleasures of 1937*



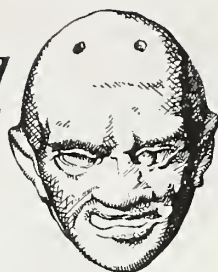
*Enjoy* **Chesterfield**

*—for the good things  
smoking can give you*



# Masks and Grease Paint

## CURRENT PLAYS IN REVIEW



# Of the Boards

Chadwick Callaghan

### OF GIELGUD:

One greatly suspects that if Mr. Shakespeare arose from the dead and made an appearance at a modern production of *Hamlet*, the actors would guiltily strut and fret their hour upon the stage. I do not mean to infer that they are not sincere in their interpretation of the parts; they are merely playing ball with the producers, audiences and critics. But maybe that is as it should be. Perhaps Mr. Shakespeare would do the same thing—if he did not desert the ever uncertain stage altogether to give his undivided attention to courting the muse.

John Gielgud realizes we have made, what is called, progress in the art of acting and has felt at liberty to adopt relatively new methods to the roll of "Hamlet." It is apparent throughout that he is an ardent student of the "Form." Nimbleness is his predominating characteristic. He catches and throws the ball, as it were, with one motion. Whether it is in the delicate art of flicking an eye lash, or in the manly act of brandishing a sword, he displays such grace and agility as to arouse the envy of any vaudeville idol who wished to play the part.

However, Mr. Gielgud sets a fast pace for himself. Perhaps it is because he wishes to out-shine his supporting cast. At any rate, he has reason to respect their abilities. Arther Byron, as Polonius, and Lillian Gish, as Ophelia, stars in their own right, do exceptionally well in minor rôles. The entire cast seems to strive for one effect. Had Guthrie McClintic not deleted the lines in a few instances he would have given the audience more frequent breathing spells. As it is, the high intensity of emotion is almost as unbroken as in *King Lear*.

In contrast with Leslie Howard's production, John Gielgud's settings and costumes are far less elaborate—thanks to Jo Mielziner. His theory is that splendor detracts attention from the actor. But this is not wherein his production excels. It

is in the acting itself. Mr. Howard lived the part; Mr. Gielgud acts it. In ancient Rome slaves took the parts of men who were murdered in the plays and were actually put to death. That was not acting. Any interpretation which those men gave the characters they represented was purely subjective. John Gielgud's art is objective.

### OF CUCKOLDS AND FALSE WITS:

Ruth Gordon, in *The Country Wife*, is the epitome of comic actors in a season which is conspicuous for its lack of tragedy. Her rôle is eclectic, being a creation of William Wycherley, Tyrone Guthrie, Lawrence Langner and, lastly, Miss Gordon herself. She is master of every situation. Whether it is wilting before the vile villainy of her husband, soliloquizing, or swooning before the charms of that delightful rake, Mr. Horner, her lithe body and perfectly controlled voice combine to express an uproarious satire on melodramatic acting.

### OF BY, AND FOR, COWARD:

The sophisticated Mr. Coward convinces us, in his repertoire of Nine One-act Plays, that his versatility lies in the general field of the theatre and not in the limited scope of acting. His genius lies in plays set to music, such as *Family Album*, and not in such mechanically devised farces as *Ways and Means*. However, the superb acting of Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Coward's appeal to his own fascinated feminine audience saves such plays as he has seen fit to use for the purpose of padding the program.

### OF COMRADES MOFFITT AND LEWIS:

There seems to be nothing in *It Can't Happen Here* that would justify the continuance of the Federal Theatre unless it is the easy access to the drama it affords the less fortunate wage-earner. One would

think, judging from the number of unemployed artists in New York, that the scenery would be better. However, it is possible that the director felt this unnecessary because of the little chance the audience is given to scrutinize it. For the changes are many—if not rapid.

The eagerness of Mr. Lewis to capitalize on the propaganda market is as evident in the play as it is in the novel from which it was adapted.

### OF BRAIN AND BRAWNE:

If you can imagine the articulate John Keats having to refer to his notes while reciting a love poem to Fanny Brawne, you will guess the results of William Whitehead's filling the buskins of Robert Harris, in *Aged 26*, at a minute's notice. He miraculously transforms a tragedy into a new kind of tragic-comedy. However, the process is not without its compensations—if you can imagine. . . .

The author's conception of Keats is somewhat adolescent in that she treats him as a dashing "Lochinvar" instead of a living (or half-living) man. After all, not all poets are beautiful angels ineffectually beating their wings.

### OF LOCAL COLOR:

Gregoria and Maria Martinez have created a paradox in *The Cradle Song*. Setting out to write a play of atmosphere, they little realized that they chose a scene in which to lay it that would not admit of any action what-so-ever and still retain that atmosphere. For, what is so conducive to the mood of a convent as inactivity? And what is so destructive to the mood of a convent as petty gossiping and quarreling. Perhaps the authors wished to emphasize their saintly characters by contrasting them with busybodies and quibblers. Even if such is the case, they have defeated their original purpose.

The Duke Players do very well under the circumstances.

## The Story of Benny the Horse

(Continued from page 3)

track. The Horse and the Maiden amble into Joe the Book's to wait for the 2:30 race. The Horse begins a conversation with the Book which is a very easy thing to do as it is well known that the Book is a character who is very fond of talking. In the meantime the Maiden is edging his way over toward the clock which is an electric clock. It is well known that the Book is very proud of this clock as it was given to him by his brother Society Jake who at present is residing in the cell next to the Maiden's on Governor's Island but which he doesn't mind as he is very fond of the ocean ever since he is born on Staten Island. At 2:25 the Maiden

pulls the plug out and stops the clock when no one is looking which is very easy to do as when the Book is talking he does not wish any uneducated characters hanging around the premises."

"The race goes off at 2:30 and three minutes later who comes in but the Gent who asks for a pack of V-cigarettes. Now it is well known that the Gent is a character who smokes C—for years, but V—is the code word which informs the Horse that Slappa Lady comes in and pays more than \$20. The Horse asks the Book if he would kindly extend a century marker on Slappa Lady and the Book is only too happy to do this as this is a sorry horse

and as he sees it is only 2:25 by the electric clock which is the only clock in the place because the Book is very proud of this clock. The Maiden slips in the plug to start the clock again and out walks the Horse, the Gent, and the Maiden which should prove to you that the Horse is a genius, my friend."

Charlie concludes with a pained expression on his pan as he is very fond of the Horse and is anxious for me to appreciate the Horse's genius. At this point who walks in but the Horse himself and asks Charlie for a mere half buck to eat with as the Horse is a character who is very particular about eating.

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## The Seventh Quilt

(Continued from page 4)

"Aubelia," she said, "you've been smoking in the cellar again."

Aubelia looked sheepish.

"No mam."

"Now, Aubelia," said Grandmother sternly, "tish't any use to story. I can smell it on you now. You know Louisa doesn't want you smoking in the house."

"Yessum."

"I shan't tell on you this time, but you run along and mind your own business, and don't bother me till I ring."

Aubelia grinned good naturedly and left. Grandmother laughed softly to herself. Couldn't fool her. Still smiling with sly satisfaction, she jumped up and hugging the shawl around her chest, stepped over to the bureau. Fumbling in her handkerchief box, she brought out a pair of large horn-rimmed glasses with magnifying lens. She had bought these for a dollar one day when Louisa's back was turned. She put these on and fumbled in the box again. This time she brought out a little key, with this she unlocked the closet door, and dragging a chair over climbed up on it to reach the top shelf. One of the rollers of the chair was missing, and it swayed perilously. Grandmother felt a bit dizzy, but undaunted. She took down a yellow cardboard box.

How Louisa would be shocked, she was thinking—but Louisa must not know. At least, not until she had finished. There was only one more to do now. She sat down in her chair and opened the box almost reverently. Scraps of silk, satin and

brocade lay in neat piles. This was her last quilt—one for her great-granddaughter. She felt the scraps with trembling fingers. An upholsterer friend of her husband had given them to her many years ago. Slowly year by year she had turned them into quilts. There was one for each of the family, six already done, and this last which would make the seventh. They were a secret. The family knew she had worked on them from time to time, but they believed that she had left them in her old house when she had moved. She was beginning on the seventh when Dr. Woolf nearly spoiled everything by forbidding her to use her eyes, but it would take more than a Yankee doctor with new-fangled ideas to keep her down. She had worked when Louisa was not there to stop her, and had nearly finished the last quilt.

Grandmother felt a little thrill of pride. How Louisa would gasp when she saw the quilts—one for each, Louisa, Mary, Jean, all of them. Six, all laid away with a name pinned on each one, and the seventh nearly finished. She caught her breath. Perhaps she could finish it today.

She dragged her chair over to the window and began to sew rapidly with her beautiful little feather stitches, patching and piecing the bright little scraps together into an even pattern.

She did piece well, she thought. She had pieced her first quilt at six, sitting at the stern, black silk knee of a great aunt. By sixteen she had made ten. Jean couldn't sew anything, hardly a button on

her coat. Louisa wasn't raising her right. She was probably even now at one of those moving picture shows. Grandmother had been to one herself. She had gone with Louisa and Jean to see "Little Women." She had enjoyed that, but they had shown another picture besides, something full of wild music and row after row of girls, indecently clothed, swinging their legs in time to it. Grandmother flushed a little as she thought of it. Then a negro woman in an evening dress had gotten up and sung. She shuddered at the recollection. Her dear father would have had the manager driven out of town for showing such a thing. She remembered saying this at the time to Louisa. What was it Jean had said? Something about Grandpa being on the front row. Flippant! Children had no respect for their elders anymore—living or dead.

The sun began to sink. Grandmother sewed faster, she was going to finish it—the last one. She was tired, but her heart leaped a little at the thought.

It was getting so dusky she could hardly see. She snipped the last thread. There, it was finished. It lay over her knees in all its splendor—the most beautiful of all, prettier even than Jean's. Its colors were soft in the dusk—gold, blue, old rose.

Grandmother stroked it gently. She was tired, her eyes hurt, but the quilt was finished. The very last quilt.

The sun sank below the house next door. She felt chilly, and wrapped the quilt around her. She really should get



ready for dinner, but it was so peaceful in the dusk. She heard the car drive into the garage. Then Louisa's voice calling. She would not go down, she decided. She was too tired. She would stay upstairs in the gathering dusk with her quilt. It was quite comfortable—yes, quite comfortable and the quilt was so beautiful.

She was tired, so terribly, terribly weary. If only they would leave her alone. Her head was whirling; great waves of blackness were engulfing her.

She heard Louisa coming up the steps.

Louisa would be angry, but she would not argue with Louisa; she was too tired—too tired. Louisa was so stubborn—stubborn like her father, but she would never have Dr. Wooff. Louisa couldn't make her. Yankees! Everyone knew there was no culture above the Mason-Dixon line. She was so tired of them—Louisa was so stubborn, Jean so impudent—

The quilt was lovely. It was so soft and warm. She felt herself sinking under it, down, down her consciousness a thin humming string unwinding as she sank.

## Fiction is Stranger

(Continued from page 5)

nomenon. Nothing smaller'n Texas is stopping this body." He noted the address, got under his hat, and hurried out.

"Taxi," he shouted and climbed in. "Drive, jehu, to Casey's quick-hash resort at the coming-together of 13rd and Junction Ave." From Casey's George taxied to Bennett Field and booked a one-man reservation for New Orleans, to which village he wired for a seat by wing to San Antonio, Texas. Three sixty-minute periods later he was established in the transport cabin reading *Heart Of The West* by O. Henry, going south.

IN A Moment of thoughtlessness, Science made a law that no two bodies could occupy the same space at the same time. For this reason things that have been happening simultaneously have to be related separately.

One week before George migrated south, Mr. Donald F. Falcon, heretofore known as the gentleman from Texas, who had a mustache—that is, the mustache had the gentleman, not Texas—entered the "awfululawoffice" of Mr. Pennypincher. It was his second visit.

"I have here," said Falcon unnecessarily, "a copy of the story I mentioned to you last week."

"You refer to some hitherto unpublished stories by O. Henry?" queried the lawyer.

"Your memory," mocked Falcon, "is marvellous." Pennypincher disregarded Falcon's remarks.

"Have you uncontested and legal validity to the ownership of same?" he asked. Falcon looked puzzled.

"Undoubtedly," he replied dubiously.

"Very well." Pennypincher reached for the document. "I shall find, recommend, and send this to a market by tomorrow night. Your name will be used, but all correspondence goes through this office."

"And the fee?" asked Falcon.

"Ten per cent," replied the lawyer with his fingers crossed in his vest pocket. Falcon rose.

Hurrying out leisurely, this latter gentleman betook his person to points distant. Betimes and at length, he arrived at an edifice\* called headquarters, where he found Mr. Duplin reading a book entitled *Heart Of The West* by one O. Henry.

"Good boy," Falcon complimented Duplin, his partner, "assiduously at work I see."

At length Duplin answered immediately. "Yes," he said, "he's good."

"Who is?"

"O. Henry!"

"You mean us," said Falcon editorially. "Pennypincher fell like a ton of Bethlehem steel on Uranus."

"Which interpreted means . . .?" asked Duplin.

"He bit, stupid! With him as a buffer we're saffer'n a baby's rattle. And only ten per cent!"

"The rest of which. . . ."

". . . is divided between us forty-sixty," supplied the patient Falcon.

Duplin raised his right I-brow.

"Forty-sixty, my second-hand typewriter!" he exclaimed. "This is 50-50, strictly business. Who wrote those gems, anyhow? Duplin! Who thought up bright plots? Duplin! Who read the dictionary and Roguet's Thesaurus? Duplin! Who strung O. Henry phrases together for six months? Duplin! Who. . . ."

"Cabbages," snorted Falcon, "and Kings. My brain is worth the whole four million. You takes forty and no options."

Duplin almost dropped his face.

"How much will forty per cent equal to?" he acquiesced.

"Leave that to Pennypincher," Falcon

replied, "Pennypincher and the gentle editors."

"Gentle!" Duplin murmured, thinking of his rejection slip full of trunks.

Falcon continued uninterrupted. "And," he added, "when we have unloaded these tales upon the public, we shall emigrate Englandward. I hear that there is or was a bright fellow there named Kipling, a name upon which we will be able to capitalize."

"Anything," sighed Duplin, "to get rid of the ghost of O. Henry." Quite suddenly, for no evident reason, he hurled *Whirligigs* out the hole in the wall, technically termed a window. There was a dull thud as the book struck an impressionable object and fell to the Texas soil. Falcon patiently shrugged his mustache and ventured forth to retrieve the book.

"I could," said Falcon on his return, "have sworn I heard somebody runnin'." His co-partner looked surprised.

"Ghosts," said Duplin, "make no noise."

TWO Sunsets later Falcon called on Pennypincher, who began speaking before he opened his mouth—that is, before Falcon opened his (Falcon's) mouth.†

"I have collected, assimilated, and reduced the American magazine market," he said, "to its highest numerator: viz., a magazine bearing the sanguinary appellation *Crimson Book*, but which, nevertheless, pays the highest prices first."

"Very well," replied the inundated Falcon, "when does the MSS go to that *sanctum sanctorum*?"

"It was sent two days after yesterday," Pennypincher said.

"Would you mind enclosing this letter when it was sent tomorrow?" asked Falcon trying not to be funny.

"Certainly," said Pennypincher; "I mean, No, I wouldn't mind. And bye the bye, you might drop in again about three days hence. News." Falcon agreed and left right away.

"Ten per cent, bah!" Pennypincher snorted after the closed door. The pecuniary vampires! I harbor an extraordinarily strong-founded suspicion that Messers Falcon and accomplice will only get about fifty per cent on this deal." He rubbed his right shoulder. "Books," he added, "could almost be considered deadly weapons, especially when they are hurled out through glassless windows in the dark."

AS prompt as the ardent lover, who, sighing furnace-like, has promised his dream that he would meet her at such—

† Drat the English system of pronominal adjectives. We mean that he (Pennypincher) began speaking before he (Falcon) opened his (Falcon's) mouth.

\* Shack.

and-such a place at thus-and such-a-time, and does just that, so prompt was Falcon.

In simpler language, Falcon reappeared at Pennypincher's office at the time stipulated by the latter. "Any noos, uncle?" quereed the widely-read Falcon.

"Yes," admitted Pennypincher. Falcon's mustache described a circuitous and anomalous route about his finger; he said:

"Good," unreassuringly. "And how much will your ten per equal?" Meaning, of course, what would his nine-tenths be.

"Your ninety percent," answered the lawyer, "has stock-marketed\* to fifty."

"Yes?" sneered the Falcon. He had been afraid this would happen. "Bullets," he added, "have a velocity of 1,122 feet per second!"

"Judges," countered the lawyer, "have a peculiar distaste for forgers. There is an alarming amount of evidence, you know. However, if you are agreeable, you and the Duplin will divide the other 50 per."

Falcon shook his knowing head. "So—oo-ol!" he said, revising Duplin's observation, "ghosts make no noise, but lawyers aren't. . . ." The connotative value of his voice supplied the rest.

"Being beside the point," Pennypincher replied, "that fact is irrelevant. I shall arrange for the immediate disposal of the remaining gems."

"They'll be ready in two days," Falcon said, rising to leave. "By the road-side, how much will my nine—er, our fifty be?" Pennypincher handed him a pre-prepared check. Falcon took the check, gathered his component parts together, and utterly departed. As he was in the second stage of this process, Pennypincher advised his dropping in the next nite.

Early the next evening following the above, the lawyer (we blush at the epithet) the law—that is, Pennypincher was seated in front of his desk with outspread legs; he became conscious of a rapping at his chamber door.

"Come in," called Pennypincher without moving. The door creaked, opened; creaked, shut.

"Well, my dear bird, Fal—" he began, but was interrupted.

"The name," said his visitor, "is George P. Preston." Pennypincher swung around abruptly, apologized vociferously.

"Well, well-l-l-l, Mr. Preston, this indeed an honor, an unlooked for pleasure, to be sure!"

George's repartee failed to get above seventy. "I come as unofficial representative," he managed to say, "of *Crimson Book*. We have received some interesting and very unusual stories from this address. I confess I hardly expected to see a lawyer."

"Quite true," chuckled the law—I mean Pennypincher. "But the gentleman who made the discovery is working thru me. It is indeed remarkable that a round dozen literary gems should be found here in Texas, though it is true that O. Henry did some of his best writing here." (This last was pure conjecture.)

"Yes," said George, "O. Henry was a unique formula-ist." Pennypincher bestowed upon George a penetrating gaze.

"I believe," said he, "I can assure you as to their genuineness. George conversed awhile longer, ferreting out pieces of equivocated information. "Well," George rose to go, "I just wanted to make sure. One can never be too careful these days."

"True," replied Pennypincher, "one has to be ever on the alert to get even fifty-per—that is, ah, to get the most out of any situation."

George left. He passed a shrewd-looking man in the waiting room with a brief case. Once out of the building, he (George) meditated against a lamp-post.

"Pennypincher," he mused, "is an unskilled prevaricator. The mustache in the waiting room is evidently an accomplice, the protagonist perhaps, but at the same time not the writer—he looks too smartly alert. I should say that both these gentlemen should be steered clear of. The author is the man I shall work with. Meanwhile, an appropriate telegram to the office would not be out of place."

Following the rule that actions follow ideas, George dispatched a night letter to the office forthwith, returning presently to take his post in the near vicinity of Pennypincher's office-lodgings. Falcon, appearing shortly, strode to what he and Duplin called home by a circuitous route. George followed as closely as bad-breath, and at length he stood on a desolate corner, noting the position thereof in a small book therefor.

Back at his hotel, George slept on the ceiling—of the room below; and the following morning he received an answer to his wire, Q. E. D.

"AM AMAZED AT YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS PERIOD IF THIS ISN'T GENUINE O. HENRY COMMA THAT GENTLEMAN DIDN'T WRITE QUOTE THE FURNISHED ROOM UNQUOTE PERIOD RUSH YOURSELF BACK NORTH OR YOU ARE COMMA MILDY SPEAKING COMMA FIRED. PENSILL, MANG-ED

"Some people," George sighed, "are quick to jump at conclusions. However . . ." He re-read again that last sentence, ". . . jobs are scarce . . . shall I not return, or shall I stay here?"

George hailed a taxi and told the driver to take a turn or two about the block. "Driver," he said after the first mental skirmish, rush me to the airp—no, don't! Take me to the corner of Alley and Hardnut streets." The taxi slid safely into

Hardnut street and waited. George walked half an alley-block and came upon a dilapidated edifice†. He knocked. The door opened!

"It didn't fall," said George brightly.

The man stared.

"The structure, I mean, when I knocked!"

"Well I'm a philanthromathematician," exclaimed Duplin.

"I thought so," George replied. "Is this the meeting house of the 'National Synod of Sharks?'" Duplin's head swam. This stranger, he thought, knew too much.

"What," Duplin managed to ask, "is your business here?"

"I'm here," George said, "to help you out of a hole."

"Me? What hole?"

George began to explain. At length he asked:

"Have you any of those remarkable stories left?"

"Right," said Duplin. "Ten. Why?"

"I'll give you \$1,000 for the ten if," said George, "you'll sign a confession and return to me with New York, or vers-vica. The confession, mind you, will do nothing more than 'disturb the optic nerves' of the managing editor, after which it will be consigned, pardon the metonymy, to Vulcan. One thousand dollars and a fresh start, *sine qua non*."

It was a crucial moment for Duplin, one of those few but inevitable times when an *inconsequential* decision changes the entire course of one's life. Actually it took Duplin only a minute or so to decide, but for the last four or five months he had been nursing an ill conscience, and perhaps unknowingly he had been building up an attitude of revolt toward the Falcon-directed life he was living, a life extremely circumvented by its lawless circumstances. Duplin had looked for a free life, but he had found to his paradoxical amazement that there was very little freedom outside of natural or even man-made law. But to George the decision seemed instantaneous.

"Have you an ink-filled pen?" asked Duplin. George produced that mechanical device, beaming an LLD smile. When at length Duplin had finished writing, George asked:

"When can you leave?"

"Without any delay at the latest," replied Duplin. George blinked.

"Pack your clothes."

"What clothes?" asked Duplin. "Falcon is chief crook and wallet-keeper around here. Is that taxi waiting for us?" And with one sweeping glance accompanied by

† Shack.

<sup>1</sup> A Latin idiom meaning 'without which nothing'. George's Latin came 2nd-handed thru O. Henry.

\* The editor is not responsible for the author's vocabulary.



a similar motion of the hand, Duplin gathered his miscellaneous into the confines of a poke and opened the door.

"In fiction," said George, "they leave a note."

"This," Duplin replied climactically, "is stranger than fiction."

AS WHEN, UPON A Rocky cliff, the wayfarer stands and shouts a startling sentence to the walls of rock across the chasm below him, and bends in strained attention to catch the Echo, so stand we now. Having hurled the sentence across, we stand eager to catch the Echo.

On the plane north Duplin ventured a suggestion, the exact wording of which he cannot claim to have invented:

"Shall we 'proceed to inoculate the occasion with a few well-timed trivialities in the line of grub?'"

George groaned.

"YOU," he said, "have a-cute case of O. Henryitis. Once that is cured, you will be-

gin to progress in the art of originality of expression—maybe. We shall now eat."

Duplin took the hint.

"I," said he humbly, "shall practice simplicity and lucidity to a Biblo-mathematical degree."

\* \* \* \*

"Time accomplishes all things."

In short, or rather in long, "Duplin managed to eradicate in twenty-four months a habit which he had acquired in six. He underwent a thorough O. Hendectomy."

George, in the forty-eight fortnights mentioned above, had risen despite his genius from fourth to first assistant reader of fiction; and he, witnessing the renaissance, recommended Duplin's twenty-eighth—no, twenty-ninth—story to Editor Lou Pensill.

The December issue of the magazine carried "A Simple and Stirring Story, 'And It Came To Pass,' by A Brilliant New Star In American Letters, Henry Charles Duplin."

an Alpha Bete, about some of the dates he had had at State. Bill's father was president of the Arundel Oil Company. It certainly was wonderful what contacts college enabled a man to make. In the evening Joe decided to study. There was no use reading philosophy; he wouldn't understand it anyway. Well, at least he would read Dr. Smith's *Modern Business Man*. That was one course in which he could learn something. He started reading over his class notes; went over them five times and was just starting the sixth when a couple of his fraternity brothers walked in. Joe put his note book aside, annoyed for a moment, because of the interruption. But he soon was engrossed in the conversation. After all, it was intellectually stimulating to exchange ideas with other college men. A fellow could find no better way to train his mind than by talking about life and things. When Joe's turn came, he told the joke about Mr. Dionne and the three old maids. That would do for a starter. Thus, at about two o'clock when the meeting broke up, mentally exhausted, Joe College went to sleep.

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## Joe College

LEIGH DIAMOND

(Continued from page 6)

idea in all his Business Administration classes. It was a good thing that he had Dr. Smith in his next class to wake him up. Joe glanced at the clock. Ah, the period was over.

The last period of the day was Dr. Smith's "Principles of Business Management." At last a smile of inner composure crossed Joe's face. This was one class about which he had no regrets. Dr. Smith was a young man; he championed contemporary ideas about a practical education and got right down to fundamentals. He had spent five years working for William Randolph Hearst as a junior executive and had generously given up a promising career to provide the world with junior executives just like himself.

Punctually at the bell Dr. Smith strode briskly into the room and began to take attendance. He maintained that promptness was one of the chief attributes of the successful business man; consequently he counted tardiness as absence from class. Joe sympathized with him. It was about time some of these professors realized that they should try to simulate conditions in

the business world. Professor Smith began to ask questions based on the lecture notes which he had dictated in the last period. He went through the class methodically, A to Z. The stentorian voice boomed forth. "Mr. Cole, what six factors determine the speed of production of a given product in any given community?" Mr. Cole did not know. "Mr. College?" Joe beamed. He had not memorized the lecture notes in vain. With a sense of triumph he repeated word for word what Dr. Smith had said. The questions continued around the room until Jim Zessel had recited. Then, twenty minutes ahead of time, Dr. Smith dismissed the class. This, Joe felt, was as it should be. Did not Dr. Smith himself say that economy of time was as valuable as economy of money? Another professor would have continued gassing even if he had had nothing more to say. But when Dr. Smith finished, class was dismissed.

During the afternoon Joe played basketball for his fraternity against the Alpha Beta Alpha crowd. In the shower after the game he talked with Bill Haywood,

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## Joe College

LORENZ EITNER

(Continued from page 6)

"Nice room, isn't it?" and he pointed at piles of dirty linen in the middle of the room.

I could not see any books; I only noticed a few magazines of the type of "Spicy Detective" and "True Romance."

"Don't you ever read any books?" I asked Joe. Joe laughed. "That's my bible," he said, handing me a copy of "Esquire."

"I told you that I flunked all my subjects," he said after a while, "and for a while I really felt awful about it. But lately, I have come to the decision that, after all, I did not come to college to study. Now, don't grin so sarcastically! I don't want to become a teacher or a book-worm. I came here to meet people, to become a man, and to enjoy myself. If I can learn something which will be useful for me later on . . . fine. But history, French, composition and math certainly don't do me any good. Do you remember my first English theme? If I hadn't studied five hours, if I hadn't studied at all, I could not have done worse. I won't waste my time studying any longer."

## In Memoriam

(Continued from page 13)

Which is a matter for wry laughter. And you laughed it wry last, that night, last night it was—oh God last night. Through all the flicker and the blur and pounding you laughed it wry last night. You'll learn yet for you laughed it wry last night and you've still got a prayer for you laughed it wry.

So finally you went to the one place, the particular dive where you'd meet Jimmy, Jimmy of the bristles. And you went with Jimmy and you laughed all things wry together. But Jimmy was a kinder man than Michael, though somewhat less honorable. For he gave you sweet words of love last night—not subtle sonnets, they'll come later those sonnets, perhaps Jimmy couldn't make a clever sonnet quite so ex-tempore. But he was kind—he had you where he wanted you and knew it—had you there at long last—but still Jimmy was kind and whispered sweet words of love. And gentle was our good friend Jimmy, for he is perhaps not an honorable man though kind. And Jimmy had no conscience and no groove of life. And so, my dear, when he has had enough or when you have, he will pass you along—you will pass yourself along, for why be selfish? And so, my good girl Mary, you will never lack admirers, admirers of your nicely modeled shoulders, not for the next fifteen years, not

with this crew, this life that you elected last night—perhaps not exactly elected, but then here you are, elected, committed and a member of the Wry Laughter Club—an outstanding member—here with bristles scratching your smooth shoulder. And so it is and will be. Though Michael the paternal, graceful, honorable Michael, dignified, fleeing Michael, Michael would have had better taste than to grow bristles during the night. Harsh bristles that scratch a smooth shoulder. Really, my dear, Michael would have had better taste. And that too is a matter for wry laughter. Wry laughter harsh like bristles—wry, wry laughter.

Wry laughter, wry laughter I invoke you. Let me laugh everything wry. Even my own death—for what is death and who knows but me? Let me laugh it wry for I died last night, that night—last night it was—I died. Wry laughter, in the name of Mercy, wry laughter and a drink. But come now, if you please, Contrary Mary, no melodrama—if you please not that. Heroics are not fashionable these days, nor youth and inexperience—so no melodrama—just wry laughter and a lot of drinks. A lot of wry laughter and a lot of drinks. Wry laughter—drinks—a lot of both—wry laughter and drinks—a lot—wry laughter.

## PIPE "BUSTS UP"

HOME!



...then he switched  
to the brand of  
grand aroma



A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And quite a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.

## Frustration

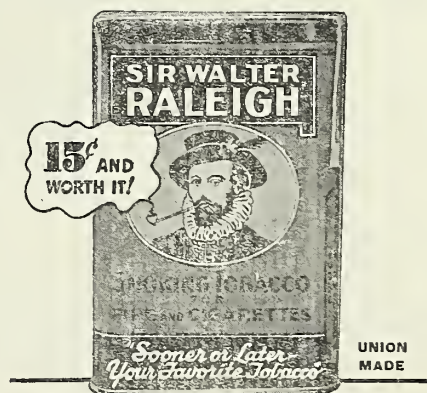
Bury his breath within your breast  
And stir his heart from cryptic rest  
With trembling fingertips.

He quivers  
At the touch that runs like crystal rivers  
Deep in hidden valleys—quick  
Against the rocks and shatters thick  
With spray. And you are the rushing flow.  
He is the air that takes the blow  
Of springing essence. Holds  
A moment—poised—clutched—and folds  
It back into itself.

You weep!  
He cannot love you better. Keep  
His given breath within your breast.  
The force repelling you from him  
Is not the fashion of a whim  
But some transcendent will  
Of purity. The air grows ill  
With dust or rain, repulses all  
That is not of itself.

Recall  
Your tears to resignation. Learn  
The integer. He does not spurn  
You: his is not the power to hold  
You in himself. This will—too old  
To struggle with, too strong for rest.

EDWARD  
POST



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-72.

HOW TO  
TAKE CARE  
of  
YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)  
NBC BLUE NETWORK, MON. 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.



## Verse of 1936

(Continued from page 7)

Archibald MacLeish is in sympathy with the Communists; he knows public suffering that is no less intense than the 'bad dreams' of Robinson Jeffers, but he knows, too, the weakness of unthinking enthusiasm. There is a brotherhood of man, but it is not made universal by the screaming of slogans, and every man lives to himself as much as to his fellows. For lyric excellence, meaningful poetry, and a combination of form and communication rarely equalled, I consider *More Poems*, *A Further Range*, and MacLeish's *Public Speech* respectively the best of the year's poetry in English.

Witter Bynner, John Hall Wheelock, and T. S. Eliot have published distinguished collected editions of their poems. The last has been recognized by the critics with ovations only equalled by the praise given the posthumous work of A. E. Housman. Mr. Eliot, it has been said, has the peculiar position of being criticized and appraised as though he were already dead, as in Matthiessen's re-

cent *The Achievement of T. S. Eliot*. Wheelock's collection has been commended highly by no less a critic than Van Wyck Brooks.

Fanciers of light verse should be well pleased by a year which has produced collections by Dorothy Parker, Arthur Guiterman, F. P. A., and T. A. Daly. Mrs. Parker's *Not So Deep As A Well* is enjoying great popularity. Her humor is perhaps not always so brilliant, and certainly falls short of the half dozen really famous anecdotes in many places, but her superiority as an ironist must be admitted.

Anthologists also have had a prosperous year. I have spoken of the new *Oxford Book*. Van Doren and Untermeyer have revised and enlarged their standard compilations. John and Alan Lomax have edited the negro folk-songs sung by "Lead Belly." Henry Harrison continues his series of selections from the poets of individual states. It is a good omen that such a publisher, though he has released no single great volume, should celebrate the

tenth anniversary of a flourishing publishing house for poetry alone.

Translation and criticism progress, introducing to the English and American publics new fields and manners of thought. Even after Millay and Dillon Baudelaire has been newly Englished by Lewis Piget Shanks. Puskin has been presented completely in English, Anglo-Saxon laments are changed into the descendant of that tongue. And—since the fact is as far removed from the normal course of English poetry as translation—a Yale younger poet was reviewed, and approvingly quoted in *Field and Stream* magazine. "And so it goes."

Poetry has done well by itself in 1936, and the number of good volumes is even more awe-inspiring than the formidable amount of trash that is piled on Phoebus' altar. If an active literature, dedicated both to living and to art, is an indication of intellect we may be proud of ourselves even though the poets, from Sandburg to Parker, call us stupid.

*Announcing that*

## THE ARCHIVE

offers prizes for the best short story, the best article, and the best poem submitted during the current year of publication.

*Prizes*

|                    |        |
|--------------------|--------|
| Short Story        |        |
| First prize .....  | \$7.50 |
| Second prize ..... | \$5.00 |
| Article .....      | \$5.00 |
| Poem .....         | \$2.50 |

*Judges*

*Story Magazine* will act as judge for the short story contest, and *Harper's Magazine* will judge the articles. A judge for the poetry division has not yet been chosen, but will be named in the next issue of *The Archive*.

RULES: 1. Contestants must be members of the undergraduate body of Duke University. 2. Manuscripts must be typed, double-spaced. 3. All entries must be mailed to Archive Contest, Box 4665, Duke Station, on or before March 31, 1937. 4. Members of the present editorial staff of *The Archive* will not be eligible to enter this contest. 5. The winners of the contest will be announced in the May issue.

## The Misfit

(Continued from page 9)

here or you won't get nothin' sold today," broke in Mr. Bailey, as he carefully picked his teeth with his fork and slowly chewed the remaining bits of his sausages."

"Yes git along with you. What's the good in your father's spendin' his time makin' them things if you ain't a'goin' to sell them?"

Both benches scraped over the floor and the five children filed obediently into the hall. Peter watched the other four as they shoved each other in the narrow vestibule, each trying to get his coat and basket first.

By the time Peter had found the places where his arms fitted through the torn lining into his coat-sleeves his brothers and sisters were out of the door. He snatched up his basket and hurried into the snow outside. He didn't want to make his parents angry again.

With the door closed behind him he began to wonder how he was going to sell all those animals. The rabbits weren't bad, someone might like one to put in the snow in their frontyard; but who would ever buy one of those ugly crows to scowl at everyone who passed their house? When he was trying to show them to someone he had to say they were pretty, he knew that much. It didn't do any good though. Some people even laughed in his face. That wasn't so bad but he couldn't stand to have them get mad. He felt a chill run through his body as he remembered the tall thin woman who'd shaken a broom at him and told him that if he ever brought his "junk" around again she'd beat him. He hoped he wouldn't meet anyone like that today. Where should he go, though? He started aimlessly up the street, never lifting his eyes and kicking up small flurries of snow with the tip of his toe. He'd surely knocked on the door of every house in town. No use going back again. Besides, he hated to knock and stand and wait while he heard muffled voices inside. Made him feel like a thief whom people were trying to hide from. Might be better to go downtown today; stopping people in the street wouldn't be as hard as knocking on doors.

As he walked the six blocks to Main Street he practiced what he'd say when he saw someone that might buy from him. "Would you stop a minute, sir (or ma'm), and see the yard orn'mints I have to sell? They only cost a quarter and they're very pretty." He tried it on a passing cat. "Would you stop a minute, ma'm?" No,

she wouldn't. All right, he'd ask the dog at the next house. He found the telephone posts the best listeners of all. One after another he addressed them: "Would you stop a minute, ma'm?"—"Would you stop a minute, sir?" They were very patient, listened to every word. If they could only buy some from him. He sighed.

The sidewalks were very crowded along the main street. Peter began walking slowly and looking for someone to buy from him. But everyone was in a hurry. By the time he decided to ask people, they had gone by and new faces were passing. He clenched his teeth and pushed up next to a man who looked as if he'd be able to afford many plaster animals. "Would you stop a minute, sir?" he began. But the man glanced down and with a "hmpf" that sounded like a snort, lengthened his steps, and soon put several people between him and the boy.

Peter, gripping the handle of his basket tighter, turned to go in the other direction. He walked for a block trying to make up his mind to ask someone else. If he didn't he'd never be able to bring home the money he'd promised his mother and father. His mother and father! The thought of them made him run after the woman who brushed by him, "Would you stop a minute, ma'm, and see the orn'mints I have to sell? They only cost—." But the woman was gone, "Don't have time," she shot at him and turned into the doorway of Kresge's 5 and 10. Peter stood still for a second in the middle of the walk while people passed him on both sides. What was the use, he wondered, nobody even listened to him. He started to move toward the inside of the walk. The gaze of a man leaning against one of the show cases stopped him for an instant. Should he ask him to buy an animal? But the man's clothes were as ragged as Peter's. He wouldn't have any money. Moving on down the sidewalk, the boy passed windows filled with chocolate and banana candies without raising his eyes. He wanted to pull the vizor of his cap down and walk as fast as his legs would carry him to the edge of town.

Suddenly he felt a hand placed on his shoulder, "Havin' trouble, buddy?" a voice asked. He looked up to see the man who'd been staring at him a few minutes before. He was smiling down at him through lips covered with a thick black stubble. At the sight of his crooked teeth,

brown with tobacco stains, Peter instinctively drew back. But the stranger continued, "Sellin' somethin', aren't you? What's the trouble? No-one buyin'?"

Peter wondered why he should be interested—he couldn't want to buy anything. "Why, no sir."

"Well now, lookee here, son, you probably don't know how. What you got there in the basket?"

"Yard orn'mints—rabbits and crows."

"See here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I ain't so very busy now; I might help you sell 'em if you want me to. Usually have pretty good luck in that line, takes a sorta knack."

Peter surely did want him to and started to give the basket over to the care of the stranger's outstretched hand. But he drew it back again. "It's awful hard work, sir, I can't be lettin' you do that. They ain't nobody'll buy them. And besides, you could be makin' money of your own."

"Now just you leave it to me and I'll bet I kin do it. I ain't never so busy but what I kin help a boy like you git along in the world. But this's no place to be sellin' such like. We'll go out'n try the houses. There's where they'll buy 'em."

"But I've been out there, sir. It ain't no use. They don't look at them."

"Well you don't come to the door with me then. Guess I kin fix up a story as'll make them buy." He reached down and took the basket from the boy's hand and started walking in the direction of the edge of town. Peter willingly followed him, glad to be rid of his burden.

As they trudged along in silence he began thinking of coming home that night with an empty basket and a pocket full of money. How pleased his parents would be when the pile of change rolled onto the table. Four rabbits and five crows, that would make nine quarters: two dollars and twenty five cents! They'd forget his being a useless good-for-nothing boy. They'd send him out to have the beer bucket filled and then let him go up to bed. Maybe they'd even give him a pat on the back and say they knew he could do it all the time. His mother and father could be awfully nice when they were pleased, and they'd be pleased with him tonight. The thought made him want to laugh, just for the fun of laughing. He began to whistle. But his companion turned on him, almost shouting,



"Cut that out. Don't you know nothin' about sellin' things? People ain't goin' to feel sorry for you if you go whistlin' down the street."

The tune vanished. A deep flush colored Peter's face. He thought of his brothers and sisters. They wouldn't have whistled. They'd have known better. Pounding above the roar in his head were the words, "Why ain't you like other people?"

A few minutes later he realized they were stopping in front of a house. "You wait here. This is where I make my first touch." The man walked up the sidewalk and disappeared around the corner of the house while Peter stayed behind a clump of bushes at the edge of the yard. He tried standing first on one foot and then on the other, wiggling his toes in an effort to fight the numbness that was creeping into them. His shoulders were hunched together to keep the wind from blowing through his coat and his hands were stuffed through the holes in his pockets into the coat lining. Would the man really be able to sell them? As the minutes passed he began to doubt it. No, no one could make people buy them but his brothers and sisters. They weren't frightened when people said they didn't want anything. They didn't run away. They'd keep on begging people to take an ornament, they'd stand in the door or even go inside if they could. They didn't care if they weren't wanted. But the man wouldn't be able to do that. He'd come out and tell him so. He, Peter, would go home and be beaten again tonight. He deserved being beaten, he wasn't any good anyhow, never did anything to help his mother and father. There were sounds of steps coming down the walk. His heart beat a little faster. It was his friend returning. He turned out of the gate and walked towards Peter. When the man was only a few feet away the boy could be still no longer. "Any luck?"

"Yeah," was the answer. Peter wished the man would say how many he'd sold and looked up to see if he might not be going to continue. No, he'd finished and was gazing up the street with a contented smile on his lips. Peter smiled too.

At the next entrance they stopped again. His companion disappeared behind the house, stayed there a while and again returned to the front walk.

"Sold a couple of crows."

On and on they went from house to house, all morning, all afternoon. Peter was never quite sure just how many of the animals had been sold; after the first sales the man usually said nothing at all when he came back. He seemed annoyed

when Peter questioned him; so when he reached the street the boy automatically joined him and the two proceeded in silence to the next entrance. Sometimes Peter wished his friend would talk a little more. It wouldn't seem so lonely, and the hours wouldn't be so long. But he supposed the man had more important things to think about. He, Peter, should be thankful he was being helped. The sky began to grow dark; his arms and legs ached from the day of walking in the cold air. He wanted to go home where he could find something to eat. He wanted most of all to crawl under the covers of his bed. They had to finish soon. There couldn't be more than one or two of the plaster figures left in the basket. Finally he asked his companion if they weren't almost all gone.

"What's the matter, ain't ya' satisfied? Taking too long to suit ya'? Yeah, there's only one more of them things left. Don't worry, you'll get your money when I sell it."

Peter tried hard to swallow the lump in his throat. "I'm sorry, sir, I only just wanted to know. I didn't mean to—." But the man didn't wait to hear what he hadn't meant. He started up to another house with the last animal. While Peter waited for him to return he began to wonder if he shouldn't let his helper have some of the money. He had worked awfully hard selling the animals all day. He'd done every bit of it by himself. If it hadn't been for him he'd have had to have gone home without selling any again tonight. What if he hadn't been very nice after they'd started? He'd been nicer than any one else had ever been. He'd sold his animals for him. Wasn't that being just as nice as he could be? None of Peter's friends or brothers and sisters ever did that for him. No one had ever thought of him but this man.

He'd be coming back any minute with the money for the last plaster animal. He'd said he would. Peter knew he'd do it if he said he would. Then he'd give the money to Peter and Peter would thank him and go home. No, he couldn't do that. The man's clothes were torn and thin, he needed the money. But how much should he give him, and what would he tell his parents he'd done with it? He'd figured he'd get two dollars and twenty-five cents. His father and mother knew he had nine animals, they knew that if he sold all of them he'd have to bring home at least nine quarters. His brothers and sisters often brought home more, people often gave them more than a quarter. But they never gave him any more. They probably wouldn't give his friend any. Still, if they did he could have all the extra and Peter could take the rest home. Then his father and

mother wouldn't suspect anything. He couldn't count on that, though. He'd have to give him part of the two dollars and a quarter if there wasn't any more than that. He'd give him fifty cents. He deserved that much. But what would he tell his parents? They'd be angry. They'd want to know what he'd done with the rest of the money. If he couldn't tell them anything they'd beat him. Still, if he told them about the man they'd be angry any way, they'd call him a lazy good-for-nothing, they'd probably beat him anyway. Peter thought hard for a few minutes. His brothers and sisters would be able to think of something; they could always think of the right things. He would too this time, he'd make himself think of something.

What if he'd broken one of the animals? He couldn't have sold it then, could he? He'd have thrown it away and come home and told his mother and father about it. If he told them he'd broken two of them they couldn't expect him to have the money for them and they wouldn't be surprised that they weren't in the basket. Still, they'd be angry at him for having been careless and broken them. But if he could think of some way that they might have been broken, some way that couldn't be his fault. That was it! He'd say they were the last two left in the basket, he was going in some place to sell them. A gang of boys—big boys—caught him and took his basket from him. He hid the money from them and begged them to give him his animals but they made fun of him and finally said, "All right, you can have the old things." But they took them out of the basket and threw them into the street and both of them were smashed to pieces. That's what he'd tell them. They couldn't blame him for that. His heart felt lighter, everything was just right now. He wished his friend would come back; he wanted to tell him about it. That would please the man. He'd said he didn't want any money when he'd offered to help, but Peter knew he needed some. He could tell by the way he smiled when the money jingled. Peter had noticed him several times, smiling and jingling the money in his pockets.

The street lights were turning on and he could see the people in the house sitting around the dinner table. They were eating something that looked like a chicken. Now the father was heaping some more potatoes onto a plate that one of the boys was holding out, now the other boy was being given more too, now the mother. He knew the man didn't want him to come into the yards of the houses where he went, but he couldn't stay out in the cold any more. He'd have to find him and tell him not to try to



sell the last one: he could take it home. It was dark now; so Peter could slip around the house to the back door without being noticed.

He started up the walk to the house then went slowly along the side. When he reached the back he peered around the corner at the porch. No one was there. He walked to the foot of the porch steps. A nameless fear crept into him. The man was no place around. Perhaps the people had asked him into the kitchen for something to eat. People sometimes did that.

Peter slipped noiselessly up the steps and peered through the kitchen window. The room was deserted except for a small white dog lapping up a dish of milk under the table. No, his friend certainly wasn't there. While he watched, the mother came into the kitchen carrying some plates. The father followed her. He was picking up something from among a pile of dishes on the kitchen table. It was one of his father's white rabbits, the last one! Moving a little

closer to the window, he tried to hear what they were saying.

She was laughing, "It's a yard ornament I bought from a man who came to the door about an hour ago, while you were upstairs. No, I'm not going to use it, but I felt so sorry for him. Said he had a wife and four children to support; when he talked about the children he almost cried. Only wanted a quarter but I gave him a dollar. Such unfortunate souls. I'm sure we should do all we can to help when they really try."

Peter shivered and turned away from the window. He felt his way down the steps to the snow-covered walk, almost stepping on a crippled sparrow that lay close against the bottom step. He glanced at it, numb and bewildered, and trudged on. Several steps away, he stopped and looked back at it, as though he only then realized that it was there. As he turned a gust of icy wind struck him in the back, lifted a long sheet of snow and dropped it, engulfing the unshielded bird.

been able to gather neither sense nor relevance (Why do college students seem to feel it incumbent in print to act like vested interests?) She wound up with a statuesque flourish—"Does college ruin a girl for marriage? No, instead it robes her with a mantle of learning and experience in which she can face the modern world with more understanding and attractiveness than ever before."

Well, whether she faces the modern world with more understanding and attractiveness than ever before or not, the inexorable fact still remains—she is not getting married. Before everything else there must be a true recognition of the reality of that statement. Let every co-ed say to herself—"There is a good chance that I may not get married."—or if that is too much, let her say, "My room-mate may not get married." Good enough? Very well, let's move along.

The simplest and most obvious explanation would be that the women who go to college are those who wouldn't be getting married anyway—that college has nothing to do with the situation one way or another, that they are less attractive physically or less desirable sexually, that the marriage ratios of the classes from which they are drawn are on the same level and that their cultural interests at the time of entering college are such as to decrease their chances of marrying in any event.

I had hardly expected to strike thick weather so soon but here it is. My hopes of producing a mass of statistical evidence, complete with graphs and curves, are rapidly disappearing.—Beauty? There can be no "norm." And then, too, wise men have, from time to time, pointed out that beauty is mostly a question of posture—that there are few ugly women but many ugly dispositions and hideous characters. Further, physical attractiveness can, to a large extent, be bought. Given plenty of the right kind of food, exercise, fresh air, soap and water, the freedom from having to do heavy physical work coupled with the money to buy attractive clothes, the chances are that the result will at least be physically attractive.

Sexual desirability? While there have been studies concerned with just this, there is absolutely no reason to believe that college women differ biologically from non-college women. There is, however, evidence which may be construed to mean that college women are likely to be more inhibited socially. They come from families in which social barriers are more rigid—families which prevented their daughters from free and normal association with the "little boys" in the neighborhood thus building up a certain amount of backwardness and reserve.

Are their cultural interests at the time of entering college such as to lead them

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## College Women Don't Marry!

(Continued from page 8)

but at least a part of it must be laid to society and to the large number of men who are still unwilling to marry thinking women and continue to prefer very young, pretty and opinionless girls."

While this problem has occupied the attention of thousands of cultured people, so far as I can observe there is little intelligent and realistic consideration of it right where it might reasonably be expected to arouse the most interest—among just those people to whom it applies—in the women's colleges.

Duke women seem to assume without question or doubt that they are going to marry and raise two or three children. It is something that people do on graduating—something that "God provides." Do they know that only about half of the college women marry? Yes—it is something you read about in a book and then Professor Saunders mentioned it the other day. But it has very little or no objective importance. It might be well for her room-mate or the girl across the hall to know about it but rarely does she seem to consider the matter personally.

Among the men, two well-known and decidedly intelligent students on the Campus, when I mentioned the problem, both remarked that they had never thought of it before.

Now it may be that the college girl does

lie abed nights tossing but regardless of whether she does so or not she can hardly be said to be realistically articulate about it. The *Archive* novelists have been sympathetic in their penetration into the foul stench and poverty of the underfed, the diseased, the lame, the halt and the blind. They have probed deep into the misery of erotic love and their portrayal of blood-thirsty mobs intent on lynching has been most impressive and dramatic but they have worn dark glasses and plugged their ears when they have gone to dances, walked around the campus, dated and sat up till late at night "bulling."

Yet it would be unfair to say that there is no interest or that students are completely unaware of the truth of the situation. I rather suspect that it is a lack of imagination and perhaps a certain fear of the dark and of what it may conceal. The *Chronicle* seems to be vaguely aware that marriage is important to students and at times prints short news articles but its editorial comment can only be described as naïve. Several months ago a certain Hollywood actress, Miss Farmer, said in essence—Women exist on emotion. College ruins a girl for marriage by drying up her emotional reserves and making an intellectual out of her—a *Chronicle* editorialist produced seven paragraphs of ponderous verbiage from which I have



inevitably away from marriage aside from whatever effect college may have? This, obviously, must remain unanswered—at least so far as statistical data may be brought to bear. It is, I suppose, conceivable that a woman's interest, before coming to college, in Shakespeare, Milton, Economics, Chemistry, Social Work, Business or Zoology might seriously interfere with her interest in men. It must be admitted that there are certainly some such individuals, but would the staple topics of conversation in Freshmen bull-sessions be such as to indicate any vast number?

Are the marriage percentages of college women on the same level as those of the economic classes from which they are drawn? Such a thought has been advanced by a number of people. It is a tenable one. There is no doubt but that marriages in the higher economic classes have fallen off considerably in the last few decades. Just how much is an open question. Various estimators have hazarded the guess that the marriage rate has fallen to as low as 67%. This would indicate that the college woman is not very much below her class average. However, it is fairly certain that she is, to a large extent, responsible for the lowness of that class average and one commentator has suggested that the percent of non-college women of that same class who marry lies somewhere between 75 and 80%.

Thus of the woman who enters college it can be fairly said that she is at least on a par in physical attraction with the girl who does not go. However, she is likely to be more under the influence of social restrictions and conventions. Her interests are obviously more intellectual than the interests of the girl who has stayed at home; and she comes from a class which marries considerably less than the rest of society.

Let us see what college might do to that individual to lessen her chances of achieving one of her main desires in life—a desire which she recognizes but does not consider realistically enough until it is perhaps too late.

When a girl packs her bag and departs for college, she is doing far more than just going away to school. She is making a break with the past—her friends, her interests and often even with her family—a break of which she is perhaps unaware but one that is almost inevitable, and one that will become increasingly apparent as her college years slip by. There is nothing spectacular or dramatic about it, and it happens so gradually that it is likely to escape her notice. It is a story monotonous in its regularity—first, letters from the boy back home come a little less frequently, then grow cooler, more casual and factual—it has become an effort to write now. Finally, they peter out com-

pletely. It is not altogether one-sided. She will find it difficult to become enthusiastic about a binge and the quart of liquor he and another bird finished off at "Greasy Pete's" the other night. News from her family—formerly personal and exciting—Grandma has had a golden wedding anniversary, Dad "broke a hundred," Mrs. Jones's cute little boy sprained his ankle, or Dorothy has put up her hair—now in her detachment may often seem flat or remind her of rubber overshoes. There may even arrive a time when she will be filled with dread at the thought of going home for vacations—such was the feeling of a senior I spoke with recently. Christmas had been uneventful. Her parents were worried and concerned with business, her younger brother and the price of lamb-chops, her former pals expressed delight at seeing her but after several minutes of twittered pleasantries, she had found herself fumbling with her gloves and toying with the rug. The silence had been awkward. She had gone to two parties—at both of which she had felt out of place and stodgy. The only other social event had been her best friend's wedding.

Unless a girl is extraordinarily attractive, unless she has the personality and charm of a Julie Hayden, she can hardly expect men at home to remain "faithful to her memory." There can be little doubt but that if these friendships which she loses by going away to college are not replaced by others made at college she is at a serious disadvantage. There is ample reason to believe that in many instances those friendships are not being replaced.

Let us suppose that on getting out of college most of her ties with her home town are broken and she has formed no close contacts with men at school. What are her prospects?

She will probably be expected to support herself. Unfortunately her choice of occupation is rather limited—teaching, nursing, social work and stenography. The setup, with regard to eligible males, in each of these occupations is monotonously similar. Nothing need be said about social work and teaching, while the prospects in business are almost as gruesome. The successful men, those who would be in a position to marry her, will for the most part have been snapped up by the women who stayed home. In short, if she wants to get married, she must make a choice between an inferior product and waiting for a younger man to make enough money. Yet she can not wait too long because she has now past the zenith of her physical attraction. The very heart of it she has spent at college. If that wait is prolonged, she may begin to lose her youth and vitality while the

younger man may throw her over for the charms of an ingenue.

An anonymous writer in *Harper's*, a year or so ago, painted a picture very much like this. The attractive successful men in her business were married; the unmarried ones were either bald and pouchy or weak sisters, while the younger men were not in a position to marry. This woman chose adultery.

Statistical evidence is definitely indicative of the fact that the better college men and successful ones in business marry young and that they usually marry women younger than themselves—college women are about the same age on graduating as men.

What is not generally known (I have yet to come across an authority who has recognized this) is that the college woman is suffering from over-production—in economic terminology, the market is glutted. According to the World Almanac there are almost as many undergraduate women in college as there are men—292,000 men as against 232,000 women. It is a recognized fact that few men will marry their intellectual superiors (if their equals). If any considerable proportion of those men are marrying non-college women (and there is every reason to believe that they are), then automatically there is a surplus of college wives.

It would seem to be pretty certain then, that spending those four vital years at college, regardless of whether that training has put a positive or negative stamp on the college girl, will load the dice against her. It is a question not of fact but rather of relative importance.

Well, now that we have mentioned it, does the college stamp a woman in such a way as to prejudice her chances of marrying? That is Miss Farmer's claim. She did not put it very well—"Women," she said, "exist on emotion. College ruins a girl for marriage by drying up her emotional reserves and making an intellectual out of her." It sounds foolish and sloppy. Perhaps it will make more sense if we say—men primarily want in their wives emotional sympathy and sexual satisfaction. Intellectual companionship comes second. College deprives her of that emotional warmth. This is not put so well either, but for a rough sketch it will do.

Honest people occasionally go to a great deal of trouble and expense to find out what the college man's "ideal woman" is. They send out questionnaires and conscientiously interview hundreds of callow undergraduates. Joe College puts his thumbs under his suspenders, settles back in a deep armchair and proves himself a man of sensibility, erudition and discretion. He invariably gives the right answers. The conscientious investigator now buries himself for several months, finally to



emerge with graphs, pyramids, charts and above all—a formula—the ideal woman—a triumph of the “new science.” Fortified with this vast amount of scientific data, he is now in a position to reconstruct souls and create a new civilization. The ideal wife must first of all be intelligent. She need not be educated, says 87% of the undergraduates, but no sensible man could be happy with a dumb-bell—75.3% rate character next in importance—this is subdivided to include unselfishness (the undergraduate has no sympathy for the woman whose first thought is for herself), honesty, loyalty, sympathy (he can be more successful if he is understood), energy and sex purity. The list goes on to include the rest of the standard virtues. Joe College doubtless carries the outline in his hip-pocket where it can be consulted in times of need.

Dr. Adams, of the Psychology Department, made a pretty shrewd observation—one that comes about as close to the mark as any thing I have ever heard. “No man,” he said, “is really absolutely sure of himself. He may appear that way—that’s part of the game—but he can always stand ‘bucking up.’ If you women want the one sure technique—that’s it—‘buck ‘em up.’” A coed spoke up, “They’re too conceited. They ought to be deflated.” And there is just where the college woman goes off the tracks.

Now it must again be understood that I hold no brief for marriage. I am not concerned with whether marriage is a good thing or a bad thing. The question as to whether a woman should sacrifice “all in the fulfilling of her biological function and the practicing of the household arts and graces,” does not enter into this article. My theme is merely this—if a college woman wants to get married, this is what she is up against—for what may happen to her soul in the process, I disclaim responsibility. (Incidentally, one of the chief investigators in this field, Katherine Davis, asked twelve hundred unmarried women through unsigned questionnaires if they regretted not marrying. Sixty-five percent said “yes.”)

Now is there any evidence to indicate that college may change a girl’s make-up so that she is less capable of emotional response and more of an intellectual? I think there is. It would be rather difficult to draw a graph of it, but even that is conceivable. We might give emotional response tests to undergraduate women, being careful to keep the different classes separate, and then check up by giving the same tests to non-college girls, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years out of high school.

But first of all, is it impossible to combine thinking with “emoting” (it’s a terrible word)? Are the two terms inevitably exclusive of one another? Yes, I am quite

certain they are, and popular belief generally recognizes them as such. A prominent psychologist has advanced the theory that it is a physical impossibility for a person to do both at the same time. When a man goes white, lifts his upper lip, lowers his head, and his breath comes in short jerky gasps, he is hardly in a position to do a particularly clean job of thinking. By use and disuse one acquires dominance over the other.

What evidence is there statistically to indicate that intellectualism in women prejudices their chance of marriage? Henry Carey, the man who wrote “Sterilizing the Fittest,” in his investigation asked these various colleges of New England to indicate which of their graduates were their most outstanding students and scholars. He checked. Of that group around twenty per cent had married.

Obviously enough, many of these women have probably been driven into becoming scholars because they felt themselves to be undesirable as mates. Without some kind of goal they would be lost.

What a woman thinks about herself may have absolutely no objective basis in fact except wherein her thinking that way distorts her. Thus it is absolutely essential that a woman think herself beautiful or charming or desirable to appear that way, and conversely, if she feels herself undesirable and unwanted, there is little to prevent her from becoming both. Colleges, co-educational institutions included, because of their tendency to segregate women from normal, informal social intercourse with men (and believe it or not just that is happening here), are likely to intensify and substantiate such a feeling in a woman.

For an entire semester last year I sat next to a girl who, to all external appearance, was the perfect picture of the normal co-ed. She was physically quite attractive, not objectionable in her dress, cheerful and good humored. She did appear somewhat flighty and scatter-brained, but then I’m usually taken in. Our conversation had been uninspired—of the weather, of the idiosyncrasies of the prof and of how much work we had to do. One day, near the end of the semester, she appeared with a Phi Beta key dangling from her neck. My mouth dropped. “Is that yours?” “Yes”—“Good Heavens! Well, if I were you, I’d keep it a secret.”—“Why?”—“I think you will find it a hard job to find a man who is not a Phi Beta who won’t flee at the sight of it and you do want to get married, you know.”—“I’ll never get married!”—“Oh!”—“I hate men—they’re beasts.” The words, short, clipped, half hissed had escaped her. She bit her lip.—“Do you really feel that way? What are you going to do when you get out of here?”—“I’m going

to become a doctor—anyway, I have to support my mother.”—“Oh!” I always feel as though I had upset a teacup on such occasions.

The reason that girl gave for not being able to get married may be valid, but I doubt very much if it is the whole truth. So far as I know, she didn’t date very much—despite both her companionability and her attractiveness which could easily be displayed to excellent advantage. I don’t know what has happened to her since graduation last year, but there is a fair chance that she will be supporting her mother because she has lost confidence in herself. It is a clear case wherein the social mechanism of the university has broken down. That co-ed had not had the opportunity to meet enough men under favorable conditions.

Several months ago an acquaintance of mine—a law student, a rather clever and very likable fellow—told me he had just become engaged. “Co-ed?” I asked. “No, a town girl.” I thought it strange that he should have become engaged to a town girl with so many co-eds in the vicinity and said so. “Oh,” he said, “there are some pretty nice co-eds, but you ought to meet this girl—she’s a cute little ‘codger.’” (Men do use such expressions.) Now that student may be making a big mistake. A couple of years from now he may be a beaten man, utterly apathetic with boredom. (Oh, that’s too spectacular—about the worst we can prophesy is that he will be a dull fellow, and the best we can hope for—that he will fall down and break a leg.)

Regardless of whether he be condemned for this move or not, he is intelligent, he is likable and he is a very good marriage bet. Most significantly of all, he was snatched right from under the walls of the co-ed stronghold. That’s one case. It may be an exception but one thing is certain—that many college men date a good deal in town. These men may be fools, their judgment may be condemned, perhaps pearls are being cast, but would it hurt to buck ‘em up, just a little.

It would seem that there is a certain amount of evidence to support Miss Farmer’s statement, naïve though it perhaps appeared.

There would seem to be one other major possible reason to account for this failure to marry on the part of the college woman. Not only is the college woman’s field for a husband restricted by her going to college, but she is in a position to be independent and to support herself. Thus, she would feel it beneath her to marry a mechanic, soda-jerker, bricklayer, gas station attendant, farmer, stevedore, file clerk or bike racer, no matter how attractive or charming these various individuals might be. Let each



co-ed consider it. Would she marry a man holding down any one of these positions regardless of how good his prospects for advancement might be? Society is composed mostly of such people.

Here I must once again repeat, I carry no brief for marriage, eugenics, the race, the family or any other cause or institution. It is conceivable that, faced with such a choice, she might be happier independent, but that is aside from the point and I refuse to discuss the matter.

Will the college girl marry a non-college man? Even if she wants to what will her family say?

I was acquainted with a college girl who became engaged to a non-college man (this, by the way, is always an exceptional tribute to a man's intelligence and to his courage). He had just opened a restaurant—an unpretentious place, but there was every good reason in the world to suppose that his becoming a restaurant magnate would only be a matter of time. Yet her family, being blind to virtue except where attested to by a college degree, let out a war-whoop, threatened to disinherit and staged a rally of the clan. The lady weakened and now serves humanity as a grade school teacher.

Along with a limited field for choice, she is now independent and in an economic position to bide her time. But here comes the hitch, she is undoubtedly being offered an inferior grade of goods and she keeps putting it off—always a little longer, while she herself is constantly losing charm, becoming more inverted, selfish and inflexible—possibly even less tolerant. Before the bell rings, she may become frantic and grab the first object in sight. Needless to say, regardless of her choice, her life will have been somewhat less satisfactory than had she sold out on a rising market.

In that remarkable survey of hers, Katherine Davis asked those unmarried college women why they thought they had not married. They answered as conscientiously as possible, and I have no doubt that they tried to be candid. The answers are very interesting but they can not possibly be true or accurate. Those people don't know why they didn't marry. Human beings can't answer questions like that any more than Joe College can tell you what he expects to find in a wife because that would include an exposition of his weaknesses. Ask a man why he is not making more money and why he has not been advanced in the last ten years. You know what he will tell you—that the corset business is a closed proposition and on the decline, that you can't get ahead unless you know somebody, and the division manager—the young whippersnapper—doesn't like him. He can't tell you, if he has any self respect, that it is be-

cause he is stupid or has an ugly disposition. And if anyone wants to know why I'm not a Phi Beta, I'm already for him—"I didn't come to college for marks—I came to make 'contacts'."

When these twelve hundred unmarried women said that they had not married because they had never met the right man (28%), that they had never been in love (8%), or that they had been in love with men they could not marry (9%), that they desired a career (2%), or that they lacked the opportunity to meet men (8%), those answers are interesting but not very helpful. Those women don't know why they didn't marry. They can't know—marriage was their job.

Well, this has been a bleak picture. The college woman's chances of marriage are prejudiced because she is slightly inhibited socially to start with, she is off the market during her four best years, because she is suffering from overproduction, because she is capable of less emotional response, because college tends to build up and strengthen her social inhibitions, because her opportunities on getting out of college are more restricted, and because she is in a position to act independently on getting out. The remarkable thing is that 60% actually do marry.

What can we do about all this, what have other people suggested, what has been done and what is particularly applicable here at Duke?

At the beginning of this article I quoted the marriage statistics of a number of universities. One stood way out and above the rest—Iowa State with 69%. That, is phenomenally high. Now what is it that Iowa State is doing that we and other colleges are not doing? Let's find out. Now I don't know and I don't see how very much can be learned by correspondence. As a preliminary, why couldn't we send a couple of keen observers, a man and a woman, out to look the place over? No, not for one day, for a student government banquet and a specially conducted tour of the campus, including interviews with prominent campus figures. Let them be sent for several weeks, preferably incognito.

President Henry T. Moore of Skidmore wrote an article for the March, 1930 number of *Scribner's*—"Women's Colleges and Race Extinction"—in which he discusses several experiments in education at Skidmore. Students majoring in Fine Arts, Music, Home Economics, Secretarial Science, Nursing and Health and Physical Education are given a B.S. degree. Now, of the graduates between the ages of 30 and 36, 65.3% have married. This is considerably higher than in the surrounding colleges. But here is the significant thing. He says—Of the Fine Arts majors between

30 and 36 years of age, 78.8% have married. Look again, 78.8%—this when Skidmore is in a section of the country where Womans College graduates average around 50%—(28% higher). It is higher even than the Harvard men's ratio (73.2%). It is about 20% higher than Duke's ratio. It is so high I am wondering if it can be believed. (It might be interesting to know how many women were in that group.) He says—"Since the art interest of women leads so naturally to concern about beautiful household arrangement, well-designed dress and well bred manners, as well as to good taste in pictures and music, we are led to wonder whether this interest in its broadest sense, the enthusiasm for beauty and order, the feeling for balance and proportion, should be made the cornerstone of sex differentiation."

That is exactly it. Let us now, once and for all, admit that women are not the same as men. They are biologically and fundamentally different. Any society or theory of education which attempts to force women into the same mold into which it forces men, can lead only to frustration and sterility. If we can learn anything at all from social trends in the last few decades, we should certainly have learned that. (We might incidentally send a couple of observers to Skidmore)

When I speak of courses in Fine Arts as the basis for a woman's college, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I don't want a Ph.D. in "Byzantine Influences in Pre-Raphaelite Art" to stand up with a poker before a blurry slide while the class takes notes. I don't care if the instructor never got through the second grade if he can paint good pictures, if he has a feeling for the richness and beauty of color, a comprehension of the essentials of design and can teach other people something about those things. I want those students to be hauled right out of the classroom (where they get pasty-faced) and into the open to paint the landscape whether they think they can draw a straight line or not. (A person who can is pretty sure to be hopeless.) I can picture seven hundred co-eds throwing up their hands in horror—"Paint! I've no talent. I can't possibly!" You do not have to have talent. Anybody who isn't colorblind can learn to use color and paint presentable pictures.

This general technique of forcing students to work with materials rather than studying the history of them, should be carried into dressmaking and design, interior decorating, music, dramatics, English and all the other arts. Let the study of their histories come along with the practical.

Turn out a bunch of artists? Not at all! There is no more reason why a student



of painting technique should become an artist than that a student of dramatics should become a playwright or an actor—of economics, an economist—or of zoology, a zoologist. Adolescents who become sentimental and temperamental about their heroics on the stage, the poetry they write, or the pictures they paint should be spanked in public.

The essential thing is that women know that the formula—quantity of rouge is proportionate to desirability—has no scientific validity—that mustard can be a most offensive color to the male eye—that an enormous bowl of dahlias on the dinner table, while intrinsically beautiful, does not necessarily insure the success of a supper party, and that while a hat reminiscent of an inverted soup bowl may attract attention, it does not always attract escorts—and it is incredible how many women in this year of our Lord make such fundamental errors.

Reformers in this field usually have a number of stock courses to propose—marriage, home-making, nursing, home economics, the family and personality—Non-sense! They won't do any harm but I doubt if they will do very much good. Courses of this type are mercilessly padded. If she reads a book on budgeting and joins the Consumers' Research, she will know as much about home economics as she needs (and probably as much as is known). If she owns a copy of "Short Talks with Young Mothers," she will know enough to take care of any disorder which might arise without becoming a doctor. What she needs is not so much a chance to study personality as a chance to exercise it.

If a college teaches a girl how to write lucid English and perhaps to type (so that she may send a letter to her Congressman), tells her something about the way elections and municipal governments are actually run, since she is a voter and may want to conduct political campaigns, gives her to understand that certain shades of pea green may turn a man's stomach so that he puts off, perhaps definitely, a planned proposal and tells her something about the world she lives in, it is doing all that it can do formally to prepare her.

I am not denying women the right to culture, on the contrary, I am insisting on just that, but I am just as insistent that that culture should not be such as to work against her personality and misfit her for the job she wants to hold down.

But these suggestions take care of only one set of causes by which we have explained the college woman's failure to marry. The others are overproduction, lack of opportunity, social inhibitions and being away from home.

At the risk of appearing "oatmealish" I should again like to point out that

propinquity is a first essential to marriage. Given like cultural backgrounds, not too divergent temperaments, a few interests in common and an adequate income, a union is quite likely to be successful. That is one of the notions underlying co-education and it is a good one, for very few marriages that have grown out of college attachments have flopped. From the Duke alumni office comes the information that 423 alumnae have married alumni. Only eight divorces are reported—this is less than 1.9%.

Altogether up to 1935 some 2787 women graduated from Duke University (including Trinity). These 423 alumnae constituted 14.9% of that total. When a figure approximating that was published last year, the *Chronicle* seemed to think it quite a remarkable phenomena and made quite a good deal of fuss about it. Well, maybe it is something to shout about but let's consider it—over twice as many men as women within a mile and a half of each other (the market is certainly not glutted), the women at the height of their physical attraction, they are there for a period of four years, they have essentially the same cultural, religious and economic backgrounds, they have innumerable interests in common and both men and women are thinking a good deal about marriage. I'm not putting this very delicately but is it so high?

I had hoped to send out a questionnaire on the frequency of dating among co-eds, but shortness of time and financial conditions interfered. If somebody has some money to invest in a worthy cause, here it is. But survey or no survey, there is unlimited evidence to indicate that a considerable proportion of the co-eds are not dating. There is also evidence to indicate that this is true even of exceptionally attractive women—women who in their home towns are considered outstanding. I happen to be acquainted with a sorority girl of whom a home town friend reports that she is rushed to death and has had a dozen or more proposals. From reliable sources comes the information that she has dated exactly three times this year.

There is not a shadow of doubt but that the social mechanisms of the University is badly out of gear. What is wrong? There seems to be enough dances, the University runs a Freshman "Orientation Week" for just that purpose, the fraternities and sororities are expected to look after their own, and the "Y" to take care of the rest. Yet women are in large numbers sitting at home Saturday evenings washing stockings.

From the answers I got from Freshmen concerning "Orientation Week," it would seem obvious that this is pretty much of a fiasco. It is much too hectic, making re-

laxed informal social gatherings impossible, while wholesale introductions rarely lead to close friendships. I didn't go through "Orientation Week" but I was subjected to a transfer dance. It was efficient. I danced with some twenty-five different girls—many stiff and dry of mouth—with each for exactly one and one half minutes. In each exchange I acquired a certain amount of information—she came from Summit, had transferred from N. J. C. and thought Duke wonderful but hot. (It was then the 2nd week in September)

For several dozen women—well-known and glib of tongue—the large dance is a God-given blessing. They will have danced with some hundred different men (with none more than fifteen steps but that is unimportant; they are not there to dance, but there in a competition with the prize going to her surrounded by the largest number of stags) for the rest it can often be a Roman Holiday—requiring a starched smile while the escort flashes a frantic plea to his sightless acquaintances. By contrast "Alice Adams" would read like a bedtime story.

The "cut" system was developed for small intimate dances in an attempt to escape the stilted formality of the pre-war ballroom. In that, it was a success, but its inventors never intended that it be used for dances with a thousand or more people—all mostly unacquainted and dancing in the semi-darkness. Men can not afford to take girls who are unknown or unpopular, and prefer to evade the responsibility of a date by coming alone. Thus the dance floor sometimes has as many stags as it has escorts and on one occasion last year at a sophomore dance about two hundred men turned up with seven girls. Maybe more arrived after I left.

That the "cut" system and the stag-line have not been abolished for large dances, can only be regarded as a tribute to the stupidity and lack of imagination of the people who are responsible for those dances. A return to the "program dance" with Paul Jones, for at least a try-out, should be considered one of the first steps on the list for social readjustment.

One thing is evident. There seem to be enough social gatherings but, in the main, they are missing fire by making endurance contests out of what should be occasions for relaxation. It occurs to me that student control must be held largely responsible for that situation. It should not be inferred from this that I think there is corruption or any other unsuspected evil gnawing at the roots but merely that adolescents are unimaginative and incapable of sympathetic projection.

It is a job requiring a highly specialized and paid expert—a job which is now be-



ing bungled by people whose main object is not the putting on of better dances or more successful social gatherings but rather the acquisition of "belly brass."

Let us be absolutely cold-blooded and realistic about this and try to view it as a whole. Let us suppose that we did all agree on what to do and that we applied those principles to the limit of our resources. Would it help?

Yes, somewhat—but it would be rather naïve to expect it to work miracles for the fundamental reasons why so few college women marry are implicit in their going to college—because college has

raised their standards (a friend of mine calls it "intellectual snobbery"—but he's a disagreeable fellow), because she insists that the boy she marries be making more money than the non-college woman requires and because if she doesn't succeed in forming an attachment at college, she is at a serious disadvantage when she gets out. And that is why I say—"If a girl feels that she will be very unhappy in life unless she gets married, builds a home and raises children, she ought to know that she will materially reduce her chances of doing all those things by going to college."

## Jigsaw

(Continued from page 10)

many more coffees—eggs—hamburgers—onions to get ready, for the place was filling now. Mike was back. She was wanted in the kitchen. Mr. Baliano was waiting now for her. Mr. Baliano with the greasy, unshaven face, the weak, fleshy mouth. She shuddered.

"Mr. Baliano, did you want to see me?"

"Yeah, sit down."

"Well, we're rather rushed. Can you tell me—"

"Sit down."

She sat down. She had a quick picture of poor Mrs. Baliano being sat down in like manner at his command.

"About tomorrow night—you have it off, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I want you to work, if you don't mind. Those two nitwits can't get along alone and I won't be here."

"But you see—"

"Oh, got a date? Well, you won't mind breaking it for an old man. Thought I'd take that little boat ride over to the island. Tell you what; we could ask Mike to work instead of you and then you'll go along with me—we could have a good time."

"Oh, no. I mean, well, I can't do that, I'm afraid."

"Come on." He laid his hand on her arm. It was a thick ugly hand with short stubby fingers. She could picture it spanking soundly all those chubby little Baliano's.

Her face was warm and her eyes were smarting. She wished hard for Mike.

"I'm sorry. I can't go."

"O. K. Then you'd better work, after all. Guess I'll go, anyhow."—The fresh wind on that ugly sagging face? Those yellowish, lustreless eyes watching the sea gulls in the moonlight? Her colored bub-

bles pricked—no, trampled underfoot by those bungling heavy feet. But he was still speaking.

"O. K. this time, sister. But next time you better go. You and I could have a pretty swell time together."

"Is that all?"

She pushed through the swinging door behind the counter. Jim and the stranger were just wiping away the remains of custard pie and dipping into their pockets. Mike took the money and they strolled out. As the stranger looked back over his shoulder at her, he bumped squarely into a girl who was entering. Gerry recognized the girl as the cashier at the Sea Breeze Theater. Jim turned.

"Why, hello, Pat."

"Hello, Jim."

They all stood rather awkwardly for a second. The stranger apologized. "Sorry to almost knock you over."

"Oh, that's all right."

Pat straightened—or, rather tilted—her hat back into place.

"Well, see you, Pat."

"So long, Jim."

The girls came on in and sat at a table. Gerry brought them some water and stood near.

"Pat," the other girl was saying, "is that Jim?"

"Yes."

"Plenty cute. What ailed him, though? Why didn't he come on back and talk some? Acted like he was scared silly."

"Oh, I don't know what ails him. We had a fight yesterday, too."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well,—say, what do you want to eat?"

"Toasted cheese and a cup of coffee."

"Make it two."

"Rye or white?", Gerry asked mechanically.

"White."

"Rye."

"One rye, one white. Toasted cheese. Two coffees."

"That's right."

Back at the counter another inevitable hamburger and onion. A tramp-like unshaven old man ordering chocolate pie. The toasted sandwiches were finished. She poured coffee, gathered up silverware, sugar and cream, and carried the tray to the table. They were still talking. Pat was evidently answering some challenge of her companion's.

"Sure, I like him."

"Well, does he know that?"

"I don't know, really, whether he does or not."

"Well, how do you suppose he feels?"

"How do you suppose I feel?"

"Oh, you're hopeless."

"I know. But he's so darn casual."

"Between you, you must be a couple of icebergs. He must like you pretty well, but he's not going to risk making a fool of himself."

"I do act pretty bad, sometimes, I guess. But I don't know what gets into me. When he comes around, I'm glad he's there, but—gosh, I don't know how much he likes me either, so don't fuss at me."

"Well, I just know, if I was in his boots, I'd light out and date a few other gals—"

"Gosh, do you suppose—? I don't know what I'd do—"

Gerry couldn't fuss with the table any longer. Everything was laid too well already. She'd like to tell that girl a few things. You learned a lot of dirt being a waitress. Here were two people crazy about each other and didn't have the nerve—but what could she do about it? She had her own affairs to look after; she didn't need to go meddling into other people's business. She must keep her mind on her work, now. It seemed a shame, though.

It had gotten to be one-thirty. An hour and a half. Three o'clock didn't come very soon after six A.M. The quick pace of lunch hours slackened and intermittent orders of sandwiches, pie, or coffee were all that filled the gap of time. Mike was back in the kitchen doing some dishes. And probably talking to Mr. Baliano. It somehow got to be three o'clock. She cleaned up and waited for the other girl to come on. When she came, they exchanged brief greetings and she went into a back room to change her uniform. There was a cot there which looked inviting, but she was so tired that she did not dare sit down. She'd wait till she got home. It wasn't much use getting off at three when you were so darn worn out.

Mike went as far as the curb with her. They were both very tired and walked without a word. They stopped on the

curb before going in opposite directions.

"Gerry, why did you say you'd work tomorrow night? Didn't you remember about the boat trip?"

Remember? What else had she thought about ever since he had asked her. She was so surprised that she just stood and looked at him.

"Didn't you even mention it?" he persisted.

"Oh, Mike, really I remembered—"

"Well, then, why—You might have said something about it."

"Well, I tried." She reddened. Here she was trying to defend herself. "He said one of us would have to work, so I thought—" She couldn't tell him why she couldn't tell Mr. Baliano; how Mr. Baliano had asked her to go with him; no, she was

too tired to go through all that—Mike would probably get very movie-ish about it all and swear eternal vengeance on Mr. Baliano. And they both needed their jobs.

"It seems to me you could have talked him into letting you off after he had already said—but then, maybe the boat trip wasn't such a good idea, after all."

Just don't say anything; you might end up in a fight; and you're too tired. But Mike, Mike. Don't act this way. Can't you see I—But she wasn't saying anything at all. And Mike was going now.

"Well, Gerry,"—he sounded almost cheerful—she wondered if he minded as much as she did—"Sorry about the trip. So long till tomorrow."

"Goodbye, Mike. Yes, tomorrow."

drank nitric acid once. Made me dizzy, that's all."

"Chemically impossible," muttered Giles.

"I say now, it's true. Why would I spring a story like that if it weren't true? I can do it. Arsenic is nothing to me, or paris green. I'm a problem to medical science."

"You're right there."

They stayed a while longer. Barnett lay flat on his back, and gazed at the vast, lighted sky arc. Fletcher wondered just how far gone the fellow was. He felt resentment at not being able to reach out his fingers and say "live!" Maybe he could, though, with patience and skill.

After a while, a night breeze shipped itself along the waves of pampas grass. Barnett shivered and sat up.

"Ghosts," he said, "awfully close to us."

Fletcher hoisted Barnett upon the pony without remark. They rode slowly back to Las Cruces, Fletcher erect and looking forward, Barnett like a sack of mended splints atop his animal.

The lights of El Retrato were still burning; it was smokier than before, stronger smelling, wicked with keno games. They did not stop downstairs. Fletcher helped Barnett up the steps, and sat him on the cot. Giles unlaced his boots, and while he did, Barnett found the box of chemicals beneath the cot.

"Say now! Here we are! Enough here to kill the lot of growlers downstairs, but not to hurt me. If I had longer to live, I'd join a show and drink acid for people's dimes. This is the stuff. Scheele's acid. Let me show you, Fletch—I can down it like nothing."

"Good Lord, man, put it away. I can't believe your tale."

Inwardly Giles did believe it, though. He didn't know why. Of course it was impossible; he knew that, too. But in that deep, muddy mind that Barnett had talked about out under the moon, he knew that somehow it was true, and that Barnett would be all right if he drank the stuff.

Just then steps came up the stair. It was José, with a water jug and a blanket. He looked at the open chemical box, and wondered. Giles explained in vituperative Spanish that the fellow could drink poison and remain unharmed. José seemed utterly convinced of Barnett's tale. He insisted on looking down the sick man's throat and smelling the box of chemicals. Barnett laughed and hacked himself with coughing.

"I swear you're queer ones," he said. "It's my constitution, I tell you. I'm a problem. Why, I could down that whole box, and sing you 'Londonderry Air'."

Fletcher was tormented with the fellow's talk. He strode to the window, and flung it open, and heard the voices from

## Life is the Way Out

(Continued from page 12)

on to things again, and when they were outside, he grasped Giles's wrist, and breathed with effort.

Giles saddled the ponies and helped Barnett to mount. Barnett's long legs hung down too far for the short stirrups. He let them hang, and clung to the pommel crazily as the animals started out into the open fields. It was bright outside. There was moonlight spread like wax on the flat roofs of the few buildings, and the thick blades of pampas grass stood out sharply like sword points. Moonlight and starlight were diffused through the leagues of air stretching above them. A cactus silhouetted itself some one hundred yards ahead of them, like a stiff-limbed inhabitant of another planet.

"Let's stop up there by that thing, Fletch. By heaven, I'm coming to pieces!"

They stopped by the cactus, and again Giles helped the other man. He spread a blanket on a bare strip of ground, and the two sat down and listened to the ponies switch their tails.

Barnett wanted to talk again. It seemed as though he had an immense lot to say, and was on edge to get it all out.

"I haven't got long. Doctors don't give me long. I'm all apart inside. It's bad. I hate it. I can't do anything about it. Listen, don't you believe I want to fill the rest of my days debauching. That's newspaper stuff. I want to live. There's so much in the world I don't know about. It pulls me apart to think I won't know about it ever. That moon. What do you think of? A big pearl palace floating, and people sticking their heads out of the windows—see those dark spots?—and

laughing at us. Now look at that star. Remember the fairy in Peter Pan that flew around? She's that star. Of course she isn't really. We know that. Down deep in my mind I know all about stars, and space, and God; but all that's so deep it's muddy, and I can't see it. Sometimes I get flashes, like lightning, and I say 'when I'm dead it'll all be clear and simple.' And for a minute, I want to die, don't mind at all. Listen, doesn't nature pull at you? Can't you take a handful of dirt, and think back when there was nothing but mud and wiggling worms here? Tell me though, Fletch. What do you do? What's your line?"

"I'm going to practice medicine. I'll start in a week. It's a passion with me. Saving men's lives, I mean. I dally in medicines proper, too. Chemicals, toxin, and such. The big mystery to me is life, the big thing to work for."

"Say, now! That's all right. Chemicals, you say! Living's a mystery, all right. Something else we understand when we're dead. I got that thought in one of my flashes. I told you about the flashes, you know."

"That life spark is my world," Giles said.

Barnett lapsed into meditative silence, stroking his long, veined fingers through his straw hair. The moonlight made him more pale than he really was, otherworldly.

After a long while, he spoke again, fast, brittle words. "Speaking of your chemicals. I have a queer constitution. I can drink the worst poisons there are, and they can't do a thing to me. I



downstairs echo through the night air. Little shots of pain afflicted his brain peculiarly. He wished the fellow would not talk about his stuff that way—stuff that could save lives. The fellow was ranting like a madman—a nut, he was. He turned and saw that Barnett had the phial of Scheele's acid in his hand. He was holding it before the gas lantern by the bed, and turning it from side to side. A lock of his hair had fallen down over his left eye, and he tried to shake it away, without stopping looking at the phial. He laughed at his own efforts, and held his left side with a tight hand.

José was leaning with his hands on his knees, muttering "Diablos! Diablos!" and staring at the container with one eye squeezed shut. Then he laughed, and looked at Barnett, and said "Beba! Beba!" and worked the fingers on his hands rapidly.

Fletcher was choked with fury—an emotion he felt not often, only when men took foolish chances with lives, precious lives. He snatched the acid away, and stood with feet solidly apart, both hands clenching the phial, head lowered like a bull's. He took great, deep breaths.

"Will you stop!"

"It's my constitution!" Barnett cried. "I'm a problem! I could drink it all!"

José said "Beba! Beba!" and worked his fingers still.

Fletcher drew bursting breaths. The back of his neck was throbbing. His brain hated Barnett. His mind felt a pressure of insanity. His arm, with the phial in the hand, shot toward the man on the cot. "Drink it, you fool!"

José clasped his knees with his hands, excited. There was sweat on his face, from bending so near the lantern.

Barnett snatched the phial, pulled out the cork with his teeth, and tipped the phial until it was empty into his mouth.

"Diablos!" hissed José, black eyes snapping and watering.

Barnett gave a wrenching, shuddering gasp, and bent double over the edge of the bed; his straw hair fell over his face. In horror Giles took his shoulders and pulled him erect. Giles' terror-filled eyes stared into the dilated pupils of the gasping man before him.

"What have I done?" he said, unconscious of his hoarse words.

"Listen, fellow . . . listen . . . I got a flash . . . out by that cactus. Listen, now. Everything's all right. I got a flash, and it's all right. Listen, I'm on fire. I swear it . . . sit me down . . . sit me down . . ."

His right knee jerked up, striking him in the stomach. His head snapped, and shook his hair back again. An arm flew up and flailed his shoulder. His eyes were glassy, the pupils the size of dimes.

José was groveling on his knees, eerie black shadows striped across his face and

open mouth by the lantern. "Dios mio!" he said over and over.

Fletcher was chained to the spot. A frightful chill of dread held him. Words fell from his lips. "No antidote. Not a chance to save him!" Then the silence was terrible, broken only by the weird drift of voices from downstairs, and the ruthless choking of the man. There was a faint, peculiar odor from the acid that tore at Fletcher's nostrils. A last spasm gripped Barnett. He fell to the floor, doubled to a bow. He ceased to move, except for slight twitching of his thumbs and fingers.

Fletcher moved heavily. He knelt, and felt Barnett's almost imperceptible pulse. He saw tinges of blue start at the temples and spread to the mouth corners. He heard spectres of breaths hiss between the teeth. He smelt the fleshy, acidulous odor.

Giles looked at José wordlessly, tugged at his shirtsleeves, tried to rise. José cried, tears dribbling down his cheeks and catching in the stubble of his beard.

"Es muertel! Dios! Dois mio!" Invoking wild prayers, he fled downstairs. The door cracked shut behind him.

Giles touched the stiff fingers of the body that lay there, not moving. "Dead!" he said. Wretchedness and dread pushed at him. "Life all gone! All gone. No spark of it. I don't want him dead. I don't want to kill. I could have kept him here. I said, 'Drink it, you fool!'"

He kept staring at the body. He seemed trying to hypnotize it to life.

"Barnett!" he whispered. Nothing. No sound. "What did you see out there?" He lay a hand under the bony shin and turned the face to the ceiling. He bent his own head to stare into the sightless eyes, and spoke aloud to himself. "He's

all right. He wanted this. A little glory flash before he ended. And I said, 'Drink it, you fool!' I'm a killer. I've taken a life! And now he's up in his moon palace looking out the window and laughing."

Giles heard feet pounding up the steps, heard hands turning the door knob, heard thick tongues talking. Saw José and the alguacil stand over him and the body, and heard them ask questions. Saw the grime on the alguacil's face as he bent over to listen for heart beats. Saw José pointing to him, and jabbering. Smelt the acid still, and the sweat of the Mexicans, and the stale torquilla. Felt hands pull him to his feet, and hold him tightly against escape. He started to jerk away. Then he saw the chemical box, open at his feet. He'd killed a man. Why not kill another. Himself. And go up to a moon palace and laugh at José and the alguacil.

"Madre de Dios!" José said, crossing himself, and stepping across the body's outflung arm.

Giles bent against the will of his captors, picked from the box another phial like the empty one. It trembled in his grasp. His hand did not move, could not. José saw the phial and screamed again, "Madre de Dios!" His chin wobbled, and his eyes started in terror.

Giles heard. He couldn't kill. He wasn't a killer. He wanted to save lives. His own. He hurled the phial against the wall. The glass broke, and the acid splattered and scalded little brown spots into the plaster. Men surrounded him, imprecating in their native tongue, holding down his arms. The alguacil took up the chemical box, and threw it out the window. Then he put a blanket over the body, and followed the rest downstairs.

## Myself

*"They know not well the subtle ways I keep"*  
I, somewhat independent, make no end  
Of spending self to bend this world to shape  
Around me, and to lend a form in logic  
To extend my reason, but do not contend.

I go my way, more tolerant of cold,  
More bold to seize on some chance gold,  
And fold myself in musing, being told  
That mind marred by much using may grow old,—

O be sometime certain subtle death will slip  
Between the shield of flesh and the small soul—

But thrill with no deep chill at thought of death  
Relying on my will, in stillness drawing breath  
And know this is not ill.

KIFFIN HAYES

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# THE ARCHIVE



MARCH  
1937





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# The ARCHIVE

VOLUME L

MARCH, 1937

NUMBER FIVE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924." Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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OF COURSE IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE MANY TYPES OF AFRICAN PIPES

NATURALLY IT'S LARGE — IN THE DARK CONTINENT 'BIGGER' MEANS 'BETTER'

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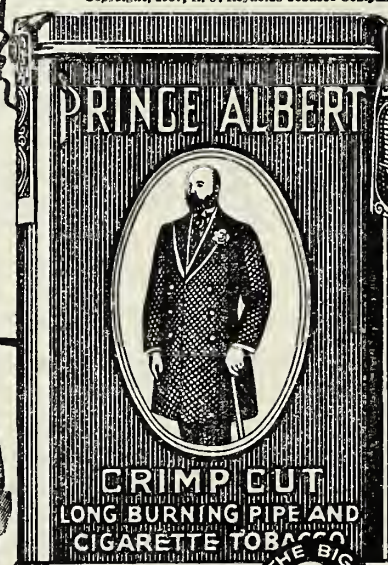
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# Big Walls Between

JANE DUSENBURY

ELLY leaned against the cash register and stared at the door of Evan's Cafe. Boys were coming in. College boys. She hated them. When they were sober, and were dressed up in neckties and creased trousers, then they brought in college girls. Then they drank milkshakes and acted civilized. But when they wore old lumberjacks and smelled of whiskey—then they came in noisy lots without the college girls, and caroused and acted like fools. Then they would pay attention to her, Elly. Then they would try to hold her hand, they would wink at her, they would say things that would make her want to throw things at them.

She wouldn't, though. All the while she was hating them, she would take their orders for beer, edge away from them, and smile heartlessly at some of their craziness. She was a working girl, a waitress; they wouldn't wear neckties, and press their pants, and drink milkshakes for her. She hated them, and particularly she hated this crowd just entering.

"Hi, Elly!" the leader shouted, and fell into one of the booths. "Howzah girl?" His three compatriots fell after him, and then Elly noticed the new one. She'd never seen him before. He looked just like the rest, except a little unaccustomed and quiet. There was no room left in the booth, so he set a chair at the end of the table and sat down facing the others.

Elly walked over to them and stood with a pencil in her hand.

"What do you want?" she said.

"She says what do we want, boys!" yelled the big one, and they all roared. The new one laughed too, sort of politely, and told Elly to bring five beers.

She turned away and felt another burst of laughter follow her. After she had brought the drinks and evaded the boys, all but the new one, she leaned against the cash register again. Once she looked around and saw that the new boy was staring at her, hard; she looked away. He must be a freshman; he had such a young face.

The new boy spoke to the others. "She's a pretty girl. I keep looking at her. I like the way she has all that curly hair pushed back, sort of careless. I like blue eyes, too. They get me."

"Calm yourself," grunted one of the

others. "Elly's good looking, but you can't get around her."

"Oh, I didn't mean. . ." the new one blushed, a little angrily. He didn't say anything more to them.

Elly kept watching him covertly, hating herself all the while. He was nice. He had manners. Now if she had been a co-ed, he might have taken her to a movie, or bought her a milkshake; she knew she was good looking, but she had been born on the wrong side of the counter.

Finally the boys left. The new one paid the bill, and under his gaze Elly paled, then tossed her head defiantly.

After they had gone, Evan's Cafe was very quiet. A few flies buzzed near the



window, and the clock ticked thumpily. Elly was alone in the place; she *would* be for another hour unless some late straggler came in. . . . It was so quiet now she could hear the scratch of the old proprietor's pen. He was in the back room going over accounts. She sat down near the front window and watched the rain fall. The glass was so steaming and wet that the gold letters that spelled out "Evan's Cafe" looked like fresh paint.

Elly's mind was filled with abstract, still thought. Late, rainy night thoughts that make people seem miles and miles away. Always, her thoughts came back to the new boy who had come in that night.

"He's crazy," she thought. "I don't think he liked the taste of that beer; he drank it just because they did. I could sort of like him. I don't mean like him. He sort of gets me. I mean if he wasn't a college boy, and so rabbit looking;

he don't look as if he knew what the score was. I hope it rains all night; I can sleep good when it's raining. He had little ears, not great big donkey wings like 'loud mouth' that came in with him. I'd sort of like to know his name, maybe."

Almost she was dozing. Her thoughts ticked back and forth with the clock; her head was near the table.

Suddenly a draft of damp air blew on her cheek, and she sat up. The door framed a figure. She stood, and stared at it. It was the new boy.

He said, "Elly."

He stepped toward her and she did not back away. He took her hand and led her to a booth and they sat down.

"What're you doing back here?" she breathed. He still had her hand.

"I wanted to come. Do you mind, Elly? I wanted to talk to you. You're so pretty."

"I work here."

"Oh, I know, Elly! But have you long? Are you always going to?"

"No. Once't I worked in a store, making change. But I'd get all mixed up. Bills would come in so fast I couldn't get right change, and people would yell at me to hurry. I about went crazy. So I just stopped going one day."

"Poor girl, I'm sorry."

"Say, I don't want no sympathy; you sound like a book or something. Once't I worked in the hosiery mill, too. Oh, that was awful. You know what I did? I turned a little wheel and counted threads. All day long I'd turn that little wheel and count those threads. I got so I didn't know I was doing it even. Nights I'd dream about big wheels and those threads. It felt like my head'd pop. I did it eight hours every day until I couldn't stand it no more. You know what I did then? I just left the wheel and went running home, bawling. I was a sight, I reckon. But I just couldn't stand it no more."

"Oh, I don't blame you. I would have, too."

"I guess you would. You're awful young. I'm about eighteen."

"I'm older than that. I'm twenty."

There was a silence, while they stared at each other speculatively.

"Closing time," said Elly, finally. "Levitt's locking up the back."

They still sat there as Levitt turned

(Continued on page 15)



# Eating in the Tropics

HAMBLETON SLINGLUFF

I HAVE TOLD of the sea, eternal, profound, and blue, and of our delightful intimacy. The sea enchanted me, and its constantly changing panorama fed my spirit; the land was a thing apart, a little fearsome, because it contained the awful jungle; but its fruits nourished my body.

The soil of the tropics is undoubtedly blessed by the high powers probably as a recompense for the trying climate, the insect pests, and the dolor that comes with the rains. It is of the most remarkable productivity, and wherever white men have settled in tropic regions there have come also the industrious Chinese, who set up stores and plant truck gardens from which they supply the food for the white man's table; and, having in a comparatively short time plucked an easy living from the fecund earth, they retire and return to China to end their lives in comfortable, affluent idleness. We Navy folk at the submarine base used to go to the Chinese gardens for our vegetables; and from the yellow men's hut, hung about with dried iguana meat and mysterious herbs, first came those delicious fruits which I learned to like so much in the months which followed.

The Chinamen grew sugar-cane, which they sold to us in bundles of three or four gigantic stalks for a few cents. We children thought that really one of the greatest bargains; for a bundle of cane could be made to last all afternoon, and we would emerge from our orgy of sucking and chewing happily sated. A stalk of cane promised such perfect delight that we often could not wait for our parents to return from the Chinese gardens, but would steal into the commandant's small ornamental cane patch and despoil it, although our inroads were never so large that they were noticeable. The commandant had guavas, too, which we used to eat in the season; and truly there is small resemblance between the taste of a delicious, juicy, fresh guava and that of the viscid, glutinous, gutta-percha-like substance that passes for a luxury on our dining tables. Not that there is anything exceedingly bad about the taste of guava jelly, but, mercy! what must they do to the poor, frail guavas to cause such a transformation!

Also from the Chinaman's we got plantains, which the dictionary calls a species

of banana; it does not describe the heart-warming qualities of a dish of plantains, fried to almost delicate amber, brought piping hot to table with a generous accompaniment of boiled rice and curried chicken. It does, however, say that the plantain is something or other *paradisiaca*, which I take to be a reference to its divine qualities as a food; and thereby does the lexicographer pay a partial tribute to a noble vegetable.

The papaya is an excellent melon which has asserted its independence by contriving to grow, not on a vine, but on a tree; nor has it, by this arrangement, lost aught of delicate flavor or goodness. Modern science has seen fit to make from the papaya some sort of digestive ferment or enzyme, which is incorporated into most patent dyspepsia remedies; and, while I should dislike to go on record as standing in the way of progress, I do think it a kind of minor sacrilege.

The streets of some sections of Colon and Cristobal are crowded with negro cronos displaying fresh fruits for sale. Here, for "fi" cent gold," one can buy mangoes, which taste like a cross of carrot, pineapple, and turpentine pine. At least, that is the closest description of their flavor; but I hasten to say that all these flavors are blended in exquisite proportions, to produce a fruit that must

rank among the most delicious in the world. Indeed, I believe that after the durian, the Siamese fruit of indescribable foul odor and sublime delicacy of flavor, which is reckoned the most delightful of all the fruits of the earth, the mango is placed second by connoisseurs.

Finally I reverently approach the subject of cocoanuts. The cocoanut palm is the most useful tree of the tropics. Every part of it is utilizable; the native uses the fronds to thatch his house, and to weave into mats to furnish it after it is built; he uses the trunk to erect stockades; he drinks the milk of the nut when he is thirsty, and eats the ripe meat when he is hungry. Cocoanut milk is delicious, and the uneducated Northerner thinks that the meat is good, too; but he has never eaten a green cocoanut. On the naval reservation there were hundreds of palms, so many that the falling nuts were a menace. The administration employed men to go about climbing the trees, cutting the nuts that were ripe and hauling them away to sell in the city. It was a veritable feast-day for us children when a cutting was held; we gathered around and watched the dextrous negro cutters easily and gracefully ascend the straight, smooth trunks of the palms, which were often sixty feet high or more. After the cutting was over, we assembled about the carts for our share of the spoils. With three or four strokes of a *machete* the cutter would cleave off the thick, tough husk and open the shell. Then, using a chip of husk for a spoon, we would fall to. Unripe cocoanut meat is practically ambrosia. It has no slight resemblance to the hard, fibrous, resistant cocoanut which we buy in our grocery stores; rather, it is a tender, trembling jelly, of the most delicate cocoanut flavor imaginable, almost an ectoplasm, almost to be inhaled rather than eaten. Oh, it is delicious, and I have longed for it often since I returned to the States, as I have longed for the other things, too. Several times I have bought mangoes, but they are extremely expensive, and I cannot afford frequent indulgence.

Travelers are always eager to return to the tropics; usually they can give no reason. "It is the fascination of the place," they say. Some pretend it is the tropic sunset and the tropic night that lure them back. But I know why they go back—it is because of the food.

## Fragment

Houses . . .  
 Rows of houses . . .  
 Little frame houses all in a  
 line,  
 Marching down the side of a  
 street.  
 Little red chimneys and paint-  
 coated frame.  
 With colors discordant, and  
 lines that are sloppy  
 They mock the beauty which  
 cheaply they copy.  
 "Home" for these houses  
 should rattle like tin;  
 Their blatant lines and color  
 set up a din  
 In the mind of the man who  
 put his soul in  
 These little houses. . . .  
 B. B.



# The Son Of

C. ROBERT WILSON

ARNE WALKED desperate, wild, pursued—stumbling, walked young Arne through the night, fighting, running, frightened, ashamed. Head down, soul-lead, mind strangling; when the corner of his eye caught a light, and he looked up to the sky, seeing there the golden slit that was the parenthesis mark of the moon.

He characterized it thus, his mind went up to it eagerly. He slowed his mad steps to stand and stare at it.

"It's a slit of a parenthesis mark of a moon. A golden rent in the night-sky."

The sentence pleased him. He stared up at the sky, inwardly striving outward, upward, to it; repeating the words, welcoming the sound of his own voice.

"It's a slit of a parenthesis mark of a moon. It's a slit of a parenthesis mark of a moon." A stone, a tree, Arne a lone figure in the night, and a ring of gold in the sky. He murmured the words, vaguely, again and again, in rhythmic monotone, striving outward, upward.

Then his young face, moon-pale, constrained, suddenly lost its blank stare, became alive with emotion that dug deep furrows in his brow and gnashed feverishly at his lips. For, as he played with the sentence it suddenly lost its soothing mechanicalness, became a thing of meaning, plunged through the periphery of his consciousness—moon associated itself with love. His brief, blessed moment of thought-vacuity was lost, and his inward striving upward was at an end.

For, the moon always connoted love to Arne. Not in any clear, well-defined, reasoned way; but, for Arne, the physical full-splendored planetary body and the soul-searing spiritual experience of love were inextricably bound together. His desire for realization of the ideal in the real had fused them together. Together they formed the substance and design of his dreams. Together they formed the mystic fibre of his temperament.

He had felt his greatest loneliness when a moon was beautiful in the sky. It had mocked his inward emptiness with a baleful stare. And he had felt his greatest joy when a moon was beautiful in the sky. Then it had raised his joy to its level.

But now, when the inevitable association took place in his mind there resulted a deep stab of anguish. It brought back the blind, powerful, grief-pain and shame-horror, and led him to lift his arm and shake his fist in baffled, raging despair



at that slit of a parenthesis mark of a moon, and led him to stand with threatening fist crying out over and over to that slit of gold, confusedly personified:

"You son of a bitch, you son of a bitch, you son of a slit of a bitch of a moon!"

All the repressed, inward-writhing anger in his heart found rebellious, challenging voice in this wild, adolescent cry of bafflement. All gushed up to the star-spangled face of the night in this violent oath-threat. Doomed to impotency of action, images, he could ease his torment only through the articulation of the vilest oath he knew, directed nowhere, everywhere; against no one, against everyone; outward, upward, smashing for release. The moon, bright symbol of love, his God, an oath. Youth's strange pattern of intensity and idealism.

Then, he cried. Arne stood a lonely figure in the moonlight, a lonely figure of a boy of eighteen, a lonely figure of a boy of eighteen in the moonlight crying. The pale, moon-splinters from that slit of a moon pricked his tear-drops into tiny, sparkling fragments as they rolled down his cheeks. Then, they didn't laugh there goldenly any more. They were smeared into nothingness as Arne buried his face in his hands, defeated, prey of his mind-strangle.

"She's going to do it. She can't see. She doesn't understand, won't understand. My mother is going to get married, is going to remarry. God, why can't she see that it isn't right. It's ugly. It's repugnant. It's . . ."

He tried cold reason, attempted calm analysis, went back to the beginning. It

wouldn't be so . . . so, so sickening, so disgusting, if his father hadn't died. That was long ago, too long ago for him to remember. But they had been in love, they had loved each other, his mother and his father. That much he knew. That was why he couldn't comprehend his mother's even thinking of marrying again. Even thinking of it would spoil it. Another marriage violated, annihilated the first, made it as if it had never been, made a lie out of it, made it so that there had never been any love before. It was weak, it was compromise; it destroyed that early marriage, pointed to that early marriage and said that there was nothing to it but lust.

Fifteen years! Could a love, a love die in to complete nothingness in that time? A mere fifteen years! Not in a lifetime, not love worthy of the name, not as he understood love. What was love? He didn't know—it was beauty, it was timeless, it was death-less, it was holy and immortal. Keat's had been right, it was Truth and Beauty. It was mind and soul and body made single in joy. It stood between life and death, the only excuse for either. What was his mother? Wasn't he of her body, of her blood and flesh and mind—and of her love! Shouldn't they both be of, by, and throughout with the same love? What was that love between her and his father? What could it have been to have been so easily blasted into nothing! If there was none, whose son was he? Could he be the son of his mother, or the son of his father? Of one only? No. Of both? How was it possible!

Last night when she told him, there had been a strange tenderness in her eyes, a look that he had seen only when she felt more than usually close to him, or often when she had talked to him of his father. She said it was love. She had been different. He knew she thought it to be love. But, oh, God, it wasn't. It couldn't. It wasn't decent. How could it be with that other!

"Damn it all, it never could. If his father had beaten his mother, if he had been cruel, if they had been divorced, if they had discovered then that they hadn't loved each other, if there had been something sordid about it then, if it had been a mistake . . . but it hadn't! How often had she said to me how fine he

(Continued on page 16)



# Poet and Pedant

JOSEPH FIREBAUGH

TO EVERY person who has proceeded beyond his freshman year in college, it has become apparent that those who concern themselves with literature as a means of livelihood are divided roughly into two classes. On the one side are ranged those who call themselves, and are indeed sometimes called, poets or artists. On the other side are those who in their more modest moments call themselves scholars, and at other times critics or interpreters of literature. Though ostensibly at one in their pursuits, both claiming in high sounding phrase to search for the true meaning of life as expressed through the beauty of form, there is nevertheless a sharp differentiation in the manner they would achieve it. They usually differ so sharply, in fact, that the scholar does not become acquainted with the poet until two or three generations after the poet is dead; it seems scarcely necessary to add that the poet never becomes acquainted with the scholar. Let us consider these two classes of literary men with an effort to reconcile their differences. Our motives are not unmixed. We would reconcile them as much for our own benefit as for theirs.

The poet is generally not a collegian, and certainly is never a faculty member, the University of Wisconsin agoraphobe, perhaps, to the contrary. I do not mean that the combination is impossible; but to the misinformed poet, the holding of a professorship has the appearance of working for a living, and this is entirely opposed to his philosophy of life. For it is the poet's boast that he would study life by living it; and to his subtly logical mind, living and working for a living are entirely incompatible. Moreover, he must be sure that he will have ample time to carry out the second part of his planned life—that of expressing life's meaning, or his impressions of it, through the medium of his art. It is here that he adopts a definite attitude of superiority; for here he assumes the role of Creator, of a being somehow more finely wrought than the ordinary man; and it is here that he runs into trouble. His personal relations with contemporaries are not damaged, for the average man either fails to hear the poet's boast, or, hearing it, credits it only as the mumblings of a semi-lucid being. But his relationship to posterity, that thing above all things which the poet worships, is threatened by ruin. For, in brief, it is

here that he incurs the enmity of the scholar, and, in doing so, makes the gravest error of his life.

I shall be more specific. The scholar himself is a superior being, and is not slow to recognize himself as such. In fact, in nine cases out of ten, he is himself a poet of sorts. English faculties throughout the country have been said to be the graveyards of disillusioned minor poets. It is natural, then, that a certain amount of professional jealousy should arise. For any claim that the scholar may have to originality is thus clearly the claim of originality twice removed. The logic is unavoidable that, if the poet interprets life, and the scholar, in his turn, interprets the poet, he can only claim to have seen beauty and truth through the eyes of another man. What is the scholar's natural reaction? Does he become insanely jealous? Does he rant and rail? Does he pen a vicious attack in his favorite review? No, he does not stoop to all this; for, as I have said, the scholar is undeniably a superior sort of being, quite above such vulgar displays of temper. And besides, he knows that in the long run he has the upper hand. It is the man who *interprets* the poet who will eventually make or break him. The scholar will of course write an article or two, appreciatively noting the author's talent (or, if he wishes to give the impression of unusual broad-mindedness, genius), but taking care to note also a fundamental conflict of principles between this poet's conception of life and a true conception—that is, his own. He knows that he need do no more. There is a sort of *esprit de corps* among scholars. Later scholars will be swift to take up his cause. They will riddle the poet—riddle him, I should say, by indirection—by indirection, moreover, of the most indirect sort—that is, by interpreting him. I do not mean that this interpretation will necessarily be adverse. But it will be interpretation of the most perilous sort to a poet's fame with posterity. And thus will the scholar be revenged upon the upstart, over-confident poet.

Let us see how later scholars set about attaining their end. They will begin by exalting the personal fame of the poet. They will create a name for him by mentioning him in the most unctuous tones in their college lecture sections. Students by the hundreds will troop from the class-

rooms, perhaps commenting to each other: "That guy Byron must be pretty hot stuff. Have to read him some time." The damage is begun. But, if it is to be effectively consummated, it requires that a great deal of additional scholarly work be done—done in such a way, moreover, that the name of the scholar will be exalted at the same time that the name of the poet is, not ruined, but made pale and ineffectual. This end may be achieved in several ways, but by all odds the most effective is that known as the production of an edition. This edition must, of course, be provided with copious notes. Scholars most experienced in detracting from a poet's following agree that these should be placed as footnotes, at the bottom of each page, where they will perpetually present themselves to the readers. Novices often make the error, fatal to their purpose, of placing the notes at the back of the book, where they are readily ignored by a reader who actually carries out his threat to "look into that guy Byron." The notes should be placed where they will continually remind the reader that there is a certain occult significance to this beautifully lyrical passage, the meaning of which had heretofore seemed crystal clear. This hidden meaning, moreover, must be explained by the scholar with all the scholastic jargon at his disposal; such words as classic restraint, romantic fallacy, primitivism, pantheism, deism, Rousseauism, humanism, etc., must sprinkle the notes liberally; as nearly as possible there must be reference and counter-reference to other poems and to obscure but scholarly journals, preferably written in foreign languages. On no account may the names of these publications be written out in full. Initials, such as PMLA, CHAL, etc., must be employed liberally. Nor may the actual month and year of publication be given—only the volume number and page, the former in Roman numerals, to impede reading. These instructions, if carefully carried out, will make the footnotes completely unreadable. This will have the desirable effect of giving the unlucky reader the impression that he cannot possibly extract any meaning from this maze of obscure jargon and symbols, and that he cannot possibly comprehend the poem, once so simple to him, without extracting that meaning. Unless he is a very hardy soul,

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## A Dead Girl

Where sparks fly upward from the rolling plain  
Between the Appalachian and the sea  
You caught the restless sorrow in your heart,  
The wind's sad singing in the mountain pines  
And the unceasing grieving of the sea.

Being compounded of sea, fire, and air,  
What could the spirit do but madly cry,  
Locked in the body, teased by body's cares?

The heart shrinks, fearing never to be free  
And envies the tired circling of the bird  
Whose heart can soar until slow pinions droop,  
But human heart is weak, and cannot hold  
The rage that flows within the walls of blood.  
And mind outruns old teaching in desire  
To seek the unpermitted, and to know  
The long-forgotten or the never-known.

You feared to live imprisoned, but no fear  
Of aught untested tamed your injured soul,  
And now your body melts into the earth;  
Your soul sings in the pines, chants in the sea.

KIFFIN HAYES

## Delight in Beauty

Death will not dim delight in me  
Nor sifting earth my song abate,  
Knowing still Beauty walks the earth  
Unveiled, inviolate.  
Perhaps her footsteps may be pressed  
By chance upon my patch of sod;  
My heart shall live in hyacinths.  
It was on *me* she trod.

VIRGINIA DUEHRING



# Cupid Is a Newshawk

PAUL ADER

DAVE MICKLEMUNCH began his newshawking career with a bang. It was a story, almost his first assignment, which involved a citizen of Prairieville, Arkansas, his dog, and his grandmother—the citizen's grandmother, that is, not the dog's.

Editor Runky Petfridge, his employer, read the aspiring young reporter's account of the dog-grandmother incident, which ran thus:

## "BULLDOG BITES GRANDMOTHER"

"Wiley Petersen's bulldog, Rex, got loose yesterday afternoon and, running into the house, bit his grandmother on the leg. Mrs. Petersen, the recipient of the canine's wrath, was reported doing nicely by Doctor Pendergrass, taken to the Prairieville Hospital as a result of shock.

"For many minutes Wiley Petersen searched for his escaped beast; every even minute, or odd, he would look at the dogs passing his house fearfully. About 4:30 o'clock he perceived the animal on the porch of a neighbor's abode. Trotting down the steps, the four-legged quadruped ran at him; however, as he turned, barking furiously, the dog ran away.

"Grandmother Petersen declared last night that she would not live at Wiley Petersen's domicile unless he rid the premises of the above-mentioned bulldog. She stated that she would go to Arizona unless the dog was precipitated into the 'pond' or her recalcitrant son was confined in jail to live with relatives." . . . Editor Petfridge, I say, read this. . . . And fired Dave with alacrity.

It was a good thing, no doubt, for Editor Billings of the *Prairieville Herald* saw the account, and, possessing the rudiments of a sense of humor coupled with a degree of insight, immediately engaged Dave. Good material for a feature writer, old Billings reasoned.

Nor was he wrong. For Dave promptly exhibited this knack of his for stating a thing in such a way that it never said what it meant. Maybe it was a lack of ratiocination; maybe it was downright inability to handle the language; or maybe, as Old Billings figured, it was largely intentional. Whatever the cause, it was notorious among the *Herald's* employees that one of their midst, David Micklemunch, never failed to incorporate at least one very ambiguous sentence in each report.



Thus, in reporting a minor automobile accident:

"The automobile veered suddenly and struck a telephone pole barely missing a pedestrian which snapped off near the bottom from the impact."

He became known as the *Herald's* dangling reporter. Such was his reputation. . . . And O how powerful are first impressions, and how difficult to change! For, in short, having acquired a reputation as being a "dangling" reporter, he began to go out of his way to dangle. Possibly this fact, psychologically, had something to do with his subsequent misadventures as a newshawk.

Be that as it may, our hero—I mean Dave—was covering the West-end residential district one bright March morning when he happened to drop in at the Widow Gaspers.

"Lan' sakes!" ejaculated the widow, "who would a-thought it? Why, come right in, David Micklemunch, haven't seen you in weeks, no, sit in this chair, jes like I was a-saying to Parson Jenkins, that chair has a powerful hard back, I says, and what would be a-bringing you here this time o-mornin', Dave, why, I was talking to Miss Pratt this morning. . . ."

"Yes," said David.

"How's-that?"

"I was saying," returned Dave, "or rather I was about to ask if you'd heard of a man biting a dog around here lately?"

"No! Don't tell me . . . lan' sakes, Wiley Petersen hasn't gone and bit that. . . ."

"Certainly," replied Dave, "he hasn't! I was just looking for some news."

"Yes, you're right," chattered Mrs. Gaspers, "like I wuz a-saying about you news re-perters to Wider Jacks, says I. . . ."

"Talking about the Widow Jacks," interrupted Dave, "where's your daughter Nancy? Haven't seen her in the last three deadlines."

"I might a-known you ud swing around to Nancy, Daivid Micklemunch, but 'tain't no use a-wastin' your time . . . Jim Maddox's got things pretty well sewed up."

"That big-town shiek!"

"Wal, now, Dave, I wouldn't say . . . Jim, y'know's a right nice feller. . . ."

Dave agreed that Mrs. Gaspers was, on that subject, absolutely wrong. He nursed a long-standing aversion against Mr. James Maddox, and Miss Nancy Gaspers can in no manner be said to have been non-involved. The present truth of the matter is that Dave had been slowly . . . and I grieve to relate, maliciously . . . formulating a scheme whereby the said Mr. Maddox would be reduced to an absurdity, and he, David, would win the fair hand. . . .

Well, Dave, as I was saying, was devising a plan for the downfall of the redoubtable Maddox—a scheme which would utilize the power in the opinion of the public, which opinion Dave planned to build up through the *Herald's* columns.

It was a daring plan, Dave knew; he realized full well that he was placing his newshawking career in jeopardy . . . but love attempteth all things! And what could his feelings towards Nancy Gaspers be termed than just that . . . love?

So that's how matters stood: Dave was determined; Nancy was willing either way; and Jim Maddox was more or less in the way. Nancy had no personal dislike for Mr. Maddox. Indeed her feelings for him were just short of amorous. And when she told Dave that he might do anything he wished, she also reminded him that she wasn't promising *anybody* anything! . . . with sweetly irritating indecisiveness.

Mrs. Gaspers' chance remark of that Friday morning crystallized Dave's plan and brought him to the realization that it was time to strike. He smothered effectively all pangs of conscience and ra-

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# Carlyle and the European Dictators

JANE LOVE

WHEN CARLYLE, during the nineteenth century, expounded his theory of the hero and hero-worship, his belief in absolutism and a world aristocracy, and his fierce opposition to any common current conception of democracy, he was treading on the toes of an inspired enthusiasm. England was occupied with all varieties of reform movements and democratization of the government at that time; a government of the people, by the people, and for the people was lauded in all progressive nations; the new United States was struggling through its birth-pangs and its adolescence. Small wonder that his "political delinquencies," as Leslie Stephen in a letter to James Russell Lowell called Carlyle's theories, aroused few followers in the contemporary world. Shortly after his death in 1881, there was a lively opposition to his teachings—perhaps because of Froude's biography; very likely, because of his condemnation of democracy, which seemed unfounded in the face of its apparent success. Carlyle was certain that England was in a very critical condition. To him, there was no such thing as a government unless it was very strong, and he could not conceive of a strong government which was not the result of the absolute power of one man. For others, England was progressing rapidly toward the ideal political entity for which they were striving; the derogatory nature of the comments regarding his views was inevitable.

Since the Great War and the resultant post-war confusion and turmoil, ideas have changed. Each intelligent man recognizes the necessity of a strong government, and consequently, with the failure of democracy to achieve this goal in a nation whose entire population is not educated, men have arrived at a still unconscious realization of the average individual's inability to participate, through representative assemblies, in government. As a result, we have today great dictators in two European countries, and even here in "the land of the free and the home of the brave" we have—definitely—a more autocratic and absolute rule than ever before under normal conditions. What is significant is that Thomas Carlyle, living in one century, could anticipate the ultimate downfall of such a sacred institution as democracy, for the following century. Personally, I rather doubt that he was as conscious of the practical out-

come of his teachings as contemporaries seem to find him. It is easy to read an unconscious meaning into a written opinion, for it necessarily omits a great deal. Carlyle was essentially an idealist in his political philosophy. And since the man is dead, he can hardly rise and defend himself against those who now find him the champion of Hitler and Mussolini. Nevertheless, it is a startling revelation to study the three men comparatively and to find the noticeable similarities which exist between the theory of Carlyle, on the one hand, and the theory and practice of Hitler and Mussolini, on the other.

It might be well to summarize Carlyle's theory of government before attempting this comparative analysis. I shall let him speak, first, for himself.

"Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country; no ballot box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution-building or other machinery whatsoever can improve it a whit. It is in the perfect state; an ideal country. The Ablest Man; he means also the truest-hearted, justest, the Noblest Man; what he *tells us to do* must be precisely the wisest, fittest, that we could anywhere or anyhow learn;—the thing which it will in all ways behoove us, with right loyal thankfulness, and nothing doubting, to do! Our *doing* and life were then, so far as government could regulate it, well regulated; that were the ideal of constitutions."<sup>1</sup>

"Democracy," he says, ". . . means despair of finding any heroes to govern you, and contentedly putting up with the want of them—alas!"<sup>2</sup>

If this Hero is the integral part of the government, Carlyle would have done well to state definite qualifications for the title in order to formulate a finished theory of government. Except for a rather vague declaration that "the eldest born of a certain genealogy"<sup>3</sup> is not necessarily the fit ruler, there is little direct answer to this problem. We learn, of course, that the Hero experiences a peculiar realization that the only true reality is in the ideal, and that through man's wonder at this enlightened person, through hero-worship, which Carlyle deems a natural emotion in mankind, re-

ligion is justly brought into government. All earthly things are symbols of the divine Creator, and of all visible symbols, "the true Shekinah is Man!" Upholding this saying of St. Chrysostom, Carlyle says: "We are the miracle of miracles,—the great inscrutable mystery of God."<sup>4</sup> And so it is natural that the purest men shall become objects of worship of all other men, for through their deeper insight, they most clearly symbolize the good and the true. Thus the best government becomes the most religious.

But the question inevitably rises: if there is no prescribed way of search for the Hero, how can he be called to the front as the ruler? Carlyle's reply is ambiguous, for it seems to imply that "Right is Might" is a correct idea, that the Hero will force his way to the top, that his doing so will be just, that a man's success in reaching the top is an indication that he is heroic. Cromwell and Napoleon are the exemplars of Carlyle's "Hero as King"; if the principle is applied to them, "might" seems to refer to physical strength. But Carlyle meant more than brute force. Brute force can achieve a transient power; but an intellectual and spiritual force is essential for the achievement of permanent supremacy.

"The strong man, what is he?" ponders Carlyle. "The wise man. His muscles and bones are not stronger than ours; but his soul is stronger, cleaner, nobler—"<sup>5</sup>

"Divine *right*, take it on the great scale, is found to mean divine *might* withal!"<sup>6</sup>

Inevitably, however, physical strength seems to accompany this higher strength.

Once the Hero is established on his throne, what is the nature of the relation between him and those whom he is to rule? This is Carlyle's answer.

"'He who is to be my divine ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.'"<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 12.

<sup>5</sup> Nichol, John: *Carlyle*, p. 199. (English Men of Letters series.) Macmillan and Co., Ltd. London. 1926.

<sup>6</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 234.

<sup>7</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Sartor Resartus*, ed. William Savage Johnson, p. 180. Houghton-Mifflin Company. Cambridge, Mass. 1924.

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<sup>1</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, ed. Archibald MacMechan, p. 226. Ginn and Company. Boston. 1901.

<sup>2</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *French Revolution*, Modern Library, New York.

<sup>3</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Worship*, p. 6.



# Poland-China

CHADWICK CALLAGHAN

AS THE WAGON came over the crest of the hill and started down the incline, Lish applied the brakes and pulled his lines taut.

"Easy, Bess—slow, Duke."

The iron-rimmed wheels of the wagon bit into the gravel and ground out a monotonous drone. The floor-boards rattled behind him.

When he got to the bottom of the hill he espied a stranger walking in the direction he was going.

"Whoa, Bess. Ho, Duke."

Without saying a word the traveler put his foot on the hub and jumped up into the seat beside Lish. Lish gave the reins a flap and they were under way.

"Where ya headed?" asked Lish.

"Urbana," said the stranger. "Where you?"

"Goin' over to Derringer's to git me a wife. Gonna git me a hawg too—genuine Poland-China—pedigreed."

They were silent for a time during which the stranger surveyed Lish's features. Lish looked straight ahead. He was bent over with his head up—eyes blank.

"A pedigree Poland-China, eh?" said the stranger.

"Git up there, Duke, ya lazy—" He looked up. "That horse's end of the double-tree is always way behind the mare's—lazy devil!" He took the lines in his hands and using their ends as a whip, lashed Duke across the back. The horse jerked forward. "Yeah," said Lish, "genuine—always wanted one. Pa never went in for hawg-raisin', but I'm goin' to. Got me a sow t'other day. She's pedigreed Poland-China too."

"Livin' with your pa?" asked the stranger.

"Have been," said Lish, "jes' set me up a place of my own, though. Me and my wife—that's where we're gonna live. Bought me a few acres and Pa's givin' me a strip too—right long side it.

"Pretty lucky, ain'tcha?" said the stranger.

Lish looked down, then back at the stranger. "Well, I guess," he said all in one breath.

"How 'bout your wife?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, she's perty too," he said simply. The stranger smiled.

They rode for some time in silence. Soon the sun disappeared. Lish looked ahead. "Guess you'll be gettin' off at this

corner, by the tree there, won't ya? I'm turnin' left."

"Yeah," said the stranger looking up and noticing the corner and tree in question.

"Say, that's a funny tree," he said.

"Yeah, it is," said Lish. "It's been that way fer ten years—ever since they hung Harve Pulley."

"Funny it's just got a trunk and one big green limb," said the stranger.

"Yeah, it is," said Lish. "That's the one they hung old Harve on. Rest of the limbs rotted away."

"Sure is funny," said the stranger.

"Yeah," said Lish. "Some folks say that God sits there wrasslin' with th' devil for old Harve's soul."

"Huh. Guess if God was there you'd see 'im, wouldn't you?"

"He's s'posed to be invisible," said Lish. "Guess there ain't much to it though."

"Guess not," said the stranger. "There's a whip-poor-will there now. Just listen to him."

They were at the corner now. Lish reined up the horses and the wagon came to a stop. The stranger put his foot on the hub of the wheel and sprang out.

"Well, here's luck," he said.

"Thanks a heap," said Lish.

The whip-poor-will sobbed out his cries from the tree which was now a silhouette against the red sky. The stranger looked up at the tree. "Humph!" he mumbled as he turned on his heel.

In five minutes Lish drove into the Derringer yard. The low, squat farmhouse was aglow with lights. They were expecting Lish. As he brought the wagon to a stop, the Derringer kids ran out and stood about, holding their hands behind them and saying nothing. John Derringer followed them.



"Howdy, Lish," he said.

"Ho," said Lish jumping down and twisting the lines around the brake post.

"Here, Dale," said Derringer to one of the kids. "Go put Lish's horses up for the night."

Mrs. Derringer met them at the door.

"Where's Virginia?" asked Lish.

"Upstairs," said Mrs. Derringer. "She's prissin' up, I spec."

After Lish had washed up and they had sat down to supper, Virginia came down looking as if she'd been crying. The kids giggled. Lish pushed her chair around so she could get in beside him.

Derringer's eyes lighted. "Ain't ya goin' to kiss 'er, Lish?" he jibed.

"Haw—haw—haw," blurted one of the kids. Mrs. Derringer reached out her red hand and slapped him in the mouth. He slid under the table and started to howl. Both Lish and Virginia were glad because it diverted attention from them.

After supper Derringer lit a lantern and he and Lish started toward the barn.

"That vetenary friend o' yours was here today, Lish, and picked ya out a boar," said Derringer.

"Yeah," said Lish. "He was goin' to Urbana today, so I ast 'im to . . . I'm particuler 'bout my hawgs."

"Oh, they're all right," said Derringer. "Ain't nothin' wrong with them."

"Jes' wanted to make sure," said Lish.

When they were inside the barn, Derringer held up the lantern so Lish could see the boar.

"Got a crate all ready for 'im," said Derringer giving it a kick.

Lish didn't hear him—just stood there—looking at the hog. He sucked his teeth.

"Sure is perty, ain't 'e?"

"He's jes' as sturdy as ya please," said Derringer. "Look at them hams." After they had stood there a while Derringer made a move as if to go. Finally Lish was able to tear himself away. Derringer went around to each stall, holding the lantern up so as to inspect each cow and horse.

"This is sure a fine barn," said Lish.

Derringer laughed. "Yeah," he said, "thinkin' 'bout movin' in her myself and puttin' the stock in the house." Lish couldn't see the joke.

On the way to the house they stopped at

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# The Widow's Mite

## EDWARD POST

It was very fitting that the Reverend Mr. Holland's wife should honor Bishop Holmes at tea. After all, her husband was pastor of the largest church in the district. "And, too," said Mrs. Holland, "Bishop Holmes and I are old friends." The bishop didn't recall that he and Mrs. Holland had ever met before, but then he had probably been introduced to her at some missionary conference along with so many others that it had slipped his mind. He would take the first opportunity to learn from Mrs. Holland just where it was that their acquaintance had begun.

Clergymen, perhaps, are more likely than anyone else to "talk shop" in their hours of leisure. On the afternoon of Mrs. Holland's tea they did. Several of the ministers gathered around Dr. Holmes and the conversation turned to the question of problematic members of one's congregation.

"Gentlemen," pronounced the bishop, "in this matter we must remember one great moral truth: there is something good in everyone."

The gentlemen were quick to agree and nod their heads knowingly.

"I am reminded," continued Dr. Holmes, "of a story, a very impressive incident, which befell a college acquaintance of mine. I think it will illustrate my point."

"This young boy was a very ambitious fellow. He was working and borrowing his way through college as best he could. Sometimes, however, he had a great deal of difficulty securing the necessary funds. On one occasion, he was particularly uneasy, lest he should be forced to abandon his pursuit of an education."

"It was an unusually cold day for early fall and only two days until the college term was to begin. He lacked just twenty-five dollars having enough to matriculate, confident that, if he could pay a certain amount at that time, he would be able to obtain an extension on the remainder of the fees. These he would earn through several odd jobs promised him at the college. He had tried at every possible source to borrow that last twenty-five dollars, but with no success. His parents, who were poor, had helped him all they could."

"Deeply discouraged and broken in spirit, he walked along the streets on that night, his overcoat fastened closely about him as a protection against the cold. A young girl approached him and took his arm. He saw by the street-light that she was very pretty and had beautiful Titian curls. She led him to her room. She was a fallen woman, a prostitute. At the moment his will was weakened. To himself he said, 'All of my hopes and all of my work have gone for nothing. Why shouldn't I go with her? She's pretty and she will make me forget. No need to save the money anymore, anyway.'

"Gentlemen, it was a distressing situation. It is pitiable that a young man should be so weakened by adversity that



he should seek to forget by drugging his soul with sin, but we must try to understand and forgive."

The gentlemen were quick to agree and nod their heads knowingly.

"However, to get back to my story, in the course of the evening the story of his difficulties came out. When he left, she refused to take money from him for the sinful pleasures in which he had indulged, and as he walked back along the cold streets, he thrust his hands into his pockets. In one of them he found a roll of bills, exactly twenty-five dollars. This woman of sin and shame had tucked the money into his pocket without his knowing it."

"So, you see gentlemen, there is something good in everyone. This poor girl, the lowest of the low, had given her 'widow's mite' as a loving sacrifice in the name of goodness."

The gentlemen were quick to agree and nod their heads knowingly. But Mrs. Holland spied the little group and came up to interrupt their head-wagging. She must see that her guests were being properly entertained. They assured her that they were: Bishop Holmes had just told them a very interesting, a very touching story.

"How pleasant! I always enjoy Dr. Holmes' anecdotes." The bishop acknowledged the compliment with a benign smile. And then, good wife of a pastor though she was, Mrs. Holland's vanity got the better of her.

"You know, Dr. Holmes and I are old friends. We—"

"Pardon me, Mrs. Holland," interrupted Dr. Holmes. Here was an opportunity to puncture false pride, which he so much detested. "Just where did our friendship begin? It seems to have slipped my mind."

Mrs. Holland's pride was effectively pricked, but Mrs. Holland was a clever woman and she quickly found a pin for the bishop's own bubble.

"Why, it was in your home town, Dr. Holmes! I was just a young . . . uh . . . artist. I was there for several weeks doing some work. We met one cold night in early fall. I shall never forget it, for it always gives me a small sense of personal pride in the distinction to which you have attained. You were still a college student at the time and it was shortly before school was to open. You looked very melancholy and discouraged that night, and I succeeded in drawing from you the reason.—I am *sure* that you won't mind my telling this now, Dr. Holmes?—You *needed* only *twenty-five dollars* to return to school. I had that amount saved up toward a new coat, but I slipped it into your overcoat pocket while you weren't looking. I felt that I was giving . . . uh . . . my 'widow's mite', a sacrifice of vanity, gentlemen."

The gentlemen were quick to notice that Mrs. Holland's Titian curls were *still* beautiful.

Illustrated by JOHN GAMSBY



# He That Is Faithful

JOHN W. VINSON

FUNNY THAT HE can sleep so, even when the train lurches from side to side. That woman across the aisle is in for a devil of a time with that sick kid she has, looks sort of tired, too. Always keeping a wet cloth on the kid's head and trying to make her take a pill. Hope to God Lucy doesn't catch whatever it is. Flu, likely, what with this rain and fog.

These pink blankets just go with Lucy's face, so pink and still a little bit wrinkled. Gosh, it was wrinkled when Lucy was first born. Thought it would never straighten out. When she was having Lucy and they were giving her the gas or ether or whatever it is they give you, at the lying-in hospital, she felt queer, seemed as if bees were buzzing around a star away off in the distance and yet the bees seemed flying around her head at the same time, and big as Pacy's Restaurant. They wouldn't have accepted any explanation even if it could have been explained. This wasn't the kind of thing you could talk about anyhow, at least not with a man. Least of all with a man like Mr. Merberry. He just stood there sneering while she waited on the tables. She was getting heavier every day. God, she would get tired. Her feet seemed as though they were stuck in quicksand when she was bringing in the trays full of blue plate lunches for those business men. Stuck in quicksand, and every time she moved them she'd feel those achings in her lower stomach. She almost fainted one time. She couldn't think about Jim any more. When she did the blood would leave her head and she would have to sit down. Every chance she got she would sit down and slip off her shoes. After a while that didn't seem to help much either. Couldn't think of Jim, only dizziness then; could only think of those blue plates for those business men. To say "Yes, sir, thank you, sir." Blue plates for business men. Wouldn't be very long that she'd be serving blue plates to business men. Wouldn't be long—when her condition got too noticeable . . . before Mr. Merberry would sidle up to her and say, as though he enjoyed doing it, "Say, Sister, better start looking for another job. Guess I don't have to tell you why." That's what he told Jessie before her baby came. Poor Jessie, she had started crying. Sobbing so when she left the restaurant that she didn't tell any of the girls good-by. Jessie was lucky.

She had a brother to go to. A worn-out-looking man who didn't like the idea very much; but he couldn't let her starve.

That sudden jerking; must be stopping at some hick station. Can't see anything but a blur of light through this fog. Starting again. Gosh, what a lurch, must be switching cars. Thought that would wake up the fat stomach across the aisle. He's stretching now. The train's moving again. He's getting up, pulling his vest down, looking at his watch, going to the men's room.

It must be about two-thirty. Wonder why they have all the lights on at night. With everybody trying to sleep, it seems as though they'd turn them off. Lucy's sleeping in spite of it. No use trying to get any sleep. Somehow never can get used to this swaying motion. Seems like before Lucy came, those dizzy, sick-at-the-stomach spells.

But she didn't have a brother to live on after her baby was born. That was when she'd think of Jim. She couldn't do that, though; those dizzy spells would come over her. She didn't think Jim would leave her flat like that. He wasn't that kind. That's what Jessie thought, too, poor kid. But she was the butterfly kind and couldn't take it on the chin. When Mr. Merberry finally did call her over and tell her with a knowing wink to go look for another job, sister, she didn't start crying. She took her pay check and walked out of the restaurant with her chin up. No more blue plates for business men. Thank God for that. Tired, so tired she couldn't have lifted another blue plate. Thighs aching and her heart going like corn popping.

When she got to the room she shared with Tillie she lay on the iron bed looking at those brown spots on the ceiling. She didn't feel like crying. Too tired. Just to lie there knowing there would be no more blue plates to handle. No more thick blue plates, piled with food, not even for herself. Starving didn't seem bad, as long as you could lie there and not have to move your legs. But after a while she couldn't even lie there. Mrs. Randy would come grumbling up the stairs and asking for rent. This hole wasn't worth what Mrs. Randy asked, even if Tillie shared it with her to cut down expenses.

Tillie came home from work and said "You needn't tell me, kid. I know. Tough

break." She went to the little window and pulled back the frayed blue curtain. "But don't worry, we'll manage till after the baby comes." That was white of Tillie. She makes even less than I did. Ate so little she was dry and thin. So decent of her that my eyes got watery when I tried to thank her. "Awh, shut up," she said. "Tough break, kid, tough break."

Didn't notice that fat stomach is back. Sleeping again. Snoring a little bit now. Not really snoring, just wheezing. Queer how he got back without her noticing it. Must have been thinking about something else. Concentrating. Couldn't have been sleeping. Can't ever go to sleep with this swaying. Feels just like before Lucy came. Maybe eating would help. One of those ham sandwiches in the paste-board box. Wish that woman across the aisle would throw away those apples. Makes the car smell sticky, sweet. Nauseating. Too much trouble to get a sandwich. It would wake Lucy. She has to get plenty of sleep. That's what the doctor at Mother's Clinic said: enough sleep, enough milk. Never had trouble about milk. She had plenty of it for Lucy. In about two hours time to nurse her again. Lucy had never been sick either, except once, when she got the colic. Hope to God she doesn't catch the flu or whatever it is that kid across the aisle has.

It was a good thing that Lucy had been healthy. Couldn't have afforded to buy medicines. It was all she could do to earn a little bit to piece out what Tillie could spare. Sewing. Making smocks for the store where Tillie worked. Tillie got her that. Swell kid, Tillie, absolutely white, all the way through. Making smocks was much easier than serving blue plates. You could sit down. Gosh, she was heavy. Got so tired toward the end, thought she couldn't finish those last three smocks. She had to, though, before she went to the lying-in hospital. That was when she wanted Jim. Wanted him and hated him. Funny, isn't it, how you can want a person and hate him at the same time. He could always put his arm around her and say, "Everything's okey, honey." And even though neither of them believed it, it always seemed to help. It would have been easier if he had been there. Of course when he lost

*(Continued on page 25)*



*My compliments on your  
very good taste, sir*



*for the good things  
smoking can give you*

**Chesterfield**  
*Wins*





# From Cover to Cover

## CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

### *Swinerton. An Autobiography.* By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday, Doran.

There are many forms of autobiography but one fault is common to all: of all arts the self-portrait, in any medium, is most predisposed to inaccuracy. There are autobiographies like Ben Franklin's, a pious mixture of sermonizing and display; sincere and noble apologies—not excuses—such as Cardinal Newman's, and mere vaunting which gives the reader after thirty minutes the sensation of being between Vesuvius' crater and a charging Kodiak bear with the .404 jammed and the trusty gun-boy dying of tropic fever. (There is no need to mention an example.) This would not begin the list, but all types alike almost without exception fail to show—unless unintentionally—the author's real character. Men may err from pride, humility, or ignorance; few will not fail in some respect in writing of themselves. Frank Swinnerton is the exception.

*Swinerton: An Autobiography* is a portrait gallery; it is not a life-and-times; in fact, after the opening pages, we are left with little indication of the larger economic and social background. Of the many brilliant personalities and quotable anecdotes, only a few can readily recur to memory, but the reader will not forget Wells, or Bennett, or J. M. Dent, nor can he fail to retain a vivid picture of the affable, familiar F. S. As for anecdotes, almost anything said here by Shaw, Chesterton, or Bennett is worth quoting, or take the instance of Earl Russell at the Reform Club. It may be difficult for a member of this college generation to place a few of the figures known to Mr. Swinnerton, but neither their number nor the diminution of their fame detracts from the pleasure of the book.

Frank Swinnerton is a very courteous and informed gentleman. He has worked hard both from necessity and the love of his craft. He has a quiet but certain humor, rather pleasant than funny, and is rather impressionable than opinionated.

He appreciates people even more accurately than their literary productions, for he knows that the best writing is only a second-hand revelation of its author. He has produced a miracle of unprejudiced intelligence in presenting himself and his friends as if he had stepped with his reader into a drawing-room and set about making him acquainted with all present so that each should be not merely a name and a face but almost an intimate. And the reader should take care to return to this pleasing company, for this book may well serve as an introduction to no mean period of English letters.

K. HAYES.

### *A Hundred Years.* By Philip Guedala. Doubleday, Doran.

Although Mr. Philip Guedala essays to cover a full hundred years of European and American history in some 350 pages, he succeeds in producing a narrative and an interpretation which by its very conciseness may be more valuable to the general reader than the more complex works of more scholarly historians. The author's methods are simple, if not perfect; he deals chiefly with periods of war and depression as being obvious high or low points of national energy; he repeats himself occasionally to show the importance of one event to several distinct later happenings, and he makes copious use of characteristic expressions of leading figures to catch briefly the spirit of the age. He may be under some debt to Mr. Strachey for the interpretation of the Prince Regent, and shows the influence of Carlyle in his insistence that obscure and unpredictable actions may determine the entire course of history. The opening and close of the book borrow a favorite device of recent poets, the time-obsession of Mr. MacLeish's "You, Andrew Marvel."

Though Mr. Guedala considers war and rebellion of special significance, as he must, he follows the general trend of modern historians in not dealing to any great extent with the actual conduct of war. He has a section on the early months of 1861 which may very well offend "the rebels", and an exposition of Bismarck's brilliant rascality which, since we do not feel so involved in the affair as to be

obliged to apology or rebuttal, has all merits for a high-comedy plot. (But then it may be just as well that there is no genuine critical objectivity.) His sections, beginning conveniently in new decades in many cases, combine retrospect and prophecy. His task has been to present a readable book and an intelligent interpretation of a remarkable, though very arbitrarily divided, century. The first part he has performed with no small success.

As to the validity of Mr. Guedala's historical theory only a series of critical historians can give judgment. His history is primarily political, although he places great emphasis on the coming of the railroad, hints at the importance of such military inventions as the needle-gun, the *mitrailleuse*, and the breach-loading cannon, and exemplifies the grand capitalism by a little treatise on Standard Oil. He emphasizes, also, the political factor of National Character; his Germans are recognizable Prussians, his Frenchmen all volatile adorers of liberty and *la patrie*; his English are the models of common-sense and "muddle-through" persistence. But the book is primarily good intelligent reading matter. It is lively and well stocked in anecdote, . . . "After this contribution (Bismarck's retouching of the Ems dispatch) to international harmony the little party was resumed in a distinctly brighter mood, the trio grew noticeably more convivial. Moltke was almost gay, and Roon vociferously intimated the renewal of his faith in God; for war was now within their grasp."

K. HAYES.

### *The Street of the Fishing Cat.* By Jolan Foldes. Translated by Elizabeth Jacobi. Farrar and Rinehart.

Here is a novel that all Americans should read, that many who read will dislike, that will jolt others who read because of its original material and deep sincerity. Winner of the first International prize, it was written by a Hungarian woman, Jolan Foldes, about a family of her own people who were emigrants in an alien Paris along with many other political and economic exiles from European countries. Having actually ex-

perienced her own book, the author is well-qualified to write it.

The poignant pathos of a group of men without a country, men who belong nowhere, who cling pathetically to a hope that they may find their way home again until reality snatches even hope from them—this is the theme on which Jolan Foldes bases her tale. Primarily interested in the human side of her characters, and in the girl Anna in particular, she does not emphasize the political value of what she has to say in *The Street of the Fishing Cat*; yet, as true individuals, the Barabas family and their pitiful circle will serve, as all strong characters do, to strengthen a story written between the lines, the story of all those like them.

Since the book is a translation, it has lost much of the inherent force which a story told in its native language possesses, but that part of the strength which is universal remains. Probably because it is written in the uncomfortable present tense, the translator, Elizabeth Jacobi, shows a carelessness in her tense construction, varying between past and present until the reader is completely perplexed. The result is a confused clarity of meaning in specific scenes, but that vagueness is also due to the innate ability of one people to comprehend another. An American reader will find specific reactions of the Barabas troupe strange; he will miss the significance of much that a Hungarian would grasp immediately; he will be incapable of the supplementary imagination which would enrich the Hungarian's understanding. It is the psychological treatment which makes the book at once comprehensible and incomprehensible.

The story opens with the Barabas family—father, mother, Anna, Jani, and Klari—en route to Paris, where they set up lodgings on Rue du Chat-Qui-Pêche. The presentation of their life there, the analysis of the character developments of each member of the family, as well as of each other emigrant, whether Russian, German, or Italian, with whom they come into contact is superb. Anna's search for some pure majesty—possibly love—is pathetic, for she never realizes any measure of her ideal. In the last pages, we see, through Anna's eyes, the characters passing in review; we know, with her, the overwhelming uselessness of an emigrant's life, the awful number of them who "vanish and leave no trace."

Structurally, the book is fine. It does not move swiftly; there is no melodrama or suspense in thought or action, but the action seems inconsequential. Because of the transient population with which she was working, Jolan Foldes was necessarily faced with an unusually difficult task. In

real life, these emigrants come and go with no explanations, but a novel requires a finished plot, a polished account of each individual of any importance who enters the scene. This first technical problem is capably met by the authoress, who had settled the whereabouts and condition of each individual before the story is concluded. Anna Barabas's lover, Istvan, who disappears from Paris after the successful manipulation of a fraudulent scheme, is located once more in Hungary by the girl during her visit with her father in their native land. Elemer Hallay, son of a Hungarian aristocrat, whose contempt of lower castes antagonizes Jani Barabas, reappears as a common laborer in a construction project where Jani and his fellow university students happen to stop. One person only did the author neglect; the reader never knows what becomes of Anna's only woman friend, Gretl, who worked in the same dress-making shop as the Hungarian girl did. Gretl is simply gone.

Scattered through the pages are evi-

dences of the writer's deep insight into life, her fresh observations, her analysis of the European mind. Her own personality running through her book gives it that part of its force which does not come from the material. "Politics," she says, "abolished the ancient human right to sentimentality." "A whole generation of men, millions of men are struggling all around us, who achieved the completeness of life in the war, and their eyes still sparkle at the word. This does not speak for war, but against life."

*The Street of the Fishing Cat* is a novel which deserves the International Prize, for it possesses a universal power. It is international in scope—in characters, in theme. In this slowly awakening world where Americans are becoming increasingly aware that there are men other than Americans on the earth with problems and struggles of their own, there is a need for more novels of this kind. Of *The Street of the Fishing Cat*, I should say simply: Read it.

JANE LOVE.

## Big Walls Between

(Continued from page 3)

down the lights. The fans slowed their quiet whirring and were still. There was a faint odor of fried eggs and beer.

"Elly, let me walk home with you!" He leaned forward, eager.

Her face changed. She almost cringed. She withdrew her hand from his and stood up, her eyes fastened on the table.

"You're crazy. You're like all the rest of these college boys. Out for what you can get. You're crazy, I tell you."

"Elly, you're wrong. Oh, you're wrong. I won't touch you. I won't lay a finger on you."

She looked at him sidewise, running a nervous finger over the table top.

"You're nuts, but you can go if you want. We gotta move from here, anyhow."

He had an umbrella, and he made her put on his raincoat. She did not take his arm, and he made no move to take hers. They walked down the black street side by side. Something's the matter with me, thought Elly. I feel just like grabbing him and not letting go. Like he'd be sorta safe. I've never seen anything like him before.

They walked out to the outskirts of town, wet night all about them. Yellow street lights coasted overhead as they walked, like so many little moons. Soon they came to the city park; the boy

walked into it, and over to a bench by a stone statue.

Elly sat down and wiggled her toes to hear the water slush in her shoes. The statue loomed palely; it was of a man holding a gun and rain was running off the barrel of the gun. Rain was running off the boy's hat brim, too. She hoped he wasn't cold, with her in his coat here. Why don't he say something, she thought. Quiet and rain drops. More quiet.

Finally Elly spoke. "You ought to be back at school, getting your books, don't you think? Can't learn anything here in a park. You look awful cold, too."

The boy fumbled in his pocket and found a pipe. He took a long time filling it out of an oilskin packet. Then he lit it, and Elly took the opportunity to watch his sharp, young features, bright under the flame.

"Elly," he said. "I've got you in my head. If you had a grey hood around that face of yours, you'd maybe look like Del Sarto's madonna."

Elly was disturbed. What was the fellow talking about now? He certainly was a little crazy.

"It's queer," he was saying, "how people get started somewhere, and everything's all fixed so they never can be any other sort of person from what they started to be. I mean there are big walls



between kinds of people. Oh, you don't see, do you, Elly?"

"No." Gosh, he was a brightie, maybe. He sure did talk in circles. He was talking some more now.

"When I looked at you tonight, Elly, I couldn't stop looking. I wondered everything under the sun about you. Wheels in my mind started turning that had never turned before, at least not in the same direction. The idea of you just fit, somehow."

Lord love him! What was he saying? He likes me, of course he does. Why can't he just out and say it? Why can't he just out and say, "I like you, Elly." He's a college boy, though; don't suppose he'd care so much about me. He's different from them, though; he might take me to a movie and buy me a milkshake some night off.

She twisted her hands deep in the pockets of his raincoat. She said, "You're all right. I like you fine. You know an awful lot, I guess. You aren't mean and dumb like the rest of the college fellows. I wouldn't even know you went out to the college."

Three silent seconds, and he said, "I don't, Elly."

She was startled. What did he mean? He'd been in there with the rough gang, hadn't he? She'd seen him, hadn't she?

"What do you mean? Say! What do you mean? Whereabouts here do you live, then? You must go here to college!"

"I don't go to college here. I don't live here. I'm leaving at seven o'clock in the morning for New York." Then he leaned down and emptied the pipe against a stone on the ground.

Elly froze. What does he mean? Something so wonderful had almost happened, she was sure. Just almost. She was sure.

Almost, they had gone to a movie and bought a milkshake. Almost, he had come for her, with a necktie, and pressed pants, and the pipe, and asked her whether she would rather see Janet Gaynor or Bill Powell. She had said Janet Gaynor.

"Look, Elly, my father's here. He's a lecturer. He makes talks, all over. Now we're going to England, and I'm to go to school there, just as I did last year. I met those fellows I was with just this morning."

England! Lord! And she'd thought about milkshakes and movies. Through her undefined misery, she heard the rain

still dripping off the gun barrel—made the same noise as though the statue had stepped down and was tip-toeing on the flagstones. His father made talks all over the country. Brains—he and the boy must have a lot of brains.

Elly stood, suddenly frightened by her disappointment. "Look, I gotta go. You mind just going home now, and not walking no further? I gotta go home."

"But, Elly, why? I'd like to hear you tell me about yourself. And you can't go alone!"

"Lissen, I'm going, see! I don't feel so good. Here's your coat."

"Elly, you'll get drenched!"

"For land's sakes, go on away, can't you!"

(Continued on page 25)

## The Son Of

(Continued from page 5)

was, how she wanted me to be like him, how she loved him. That was decent. Why? How? could it all suddenly end because he died! Why? How? could she sleep with another man. Damn it all, that's all it amounts to. The few stupid words of a stupid preacher mean nothing, change nothing. How the hell could that change it? It was just sleeping together. Oh, Christ! That was quite what it was. Sleeping together!"

Images crowded back on his mind, trampling it into a morass of ugly revulsion. Of what use was reason before their onslaught! Sleeping together. Oh, God, that was what it was, all it was, all it could be, all it could ever be. Sleeping together. False and indecent; bodies lusting secretly. His mother; his dead father. Drawing-on-the-fence nastiness; pollution of love. Oh, God! Why could he think of nothing but the dark, damp, sticky, protoplasmic side of love and marriage and his mother. Old, feeble, flabby, flaccid, folds of death-white flesh. Nothing but adultery, his mother; because a word, a lie, a lust were its hypocrisy. Images sickened his mind, mocked him, shamed him. And rage filled him when he thought of his father.

"The son of a bitch," he cried out wildly, shaking with rage, "the son of a bitch."

He plunged onward, fleeing, thinking the son of a bitch, the son of a bitch, fastening on the oath, shaking it, worrying it, pouring his rage into it, trying to escape those images, forever thinking of night-love, his mother in bed, his father dead. Legs coiled, rotted flesh in

the grave. The slit of a moon sank before his wrath.

Finally his passion, consumed of itself, lost its leaping flame, and his tired mind ceased to generate its ugly thought-pictures that had sickened his mind. A sullen quietude was his calm, buttressed with a cold resentment. A breeze cooled his cheek, brought back sanity, brought back the stars, the trees, the night, his tired legs, his conception of time. It was late. He had been walking a long time.

The slit of a moon was low in the west now, strange in its position, larger, and of a deeper gold. He was, he saw, far in the outskirts of the town. He was glad. The movement of his feet, the solid click-clack of his heels on the road was reassuring. He cast one last bitter look at the moon, defiant and grim now. A strange calmness was his mind now. He was lost in it, detached from the outward, but safe in the inward. He felt older, and a strange relief. He felt himself a new Arne, and a strength in that feeling. But he was a new Arne, yes, but whose Arne? Tinged with sadness was his newness, his oldness. Was he his father's son? His mother's? He felt a loneliness creeping upon him.

He stopped at the Owl Lunch when he got to town. It was two-thirty. The son of a bitch will have gone home by now, he thought. He ordered coffee, doughnuts, glad that he was alone, that it was two-thirty, that he was eating coffee and doughnuts. There was no one in the cafe save two bleary-eyed, noisy drunks in a corner booth. He watched them in the mirror, scornful of their slack faces,

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their slobbering mouths, their weakness, their unhealthiness. The man who served him was pale, pasty and pimply faced. An unhealthy mass of half-living flesh; dull stupor in his eyes. Arne was glad he could hate them, scorn them, and yet smile at them, secure in his inward safety, wanting to talk to the drunks, to him there, pale, pasty-pimply faced. He smoked a furious cigarette, casting furtive glances at himself in the mirror. He looked different he thought. It was a hell of a life. His mouth was bitter with rancid coffee and too many cigarettes. It was a hell of a life when he couldn't even enjoy a cigarette any more. It was a hell of a life for them, sots, the pale stick of unhealthy man with his stupored eyes. It was a hell of a life for him, for them, for everybody, the son of a bitch.

It was three o'clock. The coffee had warmed him. He wasn't sleepy. Outside the street was deserted, except for several parked cars, and a policeman trying a door several buildings up the street, and all was silent in the little New England town. Ten thousand animals were dragging out their existence around him, resting for their waking tomorrow, for their never ending, never changing, futile waking. Stupid, going through the motions of living. What did they know of Love! It was Ellwell, the cop trying the doors. He hated Ellwell. Ellwell. Ellwell was a hulkish brute. Everyone knew it was Ellwell who had "knocked up" Mary, the waitress at "Mike's." He had a wife and two kids, too. A newspaper slithered in the gutter. What a hell of a life, what a hell of a jerk town. He lit another cigarette. It tasted lousy, and it sure was a hell of a life when you couldn't even enjoy a cigarette anymore, the son of a bitch. The newspaper slithered guiltily up onto the curb. Then he

started home, down the street away from Ellwell.

A stealthy figure closed the door and crept noisily out away from the house. It was four o'clock. The figure was Arne. Away off in the distance came the slow, plaintive wail of a whistle. It was the Montreal-bound milk train. It was the mournful cry of the milk-train up from New York that passed through every night and every night heralded its coming with that almost human, despairing moan. Way off in the distance, its low depthuous moan was alive. To Arne the echoing of that lonely cry among the dark, brooding hills was a friend. Countless nights alone in bed, alone inside himself, he had heard that voice cry out in the dark. It was like the call of a mother for her still-born child. It was like the memory of bright child-love to the weary prostitute. It wasn't human. It was a hell of a lot better than human Arne had long ago decided. If the human soul could but give voice to its sorrow so beautifully, so soundfully. How fine would be its dignity. How much preferable to suppression, to silent sullenness.

Arne thrilled at the sound, for it seemed to be echoing his despair; to be voicing definitely, objectively, sadly, beautifully, his sorrow; and his sorrow gained a new dignity. He clutched the small bundle under his arm, and crept out of the yard, up the street. His steps shouted thunderously on the sidewalk and he stepped onto the macadam of the road. Everyone seemed to be watching him from the windows.

Halfway to the corner he turned and looked back at his house, huge, and angular and black and solid among the trees; stark, bare, ugly, trees now, that

would be cool shade trees in another month. The whistle of the train sounded again, this time perceptibly nearer. The sad, plaintive wail had become a shout now, a loud triumphant yell; a loud, bold scream that rolled and rebounded from hill to hill, filling the whole valley with blaron sound; blaron sound that was a thing alive and almost visibly rent the night-silence into a thousand rough, jagged fragments; blaron sound that leaped and rushed headlong against the buttressed hills to shatter itself finally into diminishing echoes that lost themselves slowly in the dark-distance, leaving behind a noisy, cavernous silence. The sound seemed to call to Arne now, to scorn him, to prod him. He moved up the street, faster.

At the corner he hesitated, suddenly, looking backward once more. "The son of a bitch," he sobbed. "The lousy son of a bitch." Tears were pouring down his cheeks now, blotting out the wavering image of his house, blinding him with their salt. There seemed no one else in the world. He was alone in the night, a solitary figure, alone, as always, inside. Friendless, alone among those not-caring ten thousand souls who were like him, yet not like him. He was alone, not his father's son, not his mother's son! And, from now on, he would no longer be the son of . . . anyone. And he moved off, choking with sobs, half running, half walking, as the whistle sounded closer, imperative, come on Arne, and the solid clacking tempo of the rushing wheels became audible; clacking with a lickity-split, headlong, clacking; then, and all that night; clacking out mockingly, rhythmically, harshly, in a pitiless voice . . . the son of . . . the son of . . . the son of . . . no one . . . the son of. . . .

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## Poet and Pedant

(Continued from page 6)

he will shut the ponderous edition with a bang, reflecting that here is a man too great for such an ordinary soul as he.

Suppose, however, that a passage is one that is extraordinarily complex. It demands a footnote, of course—all passages do. But may the difficulty be cleared up? Preferably not, but it must appear to be cleared up, if possible at a phrase, simple, clear, and lucid—so clear that the reader will say: "Does that poem say that? Well, it's too deep for me?" Thus, whether or no any meaning was inherent in the poet's words, the reader is left completely

baffled. The scholar may well lean back with a contented smile. His work has been well done. Prevented himself from becoming a poet by the necessity of making Phi Beta Kappa and writing a doctoral dissertation, he is able to rest assured that he has done his bit toward exalting the reputation and reducing the appreciation for the poets he chooses to study.

Now I do not wish to leave the matter there, but there it will be left unless a clearer understanding is soon reached between poets and scholars. With all due

modesty I put forth a suggestion which, if adequately carried out, will not only reduce all friction between these two classes of *litterateurs*, but will enable them to live in a mutual harmony that has never before been seen. It will save those who write poetry from constant misrepresentation from the time their poems fall from the press until they crumble to dust in obscure libraries. It will save those of us who read poetry from a continual and overwhelming flood of interpretative articles and footnotes, which we are forced to read instead of the poetry we want to



read. The poet will attain his aim of being saved, not slaughtered, for posterity. And the scholar will achieve his purpose of advancing his name and professional reputation, and at the same time of earning a living. Here, in brief, is the plan. It calls for co-operation on the part of the government, of course, but, as all those who follow their newspapers know, that feature is the least impossible one of the plan.

To begin with, there are certain unmistakable signs by which a poet is recognized early in life. Addiction to reading books—all books except those assigned as part of a curriculum, and preferably those openly disapproved by the good educators who have made the curriculum; love for riotous living of all sorts—drinking, gambling, and late hours or none at all; resentment of all restraining influences; and, in addition, a certain gift for making verses a little above the level of limericks—these are the most infallible indications of poetic power. These the long suffering parent of the prodigious youth will be quick to recognize; indeed, he could scarcely be the parent of genius without recognizing this combination of elements as being its certain attributes. Once the parent could have done nothing but suffer the scorn of his proud offspring, and attempt in vain to cope with the situation. Under my plan, he would appeal immediately to a government bureau whose business it would be to deal with just such cases.

The efficient head of this bureau would see to it at once, that, if the poet's family were poor, a substantial grant would be made to them, and a more substantial one to the poet himself, so that he might henceforth live in the style to which he is accustoming himself. I need not enter into the sordid details of this business. But perhaps the best plan would be for the government to give him no money, but simply to stand good, after a long period of time, for his debts. For there is a distinct advantage in having a poet live in luxury, but beset by bill-collectors; his exasperation lends piquance to his observations on life. A poet must have luxury, but he must not be free from financial worries. However, we must allow cooler heads than our own to settle the financial details.

We return to our government bureau. Having completed these business arrangements, our efficient secretary refers to his steel filing cabinets. Here he finds the names of all those men who have taken their bachelor's degree with honors in English during the previous year, and who will soon take their master's degrees. To one of these he sends a letter. "Would you," he inquires tactfully, "be content to forsake your career as a teacher to

become companion, chief scholar, and official biographer to a new and rising young poet?" The salary mentioned is attractive, the young scholar has never really wanted to teach anyway, except as an undesirable means to a rather vaguely defined purpose, so he gladly accepts the offer. The poet is the next person to be persuaded, but he submits to the one restraining influence of his life simply because the advantages outweigh the disadvantages. Poet and scholar are established under one roof for life. Where the poet goes, the scholar goes. Nothing is to escape the scholar's diligent eyes. For the poet is to be his *magnum opus*.

The great advantages of this arrangement are apparent. The poet will be interpreted *once* by the scholar; when his edition appears, it will be final and definitive. All the letters and papers ever written to, by, or about the poet would come under the scholar's scrutiny, and would be included in the great edition he is to produce. Moreover, when a poem dropped from the pen of the author, the scholar would read it critically before sending it to the publisher. If its meaning were obscure, he would have the advantage of soliciting the aid of the poet in clearing it up; obscure allusions would be completely explained. And the poem's meaning, once it had been agreed upon by poet and scholar, would never again be subject to change or speculation. Every influence on the poet's mind at the moment would be carefully recorded. If necessary, the scholar would have powers of notary public, and could secure the poet's signature to a paper proclaiming the poem's meaning as merely *this* and nothing more. Subsequent scholars would not have a chance, either to discover new facts, new bundles of letters, or to advance new theories. These would all be set before us once, finally, and for all time; this edition would truly be an edition to end all editions.

Consider the manifold advantages of such a plan. Suppose that a poet has had a mistress to whom he has written a number of poems. But she has been faithless; with natural pride, he wants to cover his footsteps. He approaches his partner in life and letters, the scholar, asking him to cover all traces of this female's existence in his life. It is here that the scholar is sorely tried. Shall he be

faithful to his trust, or shall he accede to the poet's request? He re-reads the lyrics, and finds them to be simply love poems. No advantage is to be gained by saying that they are written to this particular woman. He can secure a statement that they are addressed to no one at all, or to someone else. If he is broad-minded, and has his mind on literature rather than minutiae, he agrees; but, much more probably, he refuses. In either event, posterity gains. For if the traces are well covered, no dispute can arise. If all is exposed, it is exposed finally; no new discoveries can be made.

Or suppose that the scholar, in preparing a poem for the press, discovers a passage that means, to all appearances, nothing. He approaches the poet.

"What does this mean?"

The poet reads it.

"Did I write that? It means nothing, absolutely nothing. I wrote it at three o'clock this morning. I'd had too much rum punch."

The scholar has him sign a statement to that effect. We may imagine the note as it appears in the monumental edition. "Our poet assures me that lines 21-36 of this poem mean nothing. He wrote them at three o'clock in the morning of December 5, 1936, after he had returned from a party given by Sir Cecil Clatworthy, and was still under the influence of rum punch. It is suggested that, to approach a true understanding of the passage, it be read at three o'clock in the morning while under the influence of rum punch. Sir Cecil has obligingly provided me with his recipe for rum punch. It appears in an appendix."

Countless other occurrences, equally important to posterity, occur to us. They would never be understood but for some contemporary combination of Boswell and scholar. But that fact would not prevent, and does not prevent, hundreds of scholars from attempting to understand them. Only by adopting such a plan as mine can the tenacity of the pedant be broken, and the poet be adequately and finally interpreted.

It is hoped that the proposal here set forth, because of its infallible logic and manifest virtues, will meet with immediate and enthusiastic adoption.

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## Cupid Is a Newshawk

(Continued from page 8)

tionalized his action with his pet saying: all's fair in love, war and newshawking.

Now the plan which Dave had evolved was simple and, to the city mind, ridicu-

lous. It must be noted, however, that in a town the size of Prairieville, Arkansas, everybody knows everybody else, and when an opinion gets "set" in the public



mind, it's there to stay, and, finally, the townspeople believed anything printed in the *Herald* as infallible.

Dave saw, or rather heard, that people were beginning to talk about Nancy Gaspers and Jim Maddox just as they had begun to talk about Nancy and David Micklemunch two months ago . . . which was before the now ominous Maddox had put in his appearance. To check the impending inevitability Dave must act quickly.

This simple plan contrived by the ingenious—or rather determined—newshawk was to announce the *rumor* of a rumor that Miss Nancy Gaspers was or soon would be engaged to . . . not Jim Maddox, and, strangely enough not to himself, but a third party. The ruse would be too obvious if he was to announce himself as the rumored fiance. Now this third party, Dave shrewdly arranged, was to be a certain nonentity, a pole-climbing employee of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, Elmer Striker, by name. Mr. Elmer Striker was a person of no importance, as we can see, a very common, non-collegiate, but hard-working young man.

First there would be a mere hint in the Town Topics' column; then more details in semi-weekly stories, say; and then gradually adding details, a full-fledged *rumor* would appear, by which time the forces of public opinion would have been set to work. The public would entirely disassociate the names of Miss Nancy Gaspers and Mr. James Maddox by associating the former with a Mr. Elmer Striker. At this point the wily newshawk would step in, whisk the Striker-bride-to-be away to a near-by town and make her Mrs. David M . . . (But I outrun myself).

Perceiving therefore, that the time was ripe and that immediate action was necessary, David inserted the following item in Town Topics:

"Mrs. John Gaspers, 111 Elmwood Avenue, was reported in conversation with the Elder Mr. Strongham Striker yester-

day. This mysterious incident, it is rumored, has nothing to do with the widow and the widower but with the progeny thereof, possibly."

That, Dave thought, was vague enough, yet it would prepare the ground for later seed. When, accordingly, two days later there appeared a second item, the town interest audibly increased:

"According to reports from authoritative sources, Miss Nancy Gaspers has been noticed in the company of Mr. Elmer Striker, climbing young employee of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, of late. This strange news will be of surprising interest, we doubt not, to Prairieville citizens."

Quite without doubt, one particular citizen of Prairieville was surprised, nay, astonished, at this news . . . namely, Mr. Elmer Striker. That unpretentious young man's heart beat decidedly faster when he learned that he had been in company with one whom he had only (hopelessly) admired from a height—viz.: from the top of a telephone pole.

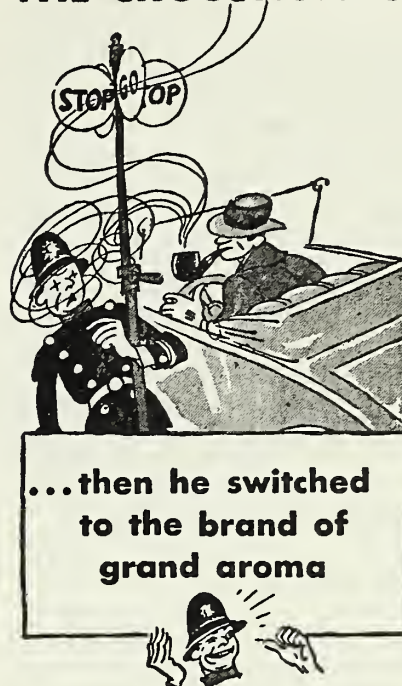
Coming from humble circumstances, Elmer, though very thorough and hard-working, had never even hoped . . . and so many slippery rungs of the social ladder between them, too! It was known, of course, that the Widow Gaspers and daughter had been left well off financially, but the daughter Nancy possessed charms to which base silver and gold were naught.

Jim Maddox was merely annoyed at this bit of town "news," but he knew little of the dynamite concentrated in small talk. At this point in events, Jim Maddox was pretty sure he had Nancy. David Micklemunch had brains and imagination, with which he was determined to possess the latter. And Elmer Striker had only hard-working hands and a suddenly increasing, albeit falsely founded, optimism as regards possible future matrimonial felicities.

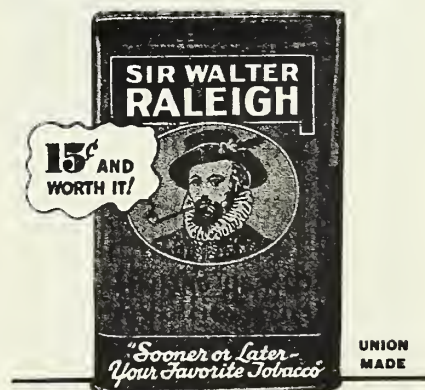
Our hero—Dave—proceeded cautiously;

(Continued on page 20)

## DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSSROADS!



A SOUPY PIPE plus strong tobacco will K. O. any copper. All motorists should use pipe cleaners regularly and smoke only a certain mild fragrant mixture. Like Sir Walter Raleigh? Uh-huh. Sir Walter is a grand combination of well-aged Kentucky Burley leaf that burns cool, slow, while giving off a delightful aroma. This easier-on-the-tongue brand has become a leader in a few short years because it really *has* the mildness that pipe lovers since Adam have patiently sought. Test it in your briar.



FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. W-73.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN)  
NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P.M., E.S.T.

## This Is the Quarry VIRGINIA HODGES

This is the thing we seek and may not find:  
Some sturdy and infrangible belief  
To tower intrepid in the timorous mind,  
To shield the heart against its certain grief,  
This is the quarry we shall stalk forever,  
Loosing the pierced armor of false faith,  
The wounds forgot, an unabating fever  
Driving us savagely on to peace—or death.



## Cupid is a Newshawk

(Continued from page 19)

with slowly increasing volume, the "talk" of the town veered in the direction which he wished. The telephone of Mrs. Gospers had at desultory periods brought inquiries, but when the fifth item appeared, the calls began coming in a continuous stream. That article, which with later ones was destined to skyrocket her 'phone bill to five dollars, read thus:

"Mrs. Gospers, well-known Prairieville widow, said today in an interview with a reporter that she viewed only with "quiet approval" the growing attachment of her daughter for the rising son of Mr. Strongham Striker, resident of Prairieville.

"Mrs. Gospers stated that although, of course, nothing definite had been done or said, she had chatted with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company's employee's father. 'Such a thing as dates,' she is quoted as saying, 'is as yet hazy.'"

What the townspeople construed the word "dates" to mean is doubtful, but Mr. Elmer Striker was brought face to face with the shocking reality that there had been no dates . . . and that there wouldn't be unless he did something.

Consequently the steady Striker, while testing a new line on Wilterville highway, called Nancy's house on top of a telephone pole . . . I mean Elmer, not the house, was on top of the telephone pole. The outcome of this call is evident from what Chug Wallawick, the crew boss, reported to his superior that night. That burly gentleman stated that one of his best linesmen, Elmer Striker, had almost fallen from a telephone pole on the Wilterville Highway that afternoon.

When, at about eight-thirty of the evening following the above incident, David Micklemunch looked in the Gospers' window preparatory to entering, he was startled and then strangely pleased to see the person of Elmer Striker having tea with Miss Nancy Gospers and the Widow.

In fact our hero departed in a state of high spirits, for he had in that one glance gathered enough material to undergird a striking and excellent story for tomorrow's *Herald*. The account of the dangling reporter read:

"Prairieville's suddenly prominent citizen, Elmer S. Striker, was seen last evening talking pleasantly with Miss Nancy Gospers over a cup of hot tea . . . propitious circumstances indeed! Mrs. Gospers, a not unwilling proselyte to this state of affairs, was plying her needle and thread on a "strange garment" with nimble fingers seated in a secluded corner."

The townspeople, including Old Billings, nearly died at this report—laughing. Even Editor Runky Petfridge of the *Observer* was lamenting the loss of Mr. D. Micklemunch as a newshawk.

Again Mrs. Gospers' telephone became the center of activities at the Gospers residence. Mrs. Gospers spent the entire morning seated in front of that remarkable instrument. At seven-thirty a.m. she told the Wider Jacks, yes, it was true, somewhat, but that the "strange garment" upon which she had been sewing was an old dress for the cook and was not anything even remotely resembling wedding apparel. At 10:40, however, the Widow Gospers told her inquirers that Nancy was "quite attached." By noon the two were "really in love," and by 3 p.m. they were actually engaged! When Nancy heard this, she laughed at the absurdity of the thing, but by 7 p.m. she had heard it so many times that she had to pinch herself to keep from believing it.

She and Dave had a good laugh over the matter that evening. Dave saw that the name of Mr. James Maddox was now a desuetude, *Q. E. D.* Dave left the Gospers home, effusing joy and victory in his wake, and mentally composing a masterpiece of reporting for the following Sunday's *Herald*. It would be a great story, the exactly timed climax and grand finale to the Striker-Gosper rumor. This story, Dave determined, would send Mr. James Maddox on "an extended tour of the Grand Canyon."

Friday morning's *Herald* carried a preparatory story, leading up to the great Sunday masterpiece. Saturday morning Dave polished up the great report, getting it ready for the two o'clock deadline. That finished, he repaired to his home

for rest and for the purpose of making preparations for a great event. . . .

One hour and fifteen minutes before the deadline of the Sunday *Herald*, Mr. Billings, Editor, was copyreading the Great Story when the telephone emitted a familiar sound.

"Hello, yes," croaked the editor.

"WHAT!" He dropped the receiver with a loud clattering on the desk. Recovering the elusive ear-piece, Old Billings hastily replaced to that point from which it never should have fallen . . . viz.: his ear.

"No, we aren't going to press yet"; he answered, "that was the receiver releasing some potential energy . . . now, what was that you were saying? . . ."

"Parson Jenkins, you ain't prevaricated?" asked Old Billings euphemistically. "Well, hold it, and I'll be right over to get the de-tails." Old Billings hung up and bestirred himself toward the home of Parson Jenkins.

\* \* \*

It was about nine hours after the Prairieville *Herald* hit the streets with the news, long-awaited by the townspeople, of the wedding of Miss Nancy Gospers and Mr. Elmer Striker . . . it was nine hours later, I say, that two strangers descended from a train in Denver, Colorado, "going west together."

"Kick me good and plenty hard!" moaned one crestfallen stranger to the other in their second-floor room. And it was so.

Their names appeared upon the hotel register as Mr. James Maddox and Mr. David Micklemunch, former residents of a town that the hotel proprietor had never heard of . . . to wit, Prairieville, Arkansas.

## Carlyle and the European Dictators

(Continued from page 9)

Again, he says:

"There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience."<sup>8</sup>

The relation between the two seems to be "A Symbol of true Guidance in return for loving Obedience."<sup>9</sup> Obedience, then is the function of the inferior individual; the performance of one's duty

<sup>8</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 228.

<sup>9</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *The French Revolution*, p. 9. The Modern Library, New York.

—a concept intensely important to Carlyle—is nothing more than one's obedience. "Obedience is our universal duty and destiny,"<sup>10</sup> he states. Not only is it the duty of worshipers to obey; it is the duty of those who have been given by God divine right to rule to use might in order to attain that position. "The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold

<sup>10</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Sartor Resartus*, p. 71.



your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for."<sup>11</sup> Closely connected with duty, then, is work, the practical application of one's duty.

But Carlyle realized only too well that the average man might fail to see the Hero, might refuse to obey, to do his duty, to work. If he does not refuse, he can ordinarily quite possibly and probably resent his inferiority. This obstacle is to be overcome by the right education. "The sincere only can recognize sincerity," is Carlyle's observation. "Not a Hero only is needed, but a world fit for him."<sup>12</sup> So long as man is not made sensitive to Heroism, he will be ruled by the un-Heroic.

This, then, is Carlyle's theory. Government should be by one man, by a Hero. To this Hero, who is nearer to God and the true reality than all others, all men must give obedience, since it is their predestined duty to do so. There is no such thing as the rule of the majority, since all men are not equal and should not expect to have equal rights in the government. There is no such thing in a true government as the *laissez faire* policy, for the Hero must specify all right conduct in every field.

Now let us turn to Mussolini. Il Duce obviously believes in autocracy through absolute power of either one man or of an aristocracy. No people is so completely governed, so wholly obedient to the will of a ruler, as the Italian people. Although the kingship still exists in Italy, the King is a figurehead, a worthless puppet. Mussolini has attained the supreme extreme to which dictatorship can go in the civilized world. Of course, he has been wise in camouflaging the elimination of what he calls "the humbug of universal democratic suffrage"; he has set up an elaborate system of election to the Chamber, representative body, which intimates democracy and is really nothing but a farce. This Chamber is completely under his control, as is every other organization in Italy. Mussolini and Carlyle are in accord that one man should rule.

But how nearly does Mussolini correspond to Carlyle's idea of the Hero? "Fascism is eloquent on the man of genius, who is to interpret the needs of the nation and decide its destinies, and they believe . . . that they have found this 'providential' man in Mussolini."<sup>13</sup> There is a marked Carlylean tinge to such characterization of a leader, but the religious aspect is noticeably absent. Mussolini is a hero to the Italian because of his su-

periority in state affairs; spiritual life does not seem to be a primary consideration with the Italians in that it does not enter every phase of their lives as it does with Carlyle. Rather than searching for the real in the ideal, they seem to have concentrated wholly on the real. Mussolini's connections with the Catholic church arose more from diplomacy than from devoutness. Consequently, that Carlyle would not call Mussolini a Hero seems more than obvious to me.

Still there are definite similarities in every field between the two. Surely both adhere closely to the "*Right is Might*" idea. Joseph Ellis Baker has pointed out that the principle was taught to Mussolini by Pareto, Il Duce's teacher, who once wrote:

"A sign which almost always announces the decadence of an aristocracy is the invasion of humanitarian sensitivities and affected feelings which make it incapable of defending its position."<sup>14</sup>

And Mussolini himself has said:

"All governments in a state of transition must govern illegally in order to overcome their opponents. I want to govern with the full consent of the people, but till this consent declares itself, I keep the maximum of force at my disposal."<sup>15</sup>

His own practice of exercising the cruellest force to achieve his aim and his apparently clear conscience in spite of all certainly are conducive to a belief that right and might are synonymous for him. But, again, "might" is used in a narrower sense than that in which Carlyle uses it.

The similarity between Carlyle's Hero and his subjects in relation to each other and the connections between Mussolini and the Italian people is very great. Absolute obedience to the state and therefore to Mussolini is stressed. Il Duce has stated: "The Fascist state interprets the duties which the citizens have to fulfill."<sup>16</sup> There, again, is the same compulsory tone around the duty of each individual, but once more, there is a fundamental discrepancy between Carlyle and Il Duce. Carlyle emphasizes obedience and duty because of the uplifting effect on each individual; Mussolini and Fascism disregard the individual and see nothing but the state. A man must do his duty because it is best for the state.

And what about the recognition by the people of Mussolini's greatness, his heroism? The same method of education recommended by Carlyle is used in Italy. Devoting special care to the "fasticization" of the educational system, the Fascists are

attempting to train Italian citizens to a complete acquiescence to Fascistic aims and ideals. Not only is this movement afoot in the schools; there is also a supervision of all youth organizations in Italy. In 1928, all youth organizations but these Fascistic societies were suppressed—even the Catholic Boy Scouts—and in 1933, membership in the various groups became a prerequisite for membership in the Fascist party. By these methods, the Fascists hope to make Italy a solid Fascist nation, recognizing political worth in that system only. Carlyle hoped to educate men to a better insight into other men and to an ability to recognize superior worth in a man. But there are no set qualifications for that worth as there is with the Fascists and with Mussolini.

Both Carlyle and Mussolini oppose democracy; in that they are alike. But the grounds on which they opposed it are fundamentally at odds. Carlyle always has the individual in mind. Mussolini thinks of Italy and the state. His theory has an earthly, worldly basis; Carlyle's is completely spiritual.

In view of Hitler's present attempts to identify himself as a figurative son of God, a revelation of God to the German people, he more nearly approaches Carlyle's Hero than does Mussolini. As H. I. Phillips, current newspaper columnist, so aptly stated the character of this movement, however, Hitler forgets to give God any credit. He wants all the credit for the son. And therein would lie Carlyle's quarrel with Hitler. Instead of living up to Carlyle's Hero by naturally exemplifying a deep, true insight into reality and a religious capability to guide his people, Hitler is endeavoring to feign a spiritual significance which he does not possess innately. Rather than allow the political system a religious foundation, Hitler is trying to tack religion on to an already-organized theory of government which has no place in it for anything religious. There is a superficial enveloping of religion because such a union will promote nationalistic spirit. Carlyle's Hero is innately a Hero; he is worshiped because of his superior insight into the true and the spiritual. Hitler seeks to become a Carlylean Hero by *forcing* his merits on the people, some of which are not even his to force. Yet, Hitler, at least, realizes the necessity of his bearing some religious significance for the nation if he is to grasp completely the imagination of all Germans; and in that realization, he approaches Carlyle more closely than does Mussolini.

To return to an orderly consideration of Hitler's theory as compared with that of Carlyle, it is obvious, as with Mussolini, that both believe in the essentiality

<sup>11</sup> Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 259.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 249.

<sup>13</sup> King, Bolton: *Fascism in Italy*, p. 76. Williams and Norgate, Ltd. London. 1931.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 30.

<sup>15</sup> Baker, Joseph E. *Carlyle Rules the Reich*. Saturday Review of Literature, Nov. 25, 1933. 10:291.

<sup>16</sup> King, Bolton: *Fascism in Italy*, p. 40.



of a one-man government. Both discount the worth of democracy and its practices. Hitler has said:

"The Jewish doctrine of Marxism turns aside from Nature's aristocratic principle and in the place of the eternal prerogatives of Power and Strength sets the dead weight of number."<sup>16</sup>

From this one statement we can glean a great deal of Hitler's philosophy. In the first place, it clearly illustrates his disbelief in the equality of men. Like Carlyle, he believes that some individuals are superior to others, and that, because of that superiority, they should be allotted political supremacy. He considered himself, of course, the exemplar of that superiority and inequality. It is Hitler's theory that the state should be organized on the basis of personality, then, rather than of the majority of an arithmetically-considered population. Carlyle had the same opinion.

In the second place, the quoted statement of Hitler's reveals that he is a firm believer in "Right makes Might." What else could he have meant to imply by "the eternal prerogatives of Power and Strength"? In another instance, Der Fuehrer speaks of the right of victory for the best and the strongest. The title of his own book, "My Battle," is, for that matter, strongly indicative of his attitude on this subject.

Once he is in power, Hitler has very definite ideas about the relation between the governed and the governor. Those ideas are a mingling of Mussolini and Carlyle. In that Hitler stresses the welfare of the state more than the welfare of the individual, he is like Mussolini; but contrary to Mussolini's apparent theory, Hitler seems to consider the individual to some extent. If an individual serves the state, Hitler believes that the betterment of both the man and the state will have been accomplished; Mussolini seems to waste no time over the individual. That this is not true of Hitler is manifest in a May Day speech given in 1933, from which I quote the following excerpt:

"It is therefore our irrevocable determination, that every single German, no matter who he is, whether high born and rich or poor, whether the son of a savant or the son of a factory worker, shall at least once in his life do manual labor, in order that he may learn that he can command more easily once he has himself learned to obey."<sup>17</sup>

Hitler, too, emphasizes obedience. It is interesting to note the importance of the word "work" in Nazi Germany. It signifies anything but selfish activity; it seems to stand for the striving of all toward a common goal, a concept very much

like Carlyle's. Of some significance is the fact that the name "Worker" is part of the official name of Hitler's party, "The National Socialistic German Workers Party."

Through the same methods employed by Mussolini, Hitler has endeavored to train the German people to a recognition of Nazi standards as the real values. There is the same discrepancy in his system, as in Mussolini's, with Carlyle's realization of the necessity of education. Whereas I interpret Carlyle's method as a training of men in the art of selection of the better thing and the better man as models, Mussolini and Hitler are each attempting to force their people to acceptance of their doctrines as the right ones through elimination of all other sets of values. And they are playing a losing game, for an intelligent person will, no matter how limited his background or how restricted his training, employ his own rational initiative to formulate his own individual ideas. Regardless of how the two dictators plan to prohibit freedom of speech, they can have no power whatever over freedom of thought.

And so Carlyle, in the last analysis, promulgated a doctrine that reaches a higher level than those of Mussolini and Hitler. What is unfortunate about Carlyle's theories is their idealistic foundation, their lack of consideration of man's innate selfishness and desire for self-government. But at least Carlyle offers us this consolation: there is hope. The problem of government is not, for him, an enigma which a vengeful God inflicts on man as one more punishment for Adam's wickedness. It is his conviction that the answer is simple: it lies within our reach and our ranks. All that is necessary is the recognition by men of the Strongest among them and their subsequent willing obedience to his rule. But how men are to find and to know this strong individual, what his distinguishing characteristics are, Carlyle conveniently neglects to answer. Whether he would have upheld Hitler and Mussolini in their respective actions is a debatable question. It is rather significant, nevertheless, that since 1926, three hundred thousand copies of selections from Carlyle's have been sold in Germany.

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## Poland-China

(Continued from page 10)

the well. Derringer set the lantern down. "You and Virginia'd ought to be happy," said Derringer as he let the bucket-rope slide through his hands.

"Well, I guess," exclaimed Lish. "Got everything to make me happy—a farm and Poland-Chinas—and a wife," he added.

Derringer drew the bucket up and they drank the cool water.

By the time they reached the house the children had gone to bed and Mrs. Derringer and Virginia had cleaned the dishes. The four of them went into the parlor and sat down. Virginia got up and started playing the victrola. Lish seemed restless. Derringer and his wife looked at one another. Finally, Derringer said, "What's eatin' ya, Lish?"

"Nothin'," said Lish.

They listened to the victrola a while. Virginia changed the records and leaned her elbows on top the victrola. They all seemed absorbed in the music. Finally Lish began to move restlessly in his chair again.

"That big chair over there's more comfortable, Lish, if ya wanta set in it," said Derringer.

"Oh, tain't that," said Mrs. Derringer. "Lish wants us to go to bed so's he'n Virginia can be alone."

Lish made a motion as if in protest.

"What's th' matter—ya tired, Lish?" asked Derringer.

"No," said Lish. "I thought maybe—I kinda wondered if—maybe, ya might have—that is—ya might have the pedigree papers for the Poland-China. I'd like to look 'em over."

Virginia blushed. "Yeah—sure," said Derringer, getting up and going over to the mantle. He fumbled behind the clock a minute and produced the papers. Lish unfolded them and held them nearer the lamp. He inspected them silently and when he was satisfied that everything was in order he folded them again and put them in his pocket.

The next morning the Derringer household was astir bright and early. The kids went out before breakfast and harnessed Lish's horses and crated the Poland-China. Everyone was silent during breakfast. After it was over, Lish had to wait while Virginia got ready. He hitched Bess and Duke to the wagon, loaded his hog and brought the wagon up to the house. He was glad that Derringer had sent the kids out to milk. Soon Virginia and her mother appeared. Virginia was wearing a new dress. Lish didn't know what kind, but he thought it was pretty. Mrs. Derringer

<sup>17</sup> Baker, Joseph E. *Carlyle Rules the Reich*.

cried when they left, and kissed Virginia many times. Lish just stood around looking at the Poland-China in the wagon-bed. Soon the wagon rattled out of the yard with Virginia sitting up on the seat with Lish.

Lish kept looking back to see if the hog was all right.

"He's jouncin' perty much," said Lish, "but I guess it won't hurt 'im."

"No," said Virginia, "he's sturdy."

They rode on in silence until they approached the tree and the corner where Lish had let the traveler off. Lish turned and looked at the hog again. Virginia kept looking at the tree.

"I remember," she said, "when they hung old Harve there. That was a long time ago. I wonder if God still sits there wrasslin' for his soul."

"Humph," said Lish, "there was a whip-poor-will there last night. Guess there wouldn't be room for 'em both." He looked up at the tree. "Damn, he's still there. Lissen to 'im. That's funny—a whip-poor-will singin' in the mornin'."

"That's no whip-poor-will," said Virginia. "That's a mockin'-bird."

## Running Across the Hills

Run down the hills of the world with me,  
My love,  
And up across the slow-rolling green,  
Up to the golden bursts  
Of ten thousand sunsets.  
Down to the valley once again,  
Down to the valley-spring  
Brimmed with the cool life that flows  
Forever from this full brown breast.  
Kneel here beside the spring, my love,  
And drink with me.

EDWARD POST

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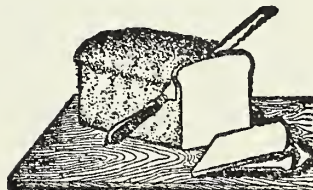
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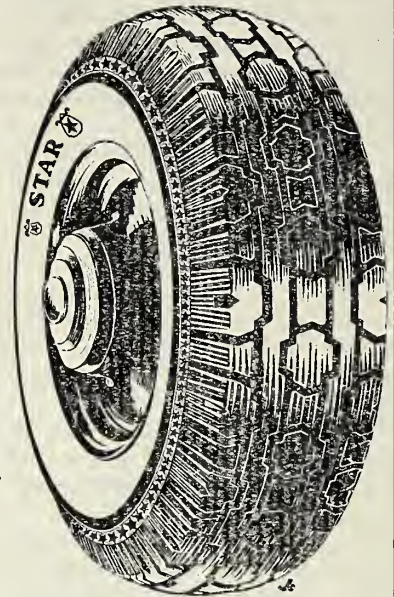
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## He That Is Faithful

(Continued from page 12)

his job and left to go to Newark to look for another one, he didn't know. He could have written. People write letters about things like this all the time. He only sent a post card once. No letters. Said he didn't have a job yet. Hoping for one soon. No address. Lord, how she hated him then. Getting heavier all the time. No letters. Low down louse. Jilter. She hated him till she felt hollow and dry and didn't care anymore. Yet when those pains started she wished to God he was there, holding her hand and saying, "Everything's okey, honey." But it wasn't okey. She felt lost like an alley cat. Put in her application for entrance to the lying-in hospital. Had to go somewhere. Didn't cost anything. There would be a bunch of men studying to be doctors staring at you and asking all kinds of questions. But it was free and they put you to sleep. It all happened while you were sleeping. First those big bees zooming around and the pain getting worse. And then just a drowsy spell.

When she woke up the nurse brought the baby in to her. A girl. So glad it was a girl. Would name it Lucy. That was her own first name. Glad it wasn't a boy. She'd have hated naming it James, but she wouldn't have named it anything else. Before Jim lost his job and left her high and dry, before that they were going to get married and have a cute apartment, with pink roses on the china and pink curtains at the window. And when they had a baby they were going to name it James, after Jim. So even if he had run off and it had been a boy, she would have had to name it James. So glad it was a girl. Boys have to have blue blankets, blue socks. Blue, the color of those blue plates. Girls wear pink. Like the roses on the china they were going to have. Gosh, it hurt inside to think about that then. She tried to forget it but couldn't. When she got another job as waitress she didn't have time to think about it. That helped. Same old blue plates filled with specials for business men. Whole trays full of blue plates. Hundreds of them. Nothing to think about but blue plates while she worked. There was Lucy at night. Pity to have her landlady take care of her while she worked. Fun though, being with her at night. It hurt, too.

That woman across the aisle going down to the cooler for some water. Bringing it back in the paper cup. Some of it's sloshing on the floor. The sick kid taking another pill. Hope to God Lucy

won't catch the flu or whatever it is she has. Wouldn't mind some water myself. So thirsty. Would wake Lucy up. Must be almost there anyhow. Can't be long. Been traveling all night. All tonight and part of yesterday. Gosh, what a trip.

Didn't take long after she got Jim's letter. Told the restaurant she was quitting. Tillie said "I knew everything would come out swell, kid. Good luck to you." There had been a ticket in Jim's letter. Please join him in Avensdale. Never heard of Avensdale. Must be a small town. Everything's okey, honey. Got a good job. Renting a nice apartment. Love, Jim.

When she got that letter she started packing right away. She wrote a letter back saying she was coming and about Lucy and everything. An address this time. Lord, it will be good to have Jim tell her everything's okey. She couldn't really ever have thought different about Jim. He just isn't the writing kind. Probably ashamed to write till he got a job. Jim loves her. He'll love Lucy, too. Nice apartment. Pink roses on the china. Pink curtains. Jim loves her. Everything's okey.

## Big Walls Between

(Continued from page 16)

The boy looked at Elly's distraught face, pale in the dark. What made girls act the way they did, he thought. She was getting wetter each minute.

"Please! Please!" she cried. "I want you to go away!" If he stood there any longer, she'd grab him as though he were the one safe thing in the world, and never let go.

"I guess so," said the boy. "I will if you say so. I will if you say."

He seized her hand, a little wretchedly, eyes intent and baffled. Wind souged through the tree branches overhead. Stillness, except for raindrops off the gun barrel.

Elly turned abruptly. He paused one second more, then left. Now he was nothing more than muffled steps on the flagstones. Now he was a space that had sat on the bench next her. Elly looked at the statue. It was still there. She rested her head on the pedestal where the statue's feet stood. She could feel the water drops from the gun running down the back of her neck, and she felt alone, all by herself.

---

## Perspective

I stood  
One day upon a hill;  
And looked  
On a distant town.  
Quiet  
Lay there at its will.  
Distance  
Tinted it brown.

I once dwelt in that same place;  
Saw all its filth and little charm;  
Saw people live but never grow;  
Read the greed in each seamed face,  
Heard gossip that could do no harm,  
Hated, loathed, but now I know,

That each  
Must see from his own hill  
Big things  
That tend to alter  
His life,  
So that each climbs up until,  
Small things  
Grow the smaller.

B. B.



# "Why I choose Camels...."

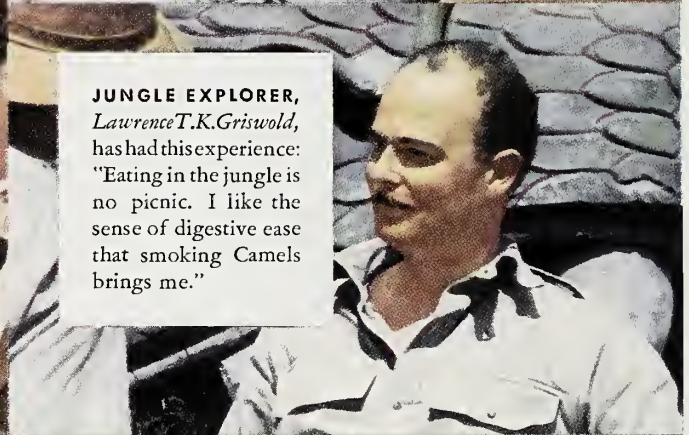


**NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION,** record-smashing *Tony Manero*, says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

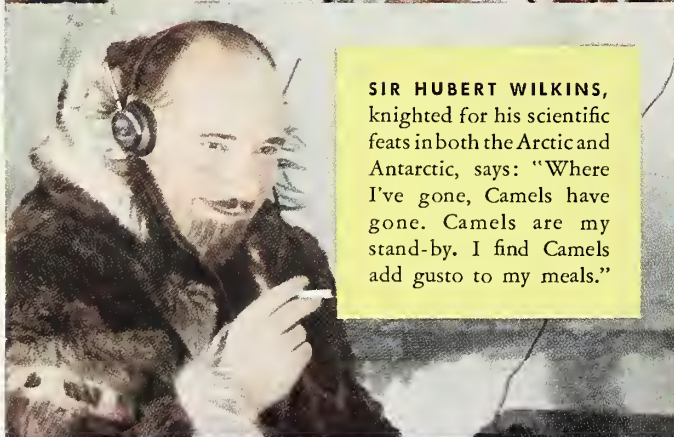
**Take up Camels yourself.** Enjoy Camel's costlier tobaccos the whole day through. At mealtime, smoking Camels aids digestion—speeds up the flow of digestive fluids—increases alkalinity.



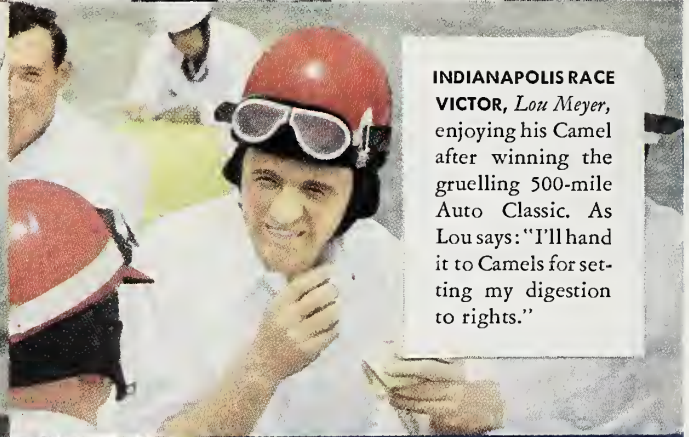
**GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER,** *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen*. She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."



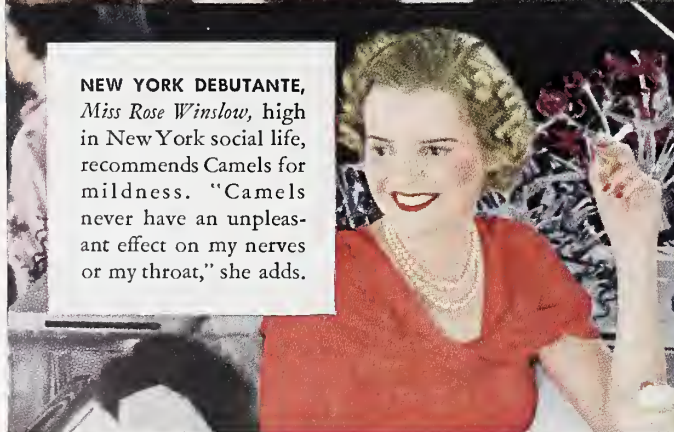
**JUNGLE EXPLORER,** *Lawrence T.K. Griswold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



**SIR HUBERT WILKINS,** knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."



**INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR,** *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



**NEW YORK DEBUTANTE,** *Miss Rose Winslow*, high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.

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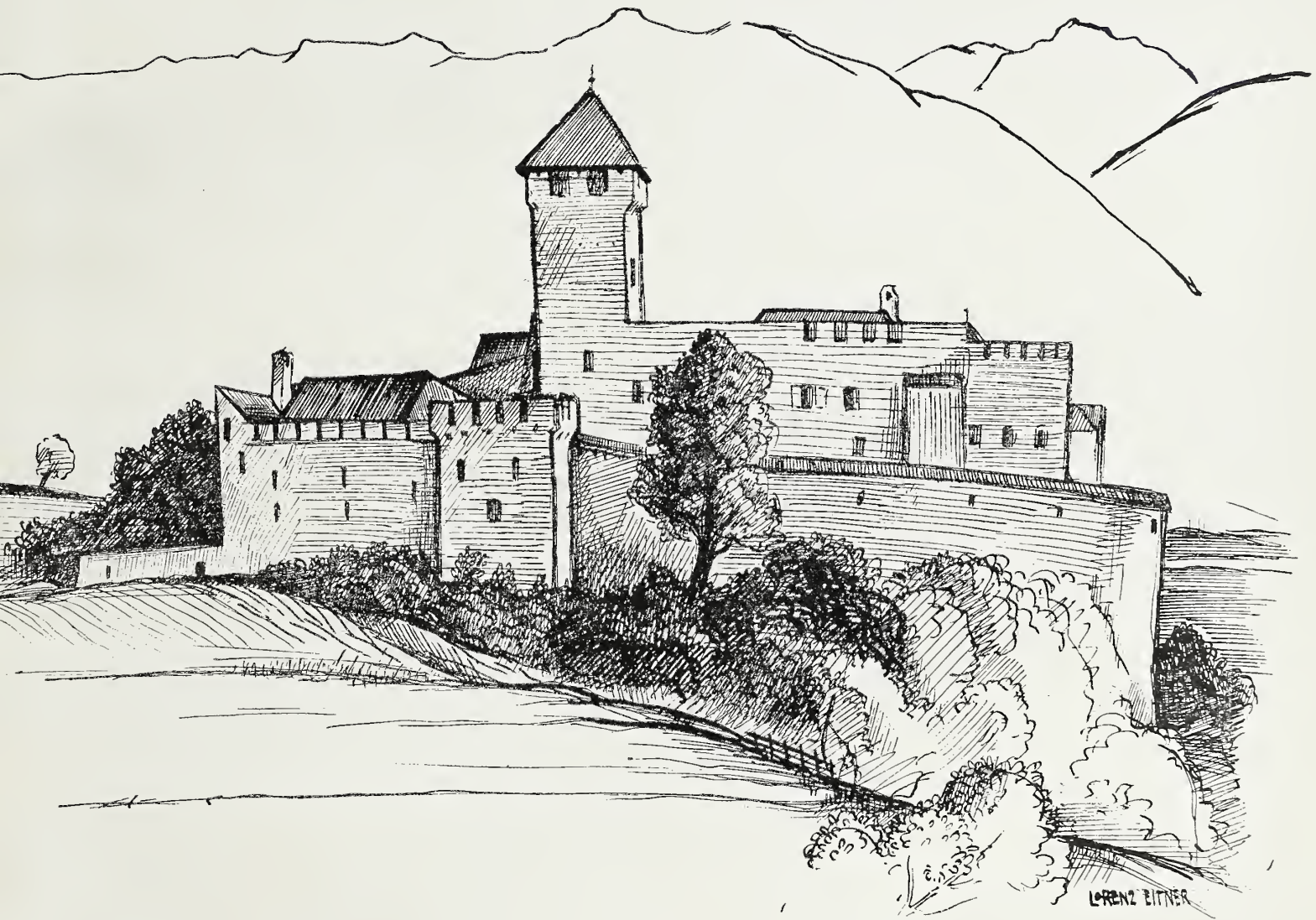
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# "CAMELS SET ME RIGHT"—STEADY SMOKERS SAY



# THE ARCHIVE

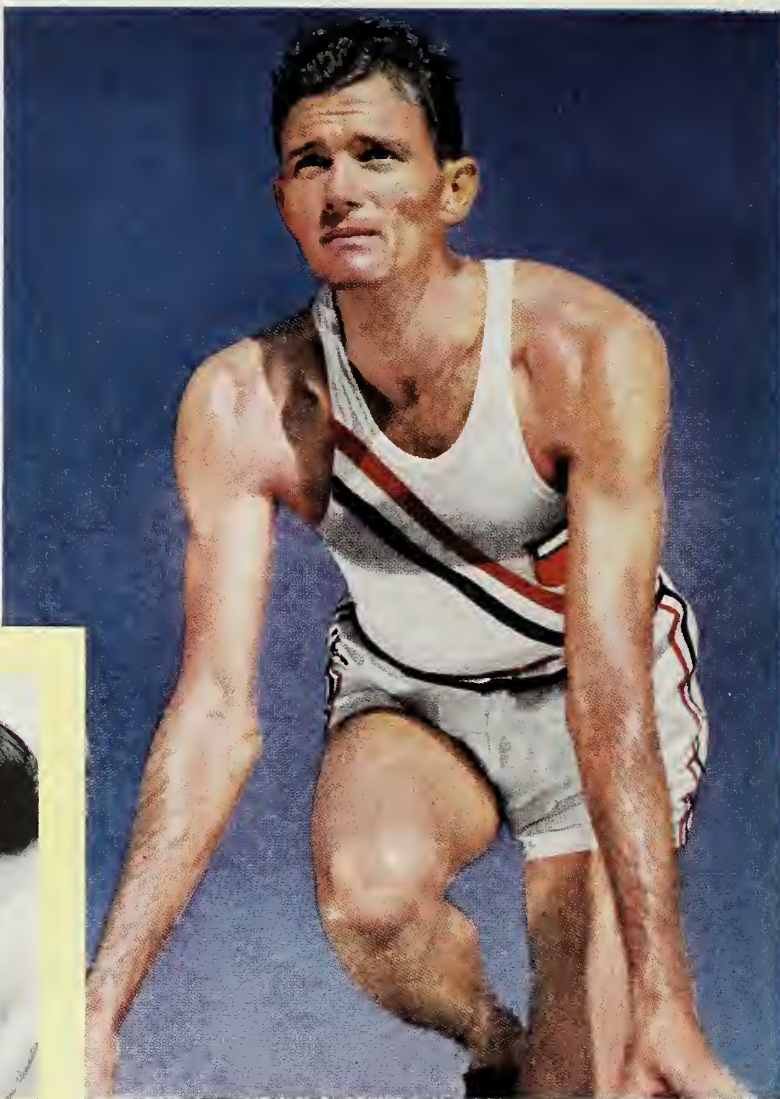


APRIL - 1937



# FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler



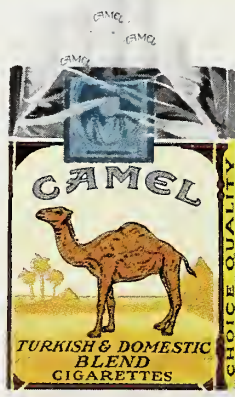
"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

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# The ARCHIVE

VOLUME L

APRIL, 1937

NUMBER SIX

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."  
Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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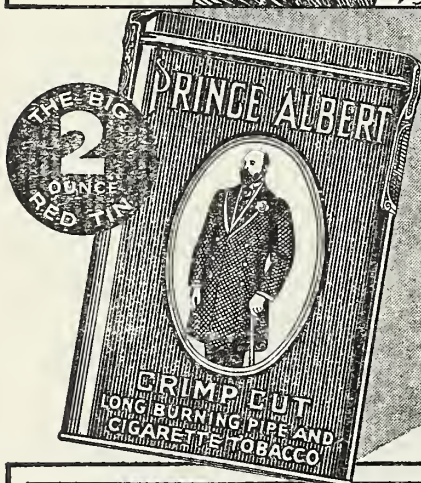
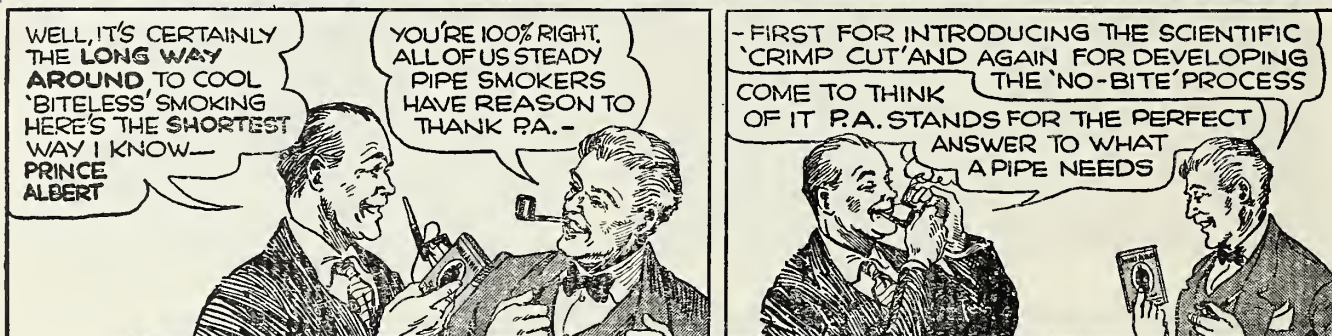
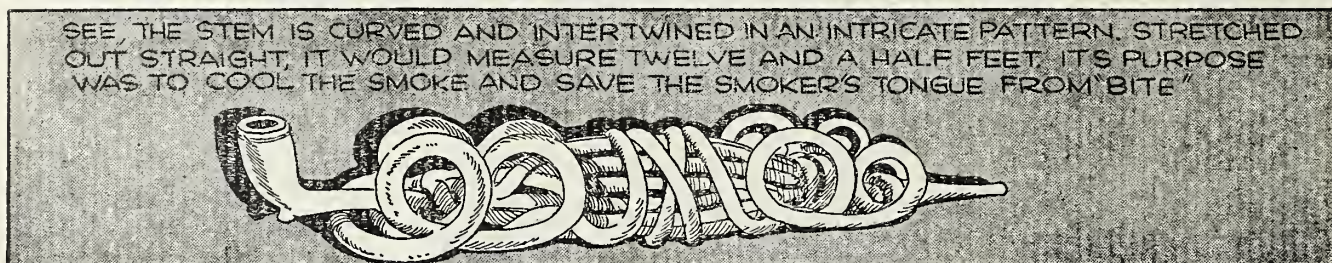
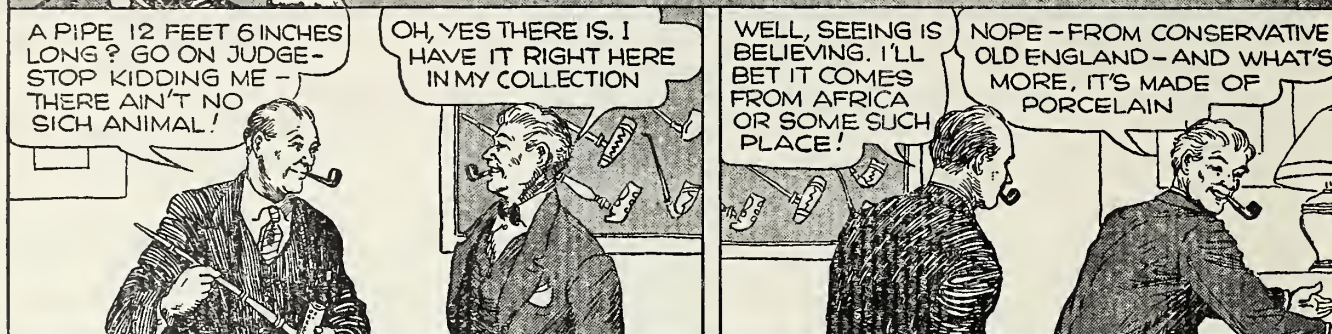
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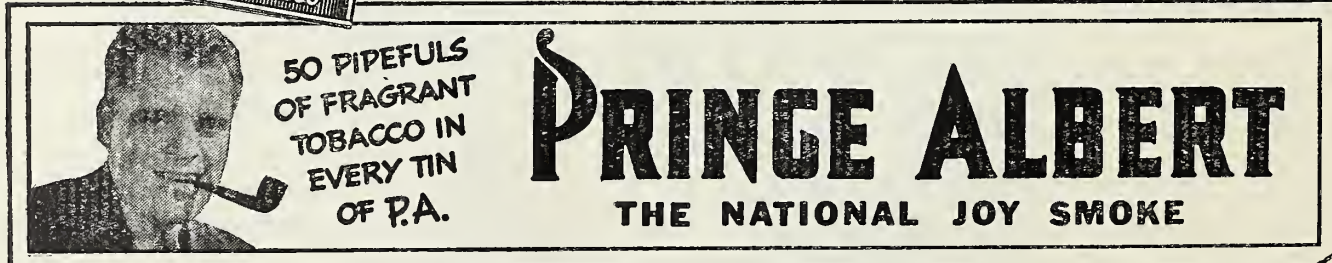
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# To the Point of Misery

HELEN BAXTER SMITH

Illustrated by BILL LITTLER



YES, YOU BOYS HAVE stopped that sort of thing now, at least to a great extent. It's a good thing. I can remember something that happened back in my school days. A pretty bad affair. There were five of us—Hammond, Granger, Pete, Dan, and myself. I wasn't really in it, but I shall always feel that I was as guilty as the rest.

You'll have to let me think a moment. It's been a right long time ago, and things get rather confused when I look back over them—just what certain people had to do with it, you know.

We were going to Redford College then. No, it isn't a college anymore. It died a natural death several years ago. Seems a shame. It was a good school—small—only about two hundred boys.

It was my senior year, and Hammond's, too. Since the college was so small, we seniors were, or rather thought we were, pretty important. All the upper-classmen lorded it over the freshmen. We bullied them and hazed them in a wholehearted effort 'to make men of them' as we said.

Hammond was by far the most outstanding boy in the class. He was our football captain and our track and baseball star. He was not only a fine athlete but he had a brilliant mind and a glib, persuasive personality that captivated everybody—professors included.

It was he who sang in the Glee Club Concert, gazing soulfully, first at one girl and then at another until all of us who had made the mistake of bringing them were in a jealous fury. He was bad enough from a distance, but brought within introducing distance, his charm and his quick, flattering smile were absolutely fatal. Everybody made a special effort to keep the current belle as far away from Hammond as possible. It usually ended with his meeting her, and our being left completely out of the picture from then on.

I was Hammond's roommate and I suppose his best friend. My feelings toward him were a curious mixture of envy and admiration. I was proud to be the friend of such a paragon, envious of his success.

For three years Hammond ruled su-

preme. Then Rutledge entered as a freshman. It is useless to try to describe Rutledge. He was older than most freshmen, and he was endowed with a genius for making enemies. He wasn't good-looking, at least we boys never thought so. He had a mass of bright gold hair that he never particularly bothered to comb. His eyes were brown, and his lashes long and curling like a girl's. I can't remember the rest of his face except that he was pale. He was tall, taller than Hammond, and rather frail. No, he wasn't effeminate really. It wasn't that. He was surly. He looked as if he didn't care about himself or us or anything in the world. Half the boys in the college longed to jump on him and pound him insensible, but he never gave them the chance. He simply ignored them. He wouldn't have anything to do with anybody. He kept to himself and even got drunk by himself. This he did pretty often.

He never studied; he passed, but no flattery, derision or threats on the part of the faculty or anybody else could make him do better. The knowledge that with a little effort he might lead the class seemed to satisfy him, and he spent his time just reading or lounging around.

I was interested in him. I felt sorry for him and a little superior. When he wanted to, he could be as pleasant and as likeable as anyone else, but he seldom gave any signs of it. I think perhaps he was shy to the point of misery, but I never found out very much about him. Everyone else simply put him down as queer and left it at that. Young people

are so terribly narrow-minded. I have to laugh sometimes when they apply that term to us older people.

As I have said, I was interested in Rutledge. He rather stirred my imagination and I tried to be friendly. He accepted me with suspicion at first, and then he seemed to like me—not always. Sometimes he was natural and eager, then again he would freeze on the outside and leave any attempts to be friendly shivering beneath the coldness of his manner.

Hammond was openly contemptuous of him, and he hated Hammond. Rutledge tried not to show it. He ignored Hammond as he did everybody else, but once I saw him grit his teeth after coolly shrugging off some pointed remark.

This coolness infuriated Hammond, and it hurt his ego. Having long been universally popular, he couldn't stand not to be liked by everyone. Even peculiar nondescripts like Rutledge.

At first he insulted him. This failing, he tried to gain his admiration by condescension. He would ask him to drink with him, but Rutledge remained indifferent and as cold as ice.

This attitude particularly in a freshman brought down a perfect storm of hazing on him. For two months his life was made miserable. Buckets of water fell on him; he woke up with a box on his head, he was shoved into the icy pond of the campus. All this he bore stolidly. He took it with no apparent emotion, rather with a stony indifference. Sometimes I thought I saw a quivering fury run through him, but the rest were too stupid to notice it. They got no fun out of Rutledge, and after a while left him alone—all except Hammond.

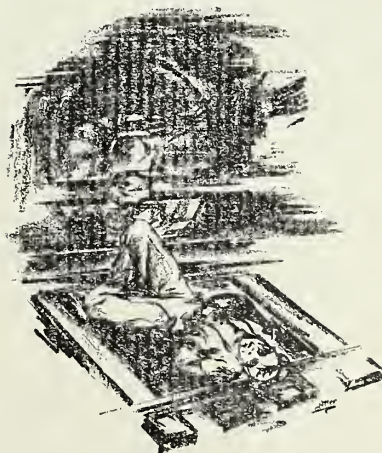
"Why don't you stop?" I asked him once.

Hammond looked at me with scorn.

"The miserable pup," he said, "the cowardly chicken. I'll break down that damned cheek of his if I'm expelled for it."

Poor Rutledge, I often think how miserable he must have been. It was his own fault in a way. Stories began to circulate, filthy stories that only the mind of a college boy could invent. There were other more plausible tales, too—his father had driven his mother insane, he

(Continued on page 15)





# Visions from Goose Lake

JANE DUSENBURY

I STEPPED INTO the dark brown parlor after one knock, because I had an appointment with her. I had the night edition, damp from the press, down against my side so nobody could read the headlines. I wanted to make her look at them, and then, quick, ask her some questions.

She was sitting under the only lamp in the room. It had a red shade. The light was so that it hit her face, but didn't show the back of her head at all. This made her head look like a sort of weird mask, which, I gathered from all the notoriety lately, was the effect she wanted.

Three elderly men, very intelligent looking, with white whiskers and black, scholarly suits, were sitting in a triangle on stiff chairs surveying her. I knew what they were. They were psychologists. Big ones, too, that wrote books. She'd started with a small noise that had echoed onto page nine of the *Star*; now she was a loud noise. Her name was the meat of those headlines I'd carried hidden under my coat from the press room over to her apartment; her name was what would sell the evening edition of the *Star* in a few minutes; her name was what was getting these psychologist fellows on their ears to "analyze" and "interpret" her.

I wished the psychologists would hurry and leave, so I could get my interview with her and then go. I was to have dinner with my newspaper buddy, Ben Herring, at six. Ben had been covering all the "visions" for the *Star*, and I had a feeling he wasn't too pleased since I'd decided to stick my nose into it out of nothing more than a woman's curiosity about another of her sex.

The young woman noticed me in the door, and said something to the psychologists. They stood up simultaneously. She shook hands solemnly with each of them from her chair; it looked to me as though they thought this a little foolish, but they clicked their heels and bowed, and filed toward the door. They bowed to me too, and decamped, still looking very much preoccupied. I would have liked to wave the headlines at them, but instead I kept the things hugged to my coat.

After they went, the dark little room soaked up the quiet for about thirty seconds, while the headlines itched in my hand. She rolled her eyes, showing the

big whites of them. She folded her hands over her stomach. Then she spoke to me hollowly, with the slightest trace of a negro accent.

"Come in, Miss Lewis."

I walked over to her more brusquely than necessary, to hide my mental inquietude.

"You are welcome, Miss Lewis," she said, in a flat, artificial voice that rattled in her throat. "Have a chair, please."

I sat down, so my face was on a level with hers, and I could see her well in the light from the red shaded lamp. Her skin was smooth and chocolaty. Some pomade on her lips made them glisten.

I said, "How do you do!" I rattled the newspaper. She was impassive. I opened it with a flourish, and put it across her knees so she could read the banner head. She was still impassive. I recited the lines dramatically, watching her face.

"Gertie Wren claims visions of Sam Lamb's newest revelries!" and another head below read "Lamb threatens suit and hires detectives."

Her expression was blank, perfectly blank. She said, "Visions! Visions!" and waved a hand around in the air and rolled her eyes.

"Miss Wren!" I said exasperatedly. "People aren't going to believe this 'vision' stuff forever. All these psychologists are tired of analyzing your visions and coming out with nothing. Besides, Sam Lamb is furious. He's cooking, he's so sore. He says however you're finding out about his private life, you'd better keep it to yourself, and not relay it to the world in visions. Look, Miss Wren! He's one of the richest men in the country, one of the most talked about and written about and publicized. He's in a corner of California, 2000 miles away from here, trying to enjoy a vacation away from it all with some friends. They're shut up tight in a big house on a big ranch, minding their own business, and trying to enjoy the winter. And over here in West Virginia, somebody pops up with 'visions' of everything he does with his time, and doesn't even consider keeping the stuff to herself. And Lamb's getting even more publicity than he does while he's directing pictures!"

Gertie sighed, and looked at me with her big, black eyes. Her breast heaved a little under the black dress she wore. She rubbed a foot back and forth on the

floor. She opened her lips, and then shut them again. Obviously, she wouldn't talk.

"Miss Wren," I said again, trying to slap patience on to each word. "I know you're making money out of this. I know you're hitting it rich. You're getting checks from radio, photographers, advertisers, and magazines. But smart people don't believe you any more; those psychologists walked out of here doubting. And as for me, I don't think you ever had a vision in your life!" I stood up dramatically here, and watched Gertie unclasp her hands and grip the arms of her chair. The corners of her mouth jerked downward and tightened.

"You are wrong!" she cried. "I see Mr. Lamb in visions! I see things he does! I see him drinking! I see him fall off his horse! I see him lead the orchestra! You frighten me! You must go, Miss Lewis." Her big black eyes were scared.

I sighed and sat down. "If you won't talk, you won't talk."

She seemed relieved. Her face relaxed, and I saw what a really good looking young negress she was. Funny nobody could ever find out if she had a husband; she said she didn't, and nobody could prove otherwise.

She said, "Excuse me, Miss Lewis. I'll bring some coffee." She got up and walked out of the room, rubbing one hand over her forehead. In a second, I heard her rattling dishes.

Feeling a bit foolish, I started to walk about the room and look at things. This was amateur detective stuff, but I couldn't resist. Visions! Trash. I fingered a little phrenological head she had sitting on a piece of red velvet. The thing was china and cold to the touch. I noticed how old all the furniture was; with all the money that must be going into her coffers, she surely could afford some new. On the wall was a picture of a girl in a white robe on a mountain top, with a skeleton climbing up after her. Very weird. A crystal ball rested on a corner cabinet. Like an idiot, half expecting to see something, I peered into it. I could see the dark striped wall paper through it, and that was all. Leaning against the cabinet was a Ouija board. It hadn't been used much to all appearances. The surface was unscratched, and besides, the little table that's supposed to slide around atop it

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# Browning's Concept of the Poet

EDWARD POST

WHEN BROWNING COMES to contemplate and discourse upon the art of poetry, he is more concerned with the soul and the temperament of the poet than the technical finesse of the craft. He does not caution diction or extol the advantages of an iambic pentameter pattern or recommend a skillful sprinkling about of metaphors and similes. Like Carlyle he seeks and finds the art of poetry in the soul-scheme of the poet.

And in his search he finds two kinds of poets: the objective poet, who is a fashioner; and the subjective poet, who is the seer. Actually there is no fundamental distinction in the poetic faculty as exercised by the one or the other, nor are there two individual exclusive categories of subjects. The two divergent tendencies of genius can best be remarked in their separate artistic effects: they spring from a common cause and moral penetration.

The objective poet fashions his poetry, which method involves a projection from his personality and a creation distinct and detached from himself emotionally. He deals with externalities, with the scenic phenomena of the universe and the manifestations of the human heart and mind. His work bears a direct reference to, and an obvious awareness of, the general audience of common men who will receive his work and gain by it. The poet has a clearer sight, a wider and a deeper sight than the average man, but at the same time he has a sympathetic appreciation of the limited comprehensiveness of the average man; consequently, he constructs his work of art only of materials which combine into an intelligible whole, possessing a completeness in itself. The ultimate of the objective poet's art when it is refined of even description is dramatic poetry.

The subjective poet does not fashion pictures, rather he carries them in himself and his poetry is less "a work than an effluence," less a production than a shadowing-forth of what is already on his mind's eye. Like the objective poet he is gifted with that sharper sight of nature and man. But his poetry relates to the metaphysical and the world of ideas rather than to the world of common men. His is a struggling up to the absolute truth and the supreme intelligence, not a playing with puppets in whose world he is the ultimate knower. He deals not with the manifest actions of

mutually involved characters, not with "the combination of humanity" in social intercourse, but he plumbs the nature of being and has to do with "the primal elements of humanity." He is no wanderer to the mountains: he is a digger in the earth which he is. He is no pruner of the tree, nor does he gather its blossoms: he is the caretaker of its roots. Through himself he finds his closest appeal to the absolute and he lingers in those scenes which afford him the most receptive and the most secure medium for his expression and the power of his ideas. He dwells in the silent places of the earth where the beatings of his own heart are audible and articulate, apart from the complexities of the appearances and the accidents of common experience.

It is an idle inquiry which seeks to determine which of the two poets is endowed with the higher or even the rarer gift. Although subjective poetry may seem to fulfill the ultimate requirement of every age, objective poetry loses none of its intrinsic value from age to age, for it is in the external world that man must exist and this world "is not to be learned and thrown aside, but reverted to and relearned." And for both poets this world is the source at which they take their starting-point: no matter to what infinite degree the subjective poet refines and subtilizes the raw material, the world of appearance is still his spring of workable matter.

There comes a time when men have absorbed to satiety the stuffs of the phenomenal universe and, their material appetites satisfied, wonder at the elemental inferences of it. At that time it is granted the subjective poet to answer man's desire for exacter significances, to lift him to a clearer sight, to reveal the profound import of details, to tag the things of man with new marks of evaluation. And what he says echoes long. A school of like-spirited poets follow after, expound his moral discoveries and propound elaborations of his doctrine. Unawares, men come to stand on hollow stones and drift on bubbles, thinking they stand on a stout pedestal and move and labor in a sphere of realities.

The need of the objective poet has arrived. It is his call to burn out the shadows, to shock into ridicule the fusty sentiments that survive their passionate

cores of value. He propels men's minds out of inertia and stupor into a healthy consciousness of the world and the forces of existence. He gives them solid nutriment and spills out the milk-thin pabulum which has made them frail souls. He herds the prodigals back to life. Other poets take up his strain of potential thunder. They devise poetic menus themselves—and the hardier their patrons become, the coarser becomes the food. Too soon they all grow plethoric and gouty. And the cycle has turned again to the subjective poet.

Among these poet-followers are arising false-poets. They are writing bad poetry, which is not poetry at all, but is criticised in the category of such because of its implied avowals to be poetry. The false-poet fails because there is a lack of harmony among the attributes of his own soul: although he sees and feels, he errs in his standard of values. His poetry is at variance with the truths of nature: his song strikes out in discords. His work fails to show the world as the world is, as everyman sees it or as the poet himself sees it. It assumes its verity only in some conjectured or fanciful mood—a kind of negative verity which can be of no possible value to either. If it lives a brief hour at all, that grace is granted it by "the indolence of whoever accepts it or his incapacity to denounce a cheat."

Of no conspicuous work of genius can we doubt that it was inspired by a great moral purpose, whether that purpose is visible in the work or not. No matter how frantically and fiercely a poet moved by lower incitements may strive to effect greatness and power, if his nobler inspiration is a simulacrum, his performance must fail. And though a proper moral aim may have moved the poet to speak, there are endless degrees of purpose: it may be intense rather than trenchant; it may labor in "a lower field of activity than a steadier aspiration would reach." And why the moral purpose? It supplies, indeed it is, the sustaining force without which the poet's effort cannot survive to completion, but perishes when his store of word-tricks and showy displays are exhausted. Whoever loves the touch of gold and the pointed finger of fame will learn fast enough that they are to be had at  
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# Three Men on a Blind Horse

CHADWICK CALLAGHAN

"TELL ME A STORY 'bout horse thieves, Grandpa old boy. That's what I like. Giddy-up—clackaty-clackaty-clack-clack-clack!! Woa! Yipee!"

"Quiet boy. Don't yip like that. Hand me that bottle of linament over there."

"That's funny linament, Grandpa. What do ya keep drinking it for? Ain't it poison?"

"Shut up, ya little rattle brain. Yer ma might hear. This ain't pizen nohow—special kind. I got nooritis in my liver."

"Ah ain't you goin to tell me a wild-west story?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Ah, go on. Whoops! Whoops!"

"Git that stick-horse outa my way. Always got that thing trailing under my feet. And don't sit there. It's where I been spittin' terbacca juice. And stop figitin'. If yer pappy would put ya to work you wouldn't be so restless. When I was your age I was doin' a man's work."

"Ya, ya. I know. And you walked sixteen miles to school ever day. Ya, ya, ya."

"Well, I guess I did walk five. I wasn't a fresh ike like you neither. I was brought up on a razor-strop which you'd oughta have."

"Ah, go on Grandpa. Tell me a cow-punchin' story."

"You goin' to tell yer mammy I got this linament?"

"Naw. Shoot!"

"Git yer feet outa that terbacca juice."

"Ah, it kills bugs. Go on tell me a story."

"All right. If you'll keep still fer five minutes. This'n's about me. You know, I was the slickest horse trader in these parts—fifty year ago."

"My pop's a good trader, boy."

"Well, kid, once old Emil Doak—he used to live down the road here a piece—where Sheriddan's is now—he and I did a bit of horse tradin' and I allus skinned his hide. Made him so mad he couldn't see."

"Ah, it was probably the other way 'round."

"Well, as I was saying—he and I each had a sorrel colt that looked jest as much alike as these two thumbs. They was born in the same month—they was both fillies—and they both had the same stud for a daddy. You couldn't tell 'em apart

—except mine, maybe was jest a little the best fed of the two."

"Is this a rodeo story! Yipee—yi-yi-ride em cowboy!"

"Well, it's easy to see they made a perfect team. And it's easier to see that I wanted his filly and he wanted mine. There wern't nothin' each of us wouldn't give fer t'othern's colt—'cept neither one would admit it. He tried everything he could think of to get mine and I almost got his'n once, but he was gettin' sick—jest from being around me—and he warn't givin' me the purtiest team in the country—not for nothin, he warn't. We both felt it was a shame that those colts couldn't one day be hitched to the same wagon, but there warn't much t'othern would do about it, 'cept once he did perpose that his son should marry your ma so's we could give 'em the two fillies and have our two sorrels hitched side by side. But your ma couldn't see the sense in it—so that's the way things was for a whole year."

"Just like she can't see the sense in you drinking linament, huh?"

"Shut up! Then jest when the time come when the colts reached three—jest when they were the right age to be broke—somethin' happened. One of them there travelin' horse traders, he come into these parts. If you know anything about them boys, you know they's slicker'n patent medicine quacks. They can talk you into swappin' a two-ten trotter, with a sulky thrown in, fer an old dilapidated jack-ass without any teeth."

"Like you, huh?"

"As I say, one of them birds come into the country and he landed down at old Emil Doak's—he was coming from that direction, ya see—and did he skin old Emil! Sit down, will ya, don't be jumpin' around so. Well, the minute that horse-trader set eyes on Emil's filly he give himself a wink, as much as to say, I'm gonna have her. He says to old Emil—Emil told this at Urbana later—he wouldn't speak to me after it happened—he says to old Emil, he says: 'How do you like this roan mare here!' And he led her forth."

"What color is roan, huh? My stick-horse is roan, I guess, or your hair—is it—huh?"

"Yes, yes. Anyway, old Emil thought that roan mare about the purtiest piece

of horse flesh he'd ever seen in his life. He looked her over from ear to tail and couldn't see nothin' wrong with her. Then the horse-trader offers her to old Emil fer his filly and fifty dollars. He talked, and talked, and talked, but old Emil did a purty fair job of talkin' hisself. Finally, he had the horse-trader offerin' the roan mare even, for the filly."

"Didn't you get the filly, Grandpa?"

"Hand me the linament. By this time, old Emil must have been figgerin' that he could never hope to get my sorrel to make it a team and by swappin' his'n off to the horse-trader he'd fool me—make it so's I couldn't get his'n. That's what made him make the trade. That and the fact the roan mare looked so good. Well, as I say, they traded and old Emil led his roan mare into the barn—the horse-trader follerin'—and when the mare came to the stall, she tripped over the door sill and almost stumbled to the ground. Then old Emil went up to her and waved his hand in front of her eyes. She didn't make a move—blinder'n a bat. Old Emil was fit to be tied. Her eyes looked perfect, but she couldn't see nothin'. And what good was a blind horse to him? He had been tricked and tricked plenty."

"What's that got to do with cowboys? I like train robbers on horses, clackity-clack—clackity-clack. And sheriffs, bang, bang, bang."

"Well, to make a long story short, the horse-trader bought the roan mare back for twenty-five dollars, after old Emil sorta cooled off—which means he got the sorrel filly for twenty-five—by a trick all them slick horse-traders work. Then that there horse-trader comes up here to my place and I see he's got Emil Doak's filly. Then he sees mine, just like her, and he says: 'Look here, my friend. I want that filly so bad—to go with this one, you see—I'll trade you this here roan mare for 'er—even.' Well, he didn't know it but I seen the roan was blind. I jerked my hand in front of her eyes when he warn't lookin'. Then I knew how he'd got old Emil's horse, so I ups and says: 'It's a trade.'"

"Ha, ha. I bet you got fooled too, didn't you? Hee Wooooooo—oo."

"Naw, I was jest figgin' ahead. He jumped at the chance, and I led out the filly and took the roan mare into the

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# Lost Limerick

MARY MAGRAW

Illustrated by LORENZ EITNER

IT WAS JUST ABOUT this time last Wednesday that I was waiting for Hank to come into the Diamond Bar for his lunch. So I was getting ready to straighten my apron and put a little spit on my left side curl.

I've only been working as waitress in the Diamond Bar for about a month, but it didn't take me long to get acquainted with Hank. He stopped in on his way to the ranch the first day I had my new job here in Cloud Croft, and he's been coming in every day since. Pretty soon I got used to looking for his broad shoulders coming through the doorway, without his horse. And even if I had my back turned fixing the coffee spigot, I could hear his hobble as soon as he began to come up the walk.

He is sort of one-hip high from doing so much trick riding—since he was ten years old. He can whip underneath a horse and come popping out on the other side quicker than you can say "jumpin Jehosaphat." Hipless Hank they call him and all the waitresses in Cloud Croft are crazy about his figure. That new school teacher, Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it sort of likes him, too; so that is why I was straightening my apron and putting some more spit on my left side curl.

Just after I'd finished wrapping that curl around my finger, that is, last Wednesday, Hank came walking through the door of the Diamond Bar. His knees bent a little more than usual as he came over the stoop, so I knew something was wrong. His cow-lick was sticking straight right from underneath his hat. His face had looked sort of like a calf poking its head through the fence that I saw last week out at the ranch, when Hank was showing me the new hayloft. Except the calf didn't have red whiskers.

For a while Hank stood in the middle of the café just twirling his hat around on his trigger finger and humming a song about the wide open spaces and you. A song he sang to me that night last week.

Then he walked over and plopped himself down on the stool in front of the counter and swung his legs around underneath the ledge. He sort of had to wrap one leg around the other and then tuck up the corners, but he wasn't named Hipless Hank for nothing. He just sat there staring at the gilded wall behind me, and

he didn't even notice that the pink cactus flower he picked for me was pinned on—right over my heart. I'd pinned it there just a few minutes before he came in.

He didn't spin around on the stool and say, "How's my little barfly?" as he usually does. He just sat there playing with the salt and pepper shakers and leaving seasonings on my clean counter. He muttered something about the rodeo, but before I could find out what was wrong, the boys from the White Star outfit began to come in. They were all talking about the fourth of July rodeo, too, and they wanted eats right now.

That big Pete Bradley that always tries to make up to me started playing some of his old tricks, and he tried to smell the cactus flower on—just over my heart. But I served him and the other boys our



regular Wednesday baked-beans and cabbage special, and then I got back to Hank.

He wouldn't say much at first, just gave me his order for some corn-on-the-cob and coffee. Then I got called away again to give Pete Bradley and the boys some nickels so they could play the slot machine. Pete started to tell me that he didn't have much use for that new school teacher Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it boarding at Mrs. Standard's, and that he knew about a new hayloft he could show me, and that last week he roped and tied a steer within two seconds of the world's record. But I just pretended not to hear him because all I could see was Hank's profile looking so downcast. So I rushed

the boys right on through and hurried up the fresh apple pies.

When the other boys all were across the room, Hank and I could sort of be alone like last night out on the prairie. Hank just sat at the counter and rolled cigarettes. I can remember almost everything he said. I guess he's the strong silent type that I was reading about in that Confessions magazine the other night.

"Have some more corn, honey," I said edging a little closer to give him a couple of snuffles of the new jasmine stuff I was wearing.

"Can't you see I ain't finished grazing on this ear yet?" Hank snapped back at me.

After we're married, I'll bet he won't snap at me that way. But I know all about this before stuff, so I just smiled and gave him a couple snuffles more of the jasmine. Then he got a little more talkative. When he'd whirled around on the stool a few times, he got to muttering in his low, traveling-salesman-joke tone of voice. But it wasn't a joke at all.

It seems that Hank had to pay a five dollar fee to get in the rodeo, and he had to pay five dollars more to enter the trick-riding contest. Of course he had to have some new boots because he was just about on his uppers. That's what made him sag a little at the knees. And he wanted to buy a fancy blue shirt he'd seen in the Monkey-Ward catalogue. After he finished saying all this, he sat there gulping his coffee down and rubbing his hand up and down over his chin whiskers. Then he happened to mention that he'd lost all of his money in a crap game with some of the boys from across the valley. Now I knew that he had to have the new duds and fees so he could win the \$5,000 rodeo most-points prize. With that under his belt he could enter the state rodeo and get some engagements for his trick-riding. Then maybe I could start thinking about being a lady cow-puncher, or we might even join a circus—what with his trick-riding and all.

So while I was thinking up plans for him, I handed him five nickels to try to win the jack-pot in the slot-machine. But after giving it five unlucky spins, he came back to the counter with his profile looking more downcast than ever. As he

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# Red is Symbolic of Kay

SHELDON ROBERT HARTE

Illustrated by LORENZ EITNER

THE SCENE is the living room of a two room apartment in Greenwich Village, New York City. Two windows open on the street. Through them can be seen the lighted windows of an apartment house across the street, for darkness has descended. Door right leads into the bedroom. Door left, into the outer hall. The room is comfortably furnished, but not luxurious. Curtains, shades, drapes, sofa pillows are all in order—indicative of a woman's care. Large red sofa left. Easy chairs under each window, pictures of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin on walls. Small center table in middle of room covered with red cloth, surrounded by several straight back chairs, telephone on telephone table by left door. Mirror hangs on left wall. Drapes, oil paintings on walls and even the carpet have predominance of brilliant red in them—indeed the entire room is predominated by red of a striking shade.

*As the curtain rises, Kay is preparing tea at the center table. An electric cord runs from the kettle to socket in wall right. Kay is a young woman, middle twenties, average stature, exceptional figure. She is dressed in lounging pajamas and smart slippers, both noticeably red, of course. As she fusses about the tea things, she sings softly—the International. Frank enters from bedroom pipe in mouth, putting on his smoking jacket—a conservative gray garment of the conventional type, with the exception of a brilliant red handkerchief which shows from the breast pocket. He comes up against the electric cord as he enters, stops and turns to Kay.*

FRANK: Water boiling, Kay?

KAY: Yes, you can take it out, dear.

FRANK: *(Removes plug, winds up cord, and slips it under table. Goes over to mirror, left, adjusting his jacket.)* It looks as if we are in for another strike at the mill.

KAY: Yes, I know.

FRANK: How did you know?

KAY: Oh, I could tell by the sound of Rosen's voice over the phone when he asked for you.

FRANK: Something of a knowing secretary, aren't you Kay? *(Observes red kerchief in mirror.)*

KAY: Darling, what is it?

FRANK: Where did this come from? *(Holding out the red kerchief with disgust.)*

KAY: Oh, darling, I put it there, don't take it out. It puts color and life into that drab old jacket.

FRANK: Kay, you are incorrigible—a flaming red kerchief. Here, what will I do with it? *(Hands it to her)* Don't leave it lying around, this room looks as if it's in flames as it is.

KAY: But darling, I love red, there is something so fresh and vitalizing about it. Red is symbolic of renaissance, revolution, defiance! You need more red in your life, my sweet! *(She replaces the handkerchief neatly in his breast pocket.)*

FRANK: Red let it be! *(Embraces her passionately)* Red . . . *(Smoothing her hair, kissing her ardently, etc., etc.)* Oh Kay, our hours together are borrowed hours. And so few!

KAY: "Fleet is the night and few the hours therein."

FRANK: And always they are stolen hours—hidden, secret hours.

KAY: *(with defiance)* No, ours! Our own. . . .

FRANK: Red, Kay! Oh darling, red forever!

KAY: *(Drawing away from him)* Tea, dear?

FRANK: *(Holds the chair for Kay, with no little formality. He seats himself. He gets up hurriedly, as if he had forgotten something. Kisses her. Seats himself.)* Now you may pour.

KAY: Darling, exert your manliness against the top of the jam jar. Does the strike look serious?

FRANK: *(Working at the jar)* Very. The damn thing is stuck. A complete walk out. Production is at a stand still. What kind of jam is it?

KAY: Grape. We've got something of a strange hold on you, haven't we?

FRANK: We? The hell with it! *(Puts jar down.)*

KAY: We don't like grape anyhow, do we?

FRANK: What about this we? No, we don't.

KAY: Which we? The hell we don't. *(Holding jar in hand breaks glass with blow with back of knife.)*

FRANK: Shall we have glass with our jam? I suppose you sympathize with the strikers as usual.

KAY: See if you can separate the glass from the jam, dear. You know very well

it is not a matter of sympathizing with the workers, I am of the workers.

FRANK: Why don't you get those silly notions out of your head, darling?

KAY: *(With emotion)* Silly notions?

FRANK: Hold everything, I take it back.

KAY: *(Indignantly)* Silly notions! My parents worked in a factory, my father died in one. My mother's people, and my father's too were of the working class. Don't have any wrong ideas about me, Frank!

FRANK: No, my Red. I know you for what you are.

KAY: I wonder *(thoughtfully)*. You know if there were any way I could help those boys of the mill over at Paterson, I'd do it.

FRANK: Darling, let's forget it. Look, you've let your tea stand.

KAY: *(With a sigh)* All right. *(After a pause)* Frank, did we have anything planned for tonight?

FRANK: Every night of ours is planned—has been planned for millions of years. *(Urgently)* Oh, darling, why won't you marry me?

KAY: Please, not now, I'm trying to think.

FRANK: Think? What is there to think? We do belong to each other. . . .

KAY: No, it's not that I'm thinking of. Besides, you promised never to propose to me until after ten o'clock.

FRANK: I know but. . . .

KAY: Darling, if we are not doing anything else tonight. . . .

FRANK: Yes?

KAY: I was wondering if you'd take me to a party meeting at Twelfth Street.

FRANK: Oh, God! another communist meeting! *(Getting to his feet)* Kay, I revolt!

KAY: *(Clapping her hands)* Oh splendid, that's the first good sign I've seen in you thus far. Oh, you'll be a wonderful communist some day, Frank!

FRANK: I . . . what . . . com . . . you're mad! And I'm not going to any communist meeting tonight. I've been to three in the last week. Why, not even the communists themselves go that often!

KAY: But Frank, dear, it means so much to me, especially with the strike going on in our mill.

FRANK: *(In desperation)* Here I am, president of the Metropolitan Converting Company, a walkout on my hands, pro-



duction completely tied up, and I should take my own private secretary to a meeting of those damned reds who are responsible for the whole thing. I should sit there and listen to them tell me what a god damned avaricious capitalist I am, and that I ought to be stood up against a wall and shot! *(Sits down out of breath. Belches loudly).*

KAY: There you go upsetting your indigestion again. I'll get you some bicarb. *(Starts for door right).*

FRANK: Be sure it's not Vince.

KAY: If you don't trust me . . . *(Sits down).*

FRANK: *(Pleading)* Kay, don't ask me to go to another one of those things tonight.

KAY: If you could only see our point of view, dearest!

FRANK: I can only see that my father spent his life building up this concern, and I've been working in it all my life.

KAY: So have many of your employees, and they too have helped build it up.

FRANK: I give my employees the highest wages I can! *(With passion stamps foot, fist on table)* But I'll be god damned if I'm going to let a bunch of reds tell me how to run my business. By God, I'll employ whom I want, and if a man isn't giving me his best work, I'm going to fire him!!! *(Turns to her urgently)* Kay, is that being blind?

KAY: *(Sitting on the edge of his chair, pressing his head gently to her bosom)* No, my darling, only near-sighted.

FRANK: Oh God, I give up.

KAY: Can't you see, dear, that as long as a minority class controls the major industries and runs them for their own profit, there will always be a down-trodden majority class of workers?

FRANK: This minority class—don't you think they worked for what they got? And don't they have to continue working to hold it?

KAY: Is it fair that the many should be subsidized for the few?

FRANK: Subsidized be damned! Life isn't a bed of roses for us! We have capital at stake! Every penny I've got in the world is tied up in the business!

KAY: None the less, should the working class, the rich red blood of a nation, a world, be at the whim and mercy of an industrial aristocracy?

FRANK: Whim and mercy! My God, Kay, have I a whip in my hand—am I a slave driver?

KAY: Practically! Oh my dearest, life must hold more for my people, the soul-starved proletariat, than the mere wretched routine of keeping body and soul together!

FRANK: *(Faintly, from the folds of Kay's bosom)* Come the revolution!

KAY: *(Passionately serious)* We need no

revolution! But let the workers of all industries unite! One solid, united front, politically, socially, industrially, and the revolution will be accomplished! Frank! *(She pulls his head up, smoothing his hair back, looking down into his face, and speaks with all seriousness, as if to a child)* Frank, my dearest, that is why you must join us in our struggle and be a communist!

FRANK: Do you want me, or will the Metropolitan Converting Company be enough?

KAY: *(Starting away from him)* You're making fun.

FRANK: *(Following her front stage)* If I become a communist will you be my little red? Oh, marry me, dearest, and I'll take you to communist meetings every night.

KAY: *(Morbidly)* Nero sang while Rome burned!

FRANK: *(Mocking)* Marry me or I'll fire you! Remember you're my secretary, I'm the boss.



KAY: *(Half serious, half mocking)* I won't marry you, and you can't fire me. I'm a member of the union. *(Telephone rings, Kay crosses left to answer it)* Hello . . . yes . . . one minute. Darling, bring me a chair. *(Frank carries chair to her. She sits down.)* All right Mr. Mason, I'm listening. . . .

FRANK: Mason! Is that Mason? You tell him for me. . . .

KAY: Oh, darling, do shut up, I can't hear a word. Yes, Mr. Mason . . . yes, certainly . . . *(Puts her hand over receiver, but keeps ear piece at ear)* He wants to know how long I think you can hold out, Frank. How long do you think you can hold out, dear?

FRANK: Well, I'll be god damned!

KAY: I don't know exactly, Mr. Mason, but with the rush season coming on in another month he can't afford to be too independent . . . yes, that's what I mean . . . um huh . . . yes, I think we've got him where we want him. . . .

*(Frank has been showing signs of annoyance mounting to exasperation, but with this last he reaches new levels of desperation and fury! Such as tearing his hair, stamping about the room, etc., finally throwing himself into an easy chair and burying his head in his hands.)*

KAY: Of course . . . that goes without saying, Mr. Mason . . . you know I'm a member of the party . . . *(There is a long silence. Frank looks up with suspicion. Kay is listening attentively. Finally a deeply perturbed 'oh' is heard from her).*

FRANK: What is it, Kay?

KAY: *(She waves him to be silent)* All right . . . all right . . . all right . . . I said all right, Mr. Mason. Good night! *(Hangs up with slight show of anger.)*

FRANK: That man Mason has caused me more trouble in the last five years at the factory. . . .

KAY: *(Thinking of something else)* Yes, I know.

FRANK: What did he call you for besides to find out how long I can hold out.

KAY: That really wasn't what he called for.

FRANK: No? *(Turns to her, placing her hands on his shoulders).*

KAY: Frank dear, I won't be at work tomorrow.

FRANK: Why not?

KAY: I'll be on the picket line in Pater-son.

FRANK: *(Walks over to table, gets cigar and lights it, comes back down stage center to Kay. He is troubled and shows it, touching the edge of Kay's hair, smiling faintly)* Red!

KAY: Forever!

FRANK: *(Frowns, deeply disturbed)* This is more serious than I realized.

KAY: Why don't you try to see it our way, Frank. Don't fight the men. Help them to unite.

FRANK: You little fool! You captivating little fool! If I didn't love you so, I'd hate you! Help the men! Shall I help the cancer that eats my flesh and destroys me!!

KAY: Frank! Don't say those terrible things.

FRANK: So you're going to strike with the others and fight me?

KAY: Mason wants me there to help keep up the morale of the men. Many of them know me. I'll sort of represent the quasi-executive element of the company—some one from the main office in New York.

FRANK: *(Bitterly)* I'd fire any one that did that to me!

KAY: I'm not sure you won't fire me before it's over.

FRANK: *(Deeply distressed)* Why did you have to tell me about it? Couldn't you

*(Continued on page 21)*



# Whom to Pity?

C. ROBERT WILSON

## I

IT WAS THE POSTMAN who first revealed the fact of the letters. "Yes," he whispered to Zana, the blacksmith, "one letter regularly every week. One every week, on Thursdays, still. Do you suppose they haven't told him?" Zana shook his head and that night told his wife. By the next day the whole little town knew it. Varvara still got one letter every week.

The whole town shook its head slowly and whispered softly and wondered. Who could be writing to Varvara now? If it was Nikolay who had gone away to work a year ago . . . but it couldn't be Nikolay! Wouldn't they have told him? The whole town wondered, and no one said anything to Varvara's parents, and wonderful stories grew up around the identity of the letter writer.

"As regular as Varvara Petrovina's letter," "as mysterious as Varvara's letter-writer," were some of the phrases that grew up around the post-man's revelation. The town made jokes about it, and when they were drunk they made toasts to the mysterious him, and parents used "him" to frighten their children into going to bed and eating their porridge.

And everyone thought that it was a pity.

## II

Nikolay shifted wearily in his chair and rubbed his tired eyes. Then he picked up the sheet and crumpled it and threw it aside. He took a clean fresh sheet and began again.

Dearest Varvara,

I walk beneath the spangled blue of the night alone and each tiny sparkle up there in the black infinite is a reminder of the glow in your eyes. Sometimes the ache here in my heart for you is so terrible that I wonder that you do not feel it across the miles that separate us. Alone, without you, there is always a low, dumb ache in me.

Words are futile to the expression of the love that I still feel for you, Varvara, but I must try that the river of my passion may flow and not drown me in its lake. I lean out of my window now and whisper to the wind, "I love her." And my words are whispered away into the trees. Listen to the trembling of the leaves in your garden and you will hear them whispering my message.

And I whispered it to the flowers also, Varvara. When next you see the daisies nodding in the field bend down and listen to their gossip. They'll be saying, "He still loves her."

Yet, Varvara, as I pen these pitiful words I ache with wonder and doubt if you will read them or believe them. Your letters of late have been so strange, so wild, so careless. I could scarcely read your last. I no longer see your laughing face between the lines. I feel something cold and strange. Can it be that my absence has cooled your love? Do you no longer remember the love I gave you and the love you gave me?

Why do you torment me with your wild, fantastic tales of your lovers and their embraces? Is there really a prince who has given you so many jewels? Tell me that your letters are but a prank, and write me that you have not forgotten our love, or your promise to marry me.

My uncle says that he is well pleased with my work and that in another month I can come home to get you. Yet, your letters . . . they make we wonder if you still want to come back and live with me here. Write me, Varvara, so that I can read it, that you will come.

Your Nikolay.

## III

"'Tis a pity," the postman said. And a tear ran down his cheek as he recounted how eagerly Varvara appeared at the door and snatched at the letters. Running off in the garden to tear them open and read them as if the very Devil himself was about to tear them from her hand, so the postman said. Then, when she finishes she lifts her head to the sky and roars with laughter. She kisses the letters then and thrusts them into her bosom and pats them, so the postman said.

"Ah, 'tis a pity," the town folk agreed.

But no one knew who most to feel sorry for.

## IV

Nikolay trudged happily along the road. His step was long and eager, and he whistled and sang as he walked. Every traveller received a bright greeting from him, and so effervescent were his good spirits that all who met him along the way smiled and felt less weary. They thought he was a bridegroom returning to his bride.

Along about sunset the village hove in sight. Nikolay stood on a hill and gazed enraptured at the town below beautifully shadowed in the dying rays of the sun. The tiredness of travel vanished as he thought of the nearness of his beloved one. His heart pounded with excitement. An exultant cry rushed up out of him,

"I'll soon be seeing her! I'll soon be seeing her!" With the wind streaming his hair he rushed down the hill.

Once in the village he slowed to catch his breath, and ease the pounding in his breast. He forced himself to stop before the window-mirror of a shop to wipe the dirt and sweat from his face and smooth his hair and pat the dust from his clothes. But he could not pause for long.

When at last he saw Varvara's house he could not restrain himself. He rushed up to the door and knocked a gigantic knock. He pushed open the door and rushed in. The family was sitting at the table. With a rush he crushed the father's hand in a welcoming grasp. He kissed the mother. And he grasped the four little children in one great hug. Then he caught up the youngest and swung her around in a wild dance. Her squeals sounded suddenly loud. Nikolay all at once became aware of the silence of the others.

He stopped his wild dance, and felt suddenly cold. The child ran to stand behind her mother's skirt and stare at him with the rest. They were all staring. Instantly he remembered.

"Where is she?" he shouted.

They stared.

Suddenly, from behind, two hands were placed over his eyes, and a playful voice said, "Who is it?"

Her voice! But, what. . .

"Mara?" he shouted.

"No!" laughing.

"Lykra?"

"No!" laughing.

"Varvara!"

"Yess!!! Hee, hee, hee, ha, ha, ooh!"

Her voice, her laughter, but . . .! Nikolay turned quickly, arms outstretched. Then he fell back, stumbling clumsily. "Varvara . . . what . . .!" He choked. He was cold in his middle. He looked wildly from her to the parents. They stared at the floor.

"Varvara . . ." Her hair was matted like a dishrag. Her face was dirty, aged, ghastly. Her grinning teeth stuck out horribly and she stank foully. But her eyes! They were wild, shifting . . . stupid . . . blank. No light. No glimmer of intelligence. Flashes of something horrible

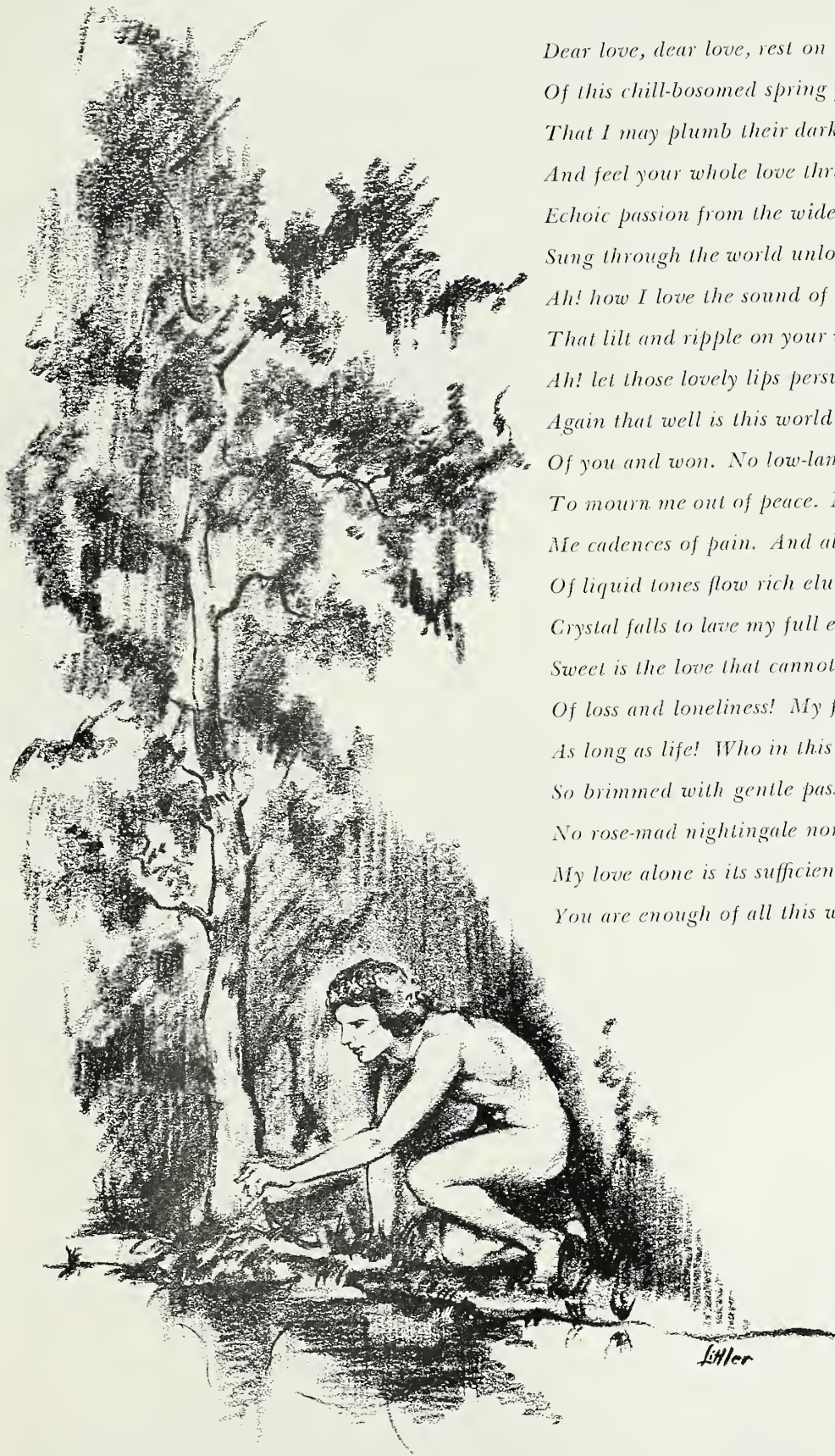
(Continued on page 25)



## Narcissus

Dear love, dear love, rest on the limpid lull  
Of this chill-bosomed spring your sun-hot eyes  
That I may plumb their dark depths to the skies.  
And feel your whole love thrill for me to full  
Echoic passion from the wide winds' song  
Sung through the world unlost on whispered choirs.  
Ah! how I love the sound of those soft lyres  
That lilt and ripple on your vatic tongue.  
Ah! let those lovely lips persuade me still  
Again that well is this world lost for love  
Of you and won. No low-lamenting dove  
To mourn me out of peace. No thrush to trill  
Me cadences of pain. And all their tears  
Of liquid tones flow rich elutriation,  
Crystal falls to lave my full elation.  
Sweet is the love that cannot image fears  
Of loss and loneliness! My full delight  
As long as life! Who in this world so bright,  
So brimmed with gentle passion for his love?  
No rose-mad nightingale nor yet the dove.  
My love alone is its sufficiency:  
You are enough of all this world for me.

Edward Post





## DEPRESSION

He drifts . . . like a ship becalmed in fog at sea:  
 Its gray decks cluttered with gaunt gloomy men  
 Dismally waiting for a wind to free  
 The sullen sails and fill them once again  
 But no wind comes! A slow and solemm swell  
 Offers no forward thrust along the way  
 And when the nightwatch bravely chants "all's well"  
 He seems to mock the restless men who pray  
 For quick release from this monotony  
 Of motion. Now the faintest breeze would bring  
 Hope and the stir of life. All ribaldry  
 Has ceased. The careworn sailors cannot sing . . .  
 Men soon forget the sweetness of the lark  
 When foghorns sound their wailing through the dark.

EVELYN SCHÄFFLE



## A LYRIC

We read Shelley together there  
 By the fire in that great chair.  
 We saw azure skies and ocean's foam  
 And fields of asphodel by spirits blown  
 Until their whiteness finally turned  
 To curling smoke from logs that burned.  
 A mellow golden light tremblingly  
 Warming the hair my lips touched lightly.  
 On we read and how I loved to end,  
 To slowly close the verses of a pen  
 And find beside me one so fair,  
 A living lyric there.

DUNCAN C. GRAY



*Ride a bike  
and enjoy Chesterfields  
They Satisfy*



When smokers find out the  
good things Chesterfields give them  
*... nothing else will do*





# From Cover to Cover

## CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

### **Hangover 1936.**

**James Stuart Gillespie.  
Galleon Press.**

The only discernible reason for the production of this book is a totally unjustified conceit. If the author had anything of intelligence to say he admirably concealed it. This novel, if the term is applicable, has no merit and numerous flaws.

K. R. HAYES.

### **Collected Poems. Florence Converse. E. P. Dutton.**

Miss Converse's poems have grace, intelligence, and humor, but her poetry is not strong enough to lift her message. The author knows well how to write, and how to write poetry; knowledge, unfortunately is not enough. She feels strongly and highly, but her feeling appears unable to join her knowledge in the production of words that are more than adequate, or more than temporarily pleasing. Her verse of social message, religious, pacifist, and mildly socialistic, is capable in irony but deficient in passion and imagery, though totally lacking in neither. One pacifist poem, "Again the Knell of Beauty Sounds," is good, but is, unfortunately, an exception to the general tone of the volume. She is better in moments of quiet humor, "An Arthrop Ode," or unimpassioned, and, strangely enough, infrequent love verses. Art for its own sake is a dangerous doctrine, but Florence Converse would seem to exemplify the capable person who turns to art because it is "approved," and attempts to make of it a vehicle for matter-of-fact.

K. R. HAYES.

### **On This Island. W. H. Auden. Random House.**

Almost a half-dozen years ago Max Eastman pointed out in a bit of explosive

common-sense that science and scientific philosophy were rendering the poet's claim to accurate wisdom and intellectual authority ridiculous, but by this were driving the poet to a better understanding of his proper value. About the same time several young men at Oxford, being impressed by the reality of the machine as an environmental force, began to speak a language which was not merely that of the common man but even the speech of the technician or the political reporter. Of these the most vigorous now is Wystan Hugh Auden.

Auden insists that it is still the prerogative of the poet to seize whatever form of expression pleases him to state his convictions on personal or public questions. But there seems to be in him and in others of this time a consciousness that his status has no longer the divine aura; here is poetry and a "message," but no more "literary loose talk." This poet holds to his opinions on the conduct of the lesser and greater life, as does any other man, but here is not the political assurance of Frost, or the moral assurance of—say—Alexander Pope.

In two paragraphs I have characterized Auden, possibly, of course, unfairly, as being vigorous, or comparatively so, and yet lacking in *Selbst-und Zielbewusstsein*; strange as this may appear, it is, I suspect, factual and the cause of the unsatisfactoriness of this poetry. Eastman might say that poetry, because of the encroachments of science, has lost the power of satisfying more of man's intellect than his poetic instinct. And there is another loss, a loss in a field in which certain poets from Swinburne to Richard Le Gallienne have endeavored to compensate; this verse may seem to most deficient in melody.

Nevertheless, Auden is called by Prokosch "the finest poet of his day," and not without reason. The book opens with a dedication

Since the external disorder, and extravagant lies,  
The baroque frontiers, the surrealist police;  
What can truth treasure, or heart bless,  
But a narrow strictness.

I do not claim that this is the finest poetry of the day; I claim that it is def-

inite, suggestive, and emphatic. The ideal is high and is certainly within the proper field of poetry; it appeals to the poetic reason (if I may expose myself to Eastman's old accusation) and is not unheard of; the Imagists had something of it, and Archibald MacLeish says

What should a man do but love excellence . . .  
Whether the hare's leap or the heart's recklessness?

MacLeish may have written the better poetry, but he is an older man and being an American is not so close to the menace of war and a collapsing order as W. H. Auden on his island.

*On This Island* will appear difficult at first sight, and the reader may think the dedication belied, but let him select a few of the more striking passages and compare their thought and expression, let him note the technical perfection of so much of the work—a sestina, a rapid ballad, a sonnet—and the force and range of the language, and he will see the cause of Prokosch's judgment. Though to quote fairly would require almost a reprinting of the volume, so well is it selected, I shall take stanzas from only two poems, which should serve at least to indicate something both of Auden's themes and his manner. They are not his best passages of poetry; for those I advise that you read the book or, if you are merely curious, other reviews.

Brothers, who when the sirens roar  
From office, shop, and factory pour  
'Neath evening sky;  
By cops directed to the fug  
Of talkie-houses for a drug,  
Or down canals to find a hug  
Until you die:

We know, remember, what it is  
That keeps you celebrating this  
Sad ceremonial;  
We know the terrifying brink  
From which in dreams you nightly shrink.  
"I shall be sacked without," you think,  
"A testimonial."

Or as the socialist sees the 'upper scum':

Let fever sweat them till they tremble  
Cramp rack their bones till they resemble  
Cartoons by Goya:  
Their daughters sterile be in rut,  
May cancer rot their herring gut,  
The circular madness on them shut,  
Or paranoia.

And from the sestina (VIII):  
Which cannot see its likeness in their sorrow  
That brought them desperate to the  
brink of valleys;  
Dreaming of evening walks through learned cities,  
They reined their violent horses on the mountains,  
Those fields like ships to castaways on islands,  
Visions of green to them that craved for water.

\* \* \* \*

It is the sorrow; shall it melt? Ah, water  
Would gush, flush, green these mountains  
and these valleys  
And we rebuild our cities, not dream of islands.

To speak directly, Auden is a socialist; his great ideal is the love of humanity, and his hatred is any form of division and isolation of man from man. His ability is varied and vigorous, and however unpleasing his work may be, it is amazingly able.

"He has such a damned impudent sneer on his face," said Hammond.

There was a brief silence, then Hammond said, "I've just thought of something."

He began to laugh. We tried not to look too interested. Hammond still laughing as if at a huge joke said, "You know the old Western limited?"

We nodded impatiently.

"Well, it always switches at Lang's crossing. They don't use the old rails anymore.

He paused, "Rutledge doesn't know that."

The rest caught on. They clapped him on the back. It was a wonderful plan. I didn't think so much of it. I hated to see Rutledge bullied so much. It only made him worse. I had caught the poor fellow looking almost happy one morning.

Hammond and the others were still crowing over their brilliant plot.

"We'll tie him down," Hammond said. "He can hear it coming but won't know it's going to switch.

I didn't think it was such a marvelous idea, and I said so. Hammond gave me one of his scornful looks.

"All right, sweetheart, don't come. Let's have another drink."

While we were there Rutledge walked in. The fellows snickered. Rutledge nodded curtly and went over in a corner by himself. The waiter brought him beer.

Hammond and the rest looked at each other out of the corners of their eyes. Then they rose.

I felt desperately sorry for Rutledge. I wanted to warn him, to stand by him. I didn't have the nerve.

They were standing in a group around him. He sat grimly facing them. I heard him say,

"My God, can't you leave me alone?"

To me he sounded pitiful. It may have been the drink. I longed to walk over and say,

"Come on, Rutledge, let's throw these drunks out."

I couldn't do it. They grabbed him by the arms and walked to the door. He didn't struggle; he had tried that often enough to know it was useless. As he walked by I saw his pale face with its usual stony expression, sullen, and resigned.

They went out into the snow. I remained sitting where I was. A sudden terror rushed over me. Suppose the W & L didn't switch. The thought was absurd. I knew perfectly well the condition of the old track.

Anyway, I got up and followed them. The night was clear; the snow sparkled.

## To the Point of Misery

(Continued from page 3)

was an orphan and was on the charity of some mysterious personage, he had been in an asylum himself. Some may have contained elements of the truth. I don't know. He neither denied nor confirmed anything. He seemed to take a kind of pleasure in being the object of so much mystery.

Strangely enough women were crazy about him. That was another reason why Hammond hated him. Rutledge was too indifferent to make any advances but they ran after him. Girls stared at him when they first saw him and asked who he was, "that interesting-looking one over there." Lord only knows why. He never showed any interest in them. He accepted their admiration as a matter of course, although it must be admitted that he was at his best among them.

The blow fell when May Barton began to go with him. Now May was the wealthiest and the prettiest girl in town, and the most popular as far as we fellows were concerned. What was worse she was very definitely Hammond's girl, and none of us had the courage to try to win over such a deadly rival as he. They were going to get married when he graduated—at least he thought so.

Well, she saw Rutledge and like all the rest gazed after him almost idiotically. Then she met him and the race was on. Rutledge liked her. Whether he did it just to spite Hammond or not, I don't know. Anyhow he took a lofty cool sort of interest in her, and Hammond was soon out of the running. No one could see why she preferred Rutledge to Hammond, but women are funny. The rest of us felt sorry for Hammond, of course, but it did our hearts good to see him beaten at his own game for once.

As for Rutledge, he improved a little. He went to the Barton's often, but was colder and more supercilious than ever to Hammond.

Hammond was baffled and furious. He tried to laugh it off, but it got him, you could see that. The rest of us fellows kidded him unmercifully.

This had to end somewhere. One or the other would have to give in. They couldn't go on hating each other like that.

It was in December. We were all down at Mucker's drinking. The weather was freezing cold on the outside, but we were pretty warm and cheerful on the in. Lord, what a happy bunch we were in those days. I can see Hammond now with his stiff black hair. He was fun to be with. Always boisterous, always thinking up some novelty to amuse us, always ready for anything daring. I remember the time he fired off the pistol under one of the dormitories—but that's another story.

That night Hammond wasn't happy. The rest of us were laughing and joking and casting knowing glances at the few bawdy women drinking in the place. Hammond drank in silence, and he was drinking a great deal. This was dangerous. There was a school regulation against drunkenness. Of course, nobody ever paid any attention to it, but we had to be careful.

Hammond sat there gloomy and silent. He seemed to be thinking. We tried to arouse him, but our efforts seemed to fail. We began to be irritated. He didn't have to bring his gloom along and spoil our party. We tried raillery.

"What's the matter, Beau, brooding over lost love?"

"Jealous of your rival? He is pretty unbearable."

Hammond broke out suddenly. "Damn right, he's unbearable. I'd like to push that blank face of his in."

They agreed and even I had to admit that Rutledge needed something taken out of him.



Far down the street I saw Rutledge and the others—mere dark shadows against the white landscape. I kept on after them. They walked far outside the town limits, over the half frozen fields in the moonlight. They stopped once for a minute to blindfold Rutledge. Then they walked on. I followed, my feet crunching in the snow.

We walked a long time. Then Lang's crossing came into view. They stopped about a hundred yards from it. I caught up to them and hid behind some bushes.

Rutledge was perfectly composed. He didn't know what was coming, poor devil! They stretched him out and tied him down with his own necktie and as many others as they had among them. When he felt the tracks, he began to curse and struggle. They stood back and waited.

In a few minutes a long drawn whistle sounded in the distance. I felt my neck

prickle. The Western Limited was coming.

Rutledge cracked up then; he struggled and pleaded.

"You damned drunken fools, it's murder. You hate me. I know that, but for God's sake don't murder me in cold blood."

The light at the switch glowed red. The track began to vibrate.

Rutledge started to kick and scream. His words became incoherent. It was sort of funny, watching him jerk around like that.

The Western Limited came on. The bell at the switch began to ring. The train thundered past with a deafening grinding of wheels. Rutledge's screams were lost in the noise.

The light changed and the train went on. We followed it into the darkness with our eyes.

I looked at Rutledge. He was lying perfectly still.

"He's pretty smart," I thought. "He's caught on to the trick."

Hammond and the others went over to him.

"The fool has fainted," I heard Hammond say.

He stirred Rutledge with his foot.

"Come on, son, you're O. K. Get up!"

"He's shamming," said Pete.

Rutledge didn't move. One of the boys bending over him, drew back sharply. His voice cut the air.

"He's dead!"

I felt sickish. My head swam. They stood frozen around Rutledge. I could see his feet. Then one of the boys moved, and I saw his white face in the moonlight; I turned away. I stumbled and almost fell. Then I ran—ran like mad. I didn't know where. I didn't care. They had frightened him to death.

## Visions from Goose Lake

(Continued from page 4)

was nowhere in sight. Almost back to where I'd started, my eye caught on the colors of a gaudy scarf covering a piece of furniture. This scarf was the only new-appearing thing I'd seen. I lifted it curiously, and got another surprise. Underneath was a brand new, shiny, radio-victrola! An expensive one, according to the brand. And she kept the only decent piece of furniture in the room buried under a crazy printed scarf! I clicked the switch to turn the radio on, and while I was waiting for it to warm up, I thumbed through a book on hypnotism that lay on top of the radio-victrola. The binding was stiff and unbroken, and the book looked very much unread. Still holding the scarf up, I could see a light burning behind the switch to show the thing was on, but I twirled the dial fruitlessly. Not a sound out of it. No static even.

I heard Gertie's heels click back into the room, and I said, "What's the matter with your radio?"

I heard her heels stop clicking, and I turned to see her standing still, looking at me angrily, with two cups of coffee in her hands, that were shaking a little.

"It doesn't work, Miss Lewis."

"Well, so I see. How about the victrola? Does it play all right?"

"Yes," she said shortly. "Would you like some coffee?"

I abandoned the radio-victrola as a bad job, and drank the coffee. It was the kind you can make in a hurry by pouring hot water over some fine coffee grains.

It tasted good, because the room was cold and it was snowing outside.

"If you have anymore visions, are you going to make them public, Miss Wren?"

"I don't see why I should not," she answered jumpily, clanking her cup into its saucer. She was making any interview I might have had in mind impossible.

Conversation after this was practically nil. She jumped at me every time I said anything. Every train of thought was a blind alley. Her mouth was tight at the corners again. I considered the possibility that she might be feeling another vision coming on.

I finally warned her again against Sam Lamb's increasing wrath, said I'd be around again, and left the room with the distinct feeling that she was afraid to talk, and not merely obstinate.

I felt awfully cheap about what I did next, but so long as I was getting more and more interested in her and her tales about Lamb, I rationalized and said I was only trying to solve the problem for the nation. So I stooped down and peeked through the keyhole back into her parlor, one ear open for steps on the stair. At first I couldn't see anything but the radio-victrola and a piece of rug. Then Gertie came into focus, and what does she do but give the leg of the radio-victrola a healthy kick! She waits a minute, and then she kicks it again. First she hides the one good looking thing in the room, then she kicks it! Next she opens the little door where records are

kept, and takes out about three that are still in their paper wrappers. I don't see what she does with them, because she walks out of focus, and I can only hear her heels click some more out to the kitchen, and the dishes rattle.

I went downstairs and outside into the snow. I kept my collar up to my ears all the way over to the Saginaw Coffee House. It was almost six, and I was anxious to talk to Ben about Gertie. She was really his business. He was the reporter that covered her, and he knew his business. My job, and it was a good one, was the women's page. But being the sort of nut that reads detective stories and jots down clues on the fly leaves, I couldn't resist dabbling with Ben's Gertie Wren. Besides, she was good for my Sunday column. While I was walking along the icy streets, I could hear newsboys singing out "Gertie Wren reveals more about millionaire movie magnate!" and "Lamb threatens to sue!" The newsboys were happy because they knew they'd sell a lot of papers.

I bumped into a couple of people who were hurrying someplace to dinner like I was, and finally wheeled into the Saginaw. Inside the warmth felt good, and the voices sounded good. I saw a lone-some curl of smoke coming up from the last booth down, and I knew it was Ben. I took off my coat and hat and sat down facing his sleepy, good-looking face.

"Hello, Lew," he said, friendly like. "Any luck with Gertie?"



"No." But her visions aren't what you've got them cracked up to be," I said, waving a menu at him. "I'm sure of that. She's holding something back. She's skittish. Besides, she's too good looking not to be mixed up with a man somehow. And as long as the man's nowhere to be found, that proves that something's suspicious."

Ben took away the menu, and ordered us both chili with French bread. Whenever we have dinner together over some sort of business, Ben orders chili because it has no bones and requires but one simple spoon with which to be eaten. He ground out his cigarette and spoke slowly.

"I found out something today. It may or may not mean anything."

"Well, proceed! Don't leave me hanging here in curiosity." Ben is slow getting things said, and his tardiness makes me jumpy.

"I got a long letter from Sam Lamb answering one of mine. He'll write to me because he knows I'm the only reporter with first hand interviews with Gertie. You remember the contract the *Star* signed with her after the first vision, for exclusives."

"Well—get on, Ben!"

"I'd asked him to send me a list of all the servants, and of everybody, in fact, that's out there on his ranch. After the first vision, you know, he hasn't let a new person in. Golly, he's mad."

"And what did you find out, Ben? Go on."

"I found out that all of his servants, all the retainers out there, except his guests, are colored. He says he likes it that way. There isn't a white man on his payroll. Colored cooks, colored orchestra, colored drivers."

I slammed my hand down, triumphant. "That proves it, Ben! How could you ever believe she really had visions? Look, it's clear as day. Some one of the black boys out there merely writes her letters telling all about what's happening. She waits about two weeks—you know it's always that long—and then comes out with a vision. I swear, Ben! What a blow-up!"

Ben grinned a sour-sweet grin. "Poor Lew," he said. Then he leaned over the table and said, quite fast for Ben, "Your story's not possible! Because the best snoop detectives in the country are on Sam Lamb's payroll following up Gertie, and have been for three months. Her telephone is intercepted. Telegraph wires are tabbed. Her mail is watched. She never gets any letters from west of the Mississippi, anyhow, let alone Goose Lake, California. And what mail she does get, she dumps into a drawer at home

without any secrecy. They've even looked at that, and it's harmless."

This speech of Ben's left me sort of cold, and there was nothing to do but be nonchalant and eat my chili. I read over the list of names Ben had got from Lamb—two cooks, three maids, three waiters, seven men in a dance orchestra, and ten ranch hands to keep the place going. Also a chauffeur. All colored, and of course I didn't know a one.

But I said, "Regardless of all we don't know, I still think she's a pose, Ben. She has crystal balls and Ouija boards and hypnotism books spattered all over the place, and doesn't know anything about them. I still think she doesn't have visions. I had enough psychology in college to know that."

Ben leaned forward again. "Maybe she doesn't. But what good'll it do you to prove she doesn't? She's making news, Lew, and I'm making money. I'm not anxious to debunk her."

"Yes. But think of the story if somebody *did* expose her."

"I've thought of it. And if I get a good lead, I'll follow it up. That's why I'm corresponding with Lamb, trying to get a little light. But I still say, I'm in no hurry. Lamb can move back to Hollywood if he gets too much of this stuff. But he's sore and stubborn."

We both ate chili some more, and I admired Ben's indifference to the matter, while it exasperated me. He was a slow moving, sleepy eyed southerner, but nothing escaped him. He liked to reminisce a lot. He'd been a boy scout once, and learned codes and built campfires. In college, he'd played the bass fiddle in an orchestra, and he told once in a while about the good old days when the boys had used to tour about the country with the band. They'd always had to buy an extra ticket for his big bass fiddle. But now that he had at last tumbled into journalism, I knew his heart was really with the *Star*. And he could put fire into a news story.

"It's your scoop if you get the inside of it," he said, hearkening back to Gertie Wren, and paid the chili bill to seal the bargain. "But give me a break and don't rush your solution."

We left the Saginaw laughing at ourselves and everything, and walked out in the park with snow in our faces for about a half hour while Ben tried to convince me that Gertie *might* really be having visions. She had seen him come to dinner in overalls, straight from the ranchyard; she'd seen his guests play hide and go seek all over the ranch house when a little intoxicated; she'd seen him try to play the saxophone in the orchestra; she'd seen him, in his tuxedo in the

evening tangoing with a lady in red satin. His fun was harmless; at least Gertie never made it out otherwise. And Lamb, by himself, might have ignored the visions. But his guests, finding their names linked with their escapades of a couple of weeks ago, all over the front page, raised a riot and stirred Lamb to rebellion. His actions weren't relayed in Gertie's visions in much detail; indeed the detail was scarce. But he was still being made a fool of. Once there had been a picture of Gertie, looking trance like; underneath the caption read: "I see Sam Lamb. He split two bottles of champagne at dinner January 7, and had great trouble holding back tears."

The next noon, I left the paper early and walked down town on main street. I saw some slam Valentines in the window of a dime store, and went in to get Ben one, just for old times' sake. I sort of like to walk around in dime stores anyhow. Always a lot of doodads to look at. There was a victrola playing very loud over where records were sold. It was playing a cowboy ballad, in a very swingy way, and somebody sang about the "moon on the rugged old ranch." It made me think of Sam Lamb out on his ranch, probably dashing about dodging visions. I looked over at the victrola, laughing at the thought, and my mouth fell open. There was my old stumble block. There was Gertie Wren.

She had on a red dress and hat. She carried herself well. She didn't look like any "visioner" or "medium" today, but like a girl out for some fun. She was listening to the music, chewing gum, and writing in a little book. She bought the cowboy ballad that was playing. Then she put the record under her arm and walked out, looking quite happy.

I went over to the victrola, and asked the woman what the piece was she'd just sold.

"The 'Rugged Old Ranch,'" she said.

"Whose band?"

"Larry Sparrow's."

That name hit me. I'd heard it before. I tried to think of any Larry Sparrow that had played for dances around here.

"Very popular band?" I was trying to appear chatty.

"Oh, not very. The young lady just here likes him though. Buys all his records."

"Mmm. You don't say. Say, do you know who she was?"

"Yeah, Gertie Wren. What about it?"

"Nothing, nothing. She must have a magic mind."

"Maybe so. She's certainly put herself up a notch since she started having vi-



sions. Won't talk about herself like she used to."

"What did she use to say about herself?"

"I can't see what business it is of yours, but she used to be married to this Larry Sparrow."

That gave me a jolt; it really did. First, I felt a little sorry. Poor girl probably missed him and got some comfort out of listening to his band. Then the names hit me. "Sparrow" and "Wren." Birdy, to make a pun.

I asked the woman again. "Tell me, did she change her name after the divorce?"

"Lissen, I didn't say nothing about a divorce. They're still married for all I know. And she's always been just Gertie Wren to me. I don't know nothing about her changing her name. And do you want to buy a record or don't you, lady?"

I bought a record of the "Rugged Old Ranch," said a profuse thank you, and walked away. Where had I heard that name, Larry Sparrow?

I was practically out the door when the salesgirl dashed after me, shoved something into my hand, and said, "You left this on the victrola needles, lady," and dashed back again.

It was nothing but a little five cent notebook, and it certainly wasn't mine. But in a childish scrawl on the first leaf was written "Gertie Wren," and so I thought at once it must be the one I'd just seen Gertie writing in. This again made me feel like an amateur detective playing around.

Out on the street I looked through it while the wind blew at the pages. It didn't seem much of a clue. Almost all the pages were shopping lists—soap, stockings, lipstick and so on, each item checked off, evidently as it was bought. On the very last page were some queer words, five of them. They were "e-bram," "conig," and "swist," "sla" and "gruk." I'd never heard of any of them, and immediately concluded they were in code. Gertie *must* be getting mail somehow, with words like this in it. Ben just didn't know. I twisted the words every which way, but could make nothing of them. But I felt as though I had something definite to work on, and put the little book deep in my pocket.

I wasn't due back at the office for three hours, it being Saturday, so I walked home slowly, trying to think of something about Larry Sparrow. Larry Sparrow. I had a lot of records at home on my little portable victrola, but I was almost positive none were by him. I couldn't think of ever having seen his name in the papers. Larry Sparrow—doggone it. I *knew* I'd seen it some-

where recently. And then it came to me. The list! Ben's list from Lamb. That name was on it! I had no idea whether the name belonged to a cow puncher or one of the chefs, but I remembered it. The peculiarity of the name must have made it stick in some crack in my brain. And Gertie had used to be married to him!

I felt excited, like a kid about to put in the last pieces of a jig saw puzzle. I redirected my steps and hurried over to the courthouse and took an elevator up to the marriage records. I solicited the aid of a secretary to help me find what I wanted. We telephoned to a few other bureaus about town, and in a half hour I hurried down stairs again with some positive information. Gertie Wren was the wife of Larry Wren. They had been married for three and a half years, and there had never been any divorce, or separation either, as far as anyone knew. And Larry Wren was licensed to go under the name of Larry Sparrow; he was the leader of a dance orchestra that played in cities all over the United States, and he said "Sparrow" had more trade mark appeal than "Wren."

I hid myself home, feeling right on the trail of something. I tried to telephone Ben, but something drastic was happening in the press room, and there was so much confusion that all I could get was "Call back later, girlie!"

I was baffled for the moment, and all this tearing about was making me feel detectivish again.

Nevertheless, an idea struck home. It was a smart idea. It made everything look simple—an idea that good. I called the dime store where I'd bought the "Rugged Old Ranch," and asked to talk to the girl that sold records. But she was dumber than dumb. I asked her what I wanted to know, and she had no idea of the answer. She did tell me that the wholesaler sold the dime store the records on the very same day they came into town. Treasuring my idea, I called the wholesaler.

I said, "Do you handle recordings by Larry Sparrow?"

"Yes, Ma'am. How many d'you want?"

"I don't want any just now. How long from the time they're recorded does it take for you to get them in?"

"Ten days to two weeks, lady. Latest popular hits."

"Do you mean that you get Larry Sparrow's recordings ten days after he plays them into the recording machine?"

"Ten days to two weeks, lady."

"How often does he make them?"

"Makes one or two every three weeks or so. Do you want to place an order in advance, lady?"

"Tell me—where has he been making his records for the last two months?"

"Wait a minute, lady. I'll look it up."

I held my breath. The phone was dead for an instant. Then he came back.

"Lakeview, Oregon."

I hung up. My heart sank. My idea took a tailspin. And it had been a swell idea. But how could Larry Sparrow at Goose Lake, California be the same Larry Sparrow that made recordings in Lakeview, Oregon?

I found my old college atlas under a stack of magazines, and halfheartedly found Goose Lake—a little spot of blue in the upper northeast corner of California. My eye didn't travel a fraction of an inch before I saw a little black dot that was labeled Lakeview—just across the border in Oregon. Oh lovely idea! Possible after all! I consulted the scale of miles, and found that Lakeview was not over forty miles from Goose Lake.

I threw on a coat and called a taxi to take me down to the *Star* office. I wanted to talk to Ben.

A regular blizzard had come up. Signboards swung crazily in the wind, and snow-whipped policemen motioned desperately at the laboring traffic.

The taxi let me out in front of the office, and I battled the wind up to the door. I heard the presses pounding, and ran into the city editor's room where Ben was. The fellows were all sitting in knots, talking excitedly, and Ben came from one of the knots and called to me gleefully. I remembered all the confusion over the telephone.

"Guess what, Lew!" he chortled. "Gertie just had another vision! I wired Lamb, and he's hiring lawyers. And what a story! We slapped it all over the front page!"

"And what's the vision?" I asked.

"Just a minute, and I'll have Gertie tell you herself. She'll be through here when she comes down from the photographer. She just called the office about a half hour ago to tell me about it."

In a minute Gertie came in, a little uncertainly. She looked like a medium again today, dressed all in black.

"Come, Miss Wren," Ben said. "Tell Miss Lewis about the vision. She'll feature it on the women's page."

Gertie sighed deeply and seated herself in a chair Ben pulled out for her. All the fellows in the office were ogling but kept their distance. "I see," she said hollowly, "Mr. Lamb swimming in pajamas in Goose Lake. He has fallen from the roof of the swimming pavilion early in the morning."

I could see that embellished and painted up and plastered over two columns in the *Star*. Mr. Lamb's dignity



was vanishing in great hunks on this vacation of his. I would have thought he might restrain his playful mood after all these visions!

When Gertie finished saying this, she leaned forward and spoke confidentially. "I feel that I will not have any more visions!"

Ben's face fell. "Oh, Miss Wren!"

But I leaned toward her and said, "That isn't so strange, is it, Miss Wren? Mr. Lamb has to be getting back to Hollywood to direct a new picture the first of March—and everybody will be leaving the ranch."

A gust of the tearing wind outside blew in and hurled a long ribbon of galley proof in front of Gertie's face. She started up, eyes big.

"Besides," I said, "by now you must have enough money from the visions to set up housekeeping in fine style."

She clenched her jaw, drew her coat close around her, and left precipitantly.

"Now, Lew!" Ben cried helplessly, hesitating whether to start after her. "You've got her sore! What're you talking about?"

"Listen, Ben," I said. "Right now I've got to go upstairs and find two columns of filling for my page, which I've been neglecting lately. But come over and have supper with me tonight. I have the whole thing figured out."

"But how—?"

"Tonight!" I said solemnly.

After work, I stopped by the delicatessen and got some chili to fix for supper. I wanted concentration, and I would need Ben's help. Besides, the storm was still up, and hot chili would hit the spot on such a night.

Ben came about seven-thirty, ears red with cold. I was very mysterious at first, playing detective, but then decided to tell him right out what I thought the solution was.

I told about Gertie's being married to Larry Wren, who was really Larry Sparrow, who both ran and played the bass fiddle and sang in the dance orchestra on Lamb's ranch. I told how Larry could go from Goose Lake to Lakeview in an hour and make a recording, which would be here in our town in ten days to two weeks. I told about the radio-victrola in Gertie's apartment, that was covered with a scarf, and in which the radio part didn't work. Then I mentioned the code words in Gertie's little notebook, and concluded that we would now listen to the solution of the whole thing.

"And what is it?" asked Ben.

"The vocal chorus of the 'Rugged Old Ranch,'" I said triumphantly.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Even Ben was convinced. There was a piece on the other side of the record that we played

once for safety, but it had no words and was by a different band. Then, in a great hurry, we dotted the needle around various places on the "Rugged Old Ranch," until we found the vocal chorus. The record didn't say who was singing it, but we concluded it was Larry Sparrow. I promise you, we played it at least a hundred times. The part of the record that had the words on it grew shiny because we played the vocal chorus so much. The words were very few:

"The Rugged Old Ranch is up in the mountains,

"With dogies for playmates and geysers for fountains.

"Ain't no other such place in the world anywhere,

"Oh I want to go back and be free from all care.

"Yodel-adee, yodel-adee-o!

"Rugged Old Ranch, I love you!"

We took the initial letters of the words, and juggled them. We wrote the things backwards. We took every other word. We looked up codes in the encyclopedia. We were still just where we started. We had an idea, vocal chorus, and some unintelligible words in Gertie's book.

Ben smoked innumerable cigarettes. I was tired.

"Some idea," he said.

"I know it's the record, Ben," I persisted. "Play the whole thing once."

He did, wearily. It certainly sounded like a mediocre piece by a mediocre band.

He played it from the beginning again.

"I could certainly run this bass fiddle player out of business," Ben complained. "His sense of rhythm is nil."

I hoped Ben wasn't going to reminisce again about when he played the bass fiddle in college.

The record scratched on, meaningless.

"Lord, Lew," Ben fretted. "That bass fiddle isn't even in with the rest of the band."

Then he sat up stiff, started the record over, grabbed a pencil, and started jotting, one ear cocked keenly to the victrola.

He played it through twice and then handed me the sheet he'd written on. There were five words: "Ebram," "conig," "swist," "sla," and "gruk"—the same five as were on the back sheet of Gertie's notebook.

I said, "Why, Ben!"

"Simple wireless code," he said. "I knew it when I was a kid, and use it today with *Star* correspondents. The bass fiddle plays the dots and dashes. It's not very loud; I wouldn't have noticed if I hadn't known the bass fiddle."

He played the thing again, and listening, intermittently I could hear the short

(Continued on page 25)

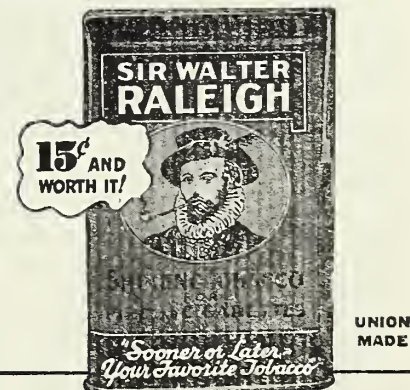
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... then he switched to the brand of grand aroma



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TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUNCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, FRIDAYS 10 P. M., E. S. T.



## Three Men on a Blind Horse

(Continued from page 6)

stall and, sure's day after night, she stumbled on the door sill, but I never said a word. I puts her in and latches the door. The trader he jest stands there dumb-founded-like because I'se the first one never to kick at gettin' traded a blind horse."

"You was dumb too, huh? Like Emil Doak, huh?"

"Well, he stutters around for a while and finally he comes right out bluntly and says—as if I didn't know—he says: 'That horse is blind.' I jest says: 'I know it.' And he says: 'What can you do with a blind horse?' And I says: 'I jest want one, that's all.' And he says: 'You can't use 'er.' And I says: 'Oh, yes I can.' And he says: 'For what?' Then I says: 'Brother, I'm thinkin' of goin' into the horse-tradin' business and you know a horse-

trader can't get along without a horse like that, or how can he swindle people—like you swindled old Emil Doak down the road here? Well, by now Mister Horse-trader he's gettin' panicky because he knows he'd get nowhere without his roan mare. They come one in a million—horses that are blind which have good-lookin' eyes. And he's used this one to swindle hundreds of people jest like he's swindled old Emil. Well, son, he stands around for some time until I says: 'I'm satisfied with the trade. Why don't you go?' Then he offers me twenty-five dollars for her. I just laughed loud's I could and he says: 'Fifty.' And I laugh some more. Then, he says: 'I'll swap the filly back for her.' And agin I laugh. I jest tortu'd the devil out of him, and finally I says: 'Sir, for three year I been

conivin' for that there filly you got from Emil Doak and now I mean to have 'er—along with mine—or I ruin your game, see!'

"Why was it a game? Was he only playin', huh?"

"Well, he stormed around for half'n-hour a-hemin' and a-hawin' like he'd been makin' others do all his life. But I jest made out like I warn't much interested, till after a spell he comes 'round to my way of seein' things and I got my team of sorrels I'd been wantin' for three years. And old Emil Doak he was so mad he never spoke to me again."

"Aw, shucks! I could tell a better story than that. I thought you were goin' to tell me a cowboy story. Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip! Bang! Bang! Besides I heard that story before—'cept it was old Doaksie that skinned you. You old foggy! Giddy-up, stick-horse! Bang! Bang! Bang! Oh, Ma! Grandpa's drinkin' linament again. Oh, Ma . . . !"

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## Lost Limerick

(Continued from page 7)

hobbled back, I noticed that he had on some new Levis and he looked sort of handsome with his hands stuck deep into his pockets. As I said before he wasn't called Hipless Hank for nothing.

It was just about that time that I remembered about the contest folder that had come in the morning mail. I remember just how it happened.

"I got it, Hank, Levis," I called as I hurried to the back part of the cafe. But Hank just sat there a whistling through his sinus, and he didn't give me any help at all.

But he did perk up a little when I brought the contest folder back with me and spread it out on the counter. Of course Hank can't read much because his eyes are sort of weak. That school teacher, Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it said that he ought to have some specks. But Hank just won't tend to it. Anyway I read the folder to him. *Poets Attention* was plastered all over the front of the paper, and inside were some rules and a verse.

While Hank was gulping down another cup of coffee in more hopeful gulps now, I started to read him the verse. Then I had to stop and get some drinks for Pete Bradley and the boys who were starting a card game over in the corner. When I finished fixing the drinks, I came back and read the verse over to Hank. Of course I had to read it over a good many

times before he got the idea, so I have the verse down pat. It had to be about Levis of course.

"Your limerick is apt to click,  
And then you know you're in the dough,  
Just cast your eye on the reason why—"

And then it had some fifty dollar signs all over it to show about the prizes. Hank looked at the fifty dollar signs, and he seemed to catch on after a while.

Then there were the rules, and that all limericks had to be postmarked, let's see, well last Wednesday night it was. The night of the day we were doing all this.

"I can't write limerixes," Hank kept telling me, while he was drumming his trigger finger on the counter. But when I told him that I'd written the prize poem for our grammar school exercises back in—well—and that I found all the faces but one hiding underneath a log once in one of those picture contests, he got silent again.

After I'd swatted a couple of horse-flies that had come in with the boys and were still hanging around the counter, Hank began to fire words at me that went with Levis. Well, we worked and worked and Hank chewed the end off of two pencils before we even got started. Pete Bradley and the boys saw us with our heads together over the counter and so of course they thought something was up and they

came right over. Pete leaned his elbows on the counter and tried his old tricks, but I wouldn't look at him because I was trying to think up limericks and at the same time give Hank a couple of more snuffles of that jasmine stuff. Pete said that he'd lost all his money in a crap game, too, so pretty soon we all had our heads down over the counter, and they were telling me things to put down about Levis.

Finally we got something fixed up. Hank thought most of it up all by himself. Of course, I added a few words at the beginning and then put some middle part in and stuck on a few tailings. Something about a range-rider named Kit, that always liked things that fit, and he ain't met their equal as yit that is Levis. I didn't think yit sounded just right, but I decided to use a poetic license to get a word to rhyme with Kit.

The boys all had another round of drinks, and then I got the verse all written and stuck in an envelope with my name on it for return address. So Hank would have to come back to me to find out about the prize money. Then the boys all left to work the night shift out at the ranch, and Hank headed up in the direction of Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it's, but that was the shortest way out of town he said. But I was sort of glum because he didn't notice the cactus flower and all.

But I just started thinking about how nice he would look in that new shirt from Monkey-Ward's, and with his new boots he wouldn't sag under at the knees. And when he'd won the rodeo prize, I could be a lady cow-puncher or a circus rider. He certainly wasn't Hipless Hank for nothing.

After Hank and the other boys had gone, Pete Bradley came back and wanted to help me carry the dishes out. That's what he said. He tried some of the old stuff about getting married, but I wasn't listening because I was thinking so hard about Hank winning the rodeo.

Pretty soon Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it came into the Diamond Bar and sat down as big as life and started to look at the contest folder. She had a cactus flower stuck in her hair and this looked sort of wicked for a school teacher. I caught Pete squinting around the corner of the counter, so he could get a better look at her legs. And here he'd said he didn't think much of her. I guess all cowboys are alike except Hipless Hank.

I caught Pete taking a couple of snuffles of her perfume, and I did, too, but it wasn't as good as my jasmine. She ordered some coffee and while I was at the coffee spigot, I heard Pete telling her about how last week he roped a steer within two seconds of the world's record.

I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was showing her his muscle, too. When I turned around, they had their heads together over the counter with only the contest folder between them. Quick as anything between bites of her cake and coffee, Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it thought up some poem that was as high sounding as could be. Pete just stood and looked at her with his mouth open as if he was going to yodle. But he didn't.

The verse had something in it about Hipless Hank, but then I suppose Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it knows about him, for he is such a good trick-rider that he can whip underneath a horse and come popping out on the other side quicker than you can say jumpin' Jehosephat.

Over the cup of coffee, Pete began telling her about how he'd lost all his money in the crap game with the boys from over the valley. They must have been card sharks, for that's the same game Hank lost in. Anyway after Pete moans around about himself for a while, Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it gets out some paper and pencil and writes down her high sounding verse for Pete, and puts her name on the envelope. I know that was just so he would have to come and see her personal about it. The prize money I mean. She gave me a stamp to mail her letter and then she walked out with

Pete trailing after her like a hound dog. Well, I took a good look at her legs myself, and then I took her high sounding verse and put it in my envelope and stuck the other verse in her envelope. Then I whipped over to the post office and mailed them to headquarters in Chicago, since they had to be postmarked that night—that was last Wednesday.

I was so flustered at the Diamond Bar Thursday and Friday waiting to hear about the prize money that I left the coffee spigot on twice and had some cleaning up to do. I didn't see Pete or Hank hanging around town either day, but then I guess they're doing some rounding up out at the ranch.

Saturday morning I got all ready to hear about the prize money, but then I got to thinking that it might come in the afternoon mail.

Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it came in for lunch early Saturday. She was wearing a cactus flower right on—right over her heart, but it didn't become her too well. We had a big talk about limericks, and cowboys, and the rodeo. Rodéo she says which makes it sound like something high falutin' out of a catalogue. Hipless Hank would whistle through his sinus, if he heard her say it that way.

I can't remember everything she said, but I thought I'd split my sides laughing when she asked me what cay-oo-ties were. And I said I thought they were girls in a leg show in some big town like Chicago. After she said it over two or three times, I got the idea that she was talking about

coyotes. She said she heard them out on the prairie last night. I couldn't see how anyone that dumb could write such high falutin' poetry.

Then she up and told me that her verse had won the national prize of \$5,000 for the best Levi Limerick. She got the notice in the morning's mail from headquarters. So I just sort of laughed to myself and decided that I would save the joke about changing the verses to tell Hank when he came in for lunch. I wanted him to be the first to know that I was smarter at writing limericks than Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it.

After she left—said she was going to see the new hayloft out at the ranch—Pete Bradley came in to order our Saturday cabbage and baked-beans special. He started right in on his old tricks, but when I told him that Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it had won the grand national prize for the best Levi limerick, he went tearing out of the door, and with a half a dish of cabbage left, too. I guess it will be a good joke, when he finds out that I wrote the verse really. But I didn't think he'd let his cabbage get cold over it. He yelled back at me something about Hank and Miss Whats-a-ma-call-it. I suppose cowboys are all alike except Hipless Hank.

So now I'm just getting ready to straighten my apron and put a little more spit on my left side curl because it was just about this time last Wednesday that Hank came walking through the door of the Diamond Bar.

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## Red is Symbolic of Kay

(Continued from page 9)

have gone to visit your sick aunt, or dying mother in Jersey or something,—or anything?

KAY: I could have told you something like that, and you'd probably never have known the difference. But why should I? These people are my people. I'm of their stock and type. And anything I can do for them, I want to do, I'm proud to do.

FRANK: (*With bitterness*) And where do I come into this picture?

KAY: Frank! (*Arms outstretched, tears in eyes*) Frank!

FRANK: (*Taking her in his arms*) Oh, darling, what is this madness of yours? Won't you just be my wife, and let the world take care of itself?

KAY: I can't.

FRANK: What is it in you that makes you see so much, and feel so much? I love you, Kay, I've asked you to be my

wife, I've offered you home, security, position—everything a man can offer a woman. You refuse it all. You choose this instead: that we, each of us, live two lives, snatch our hours of happiness in secret, in a questionable quarter of the city, where my name is not known and my face unfamiliar.

KAY: That is your life, of your own creation. I am not ashamed that I live with you, where I live with you, how I live with you. I love you. I am yours as long as you want me. But you can never possess me. There are those things far greater, far more noble than either you or I, or our love. To them I belong, body and mind, to whatever degree they may need me.

FRANK: (*Turning from her*) And if I left you, you'd find some one else?

KAY: I love you, Frank, how shall I



say? . . . just so, in such a way, as I can never love another.

FRANK: I hear the echo of your voice! The self same words said once before! How much else that should be for my ears alone, have other men heard before me, and shall hear after me. (*Savagely with mounting passion*) Yes, and your smile, and the flaunt of your head, and the silent speech of your eyes, and your entwining limbs in their own knowing grace—these too for others, that are rightfully mine!!

(*Kay, has backed away right during last speech, he following her till she, reaching easy chair left slips to floor, and buries her head in her arms on the cushion of the seat as he finishes.*)

FRANK: Ah, you are ashamed!

KAY: (*Looking up at him in defiance, drying moist eyes with back of hand*) No!!

FRANK: Free love . . .

KAY: It is my life! Share that part of it I have to give, or leave me!

FRANK: (*Stands motionless looking down at her a moment, then slowly goes down on his knees and takes her in his arms*) Leave you? (*Hoarse laugh*) Oh, God! What all did I say? It was madness—madder than your madness. Oh, Kay, I'll be a communist with you. I'll join you on the picket line tomorrow, only marry me, be mine!! Be mine alone! And live with me in the home I give you in my part of the city!

KAY: (*Taking his head in her arms*) There are these things which you see not. Perhaps you will learn, perhaps never. But I must live for what I know is right, and just, and good. I will not identify myself by ties to that class of people to which you belong, with their outlooks and beliefs directly opposed to mine. But I do love you for what you are and will identify myself with you by bonds of love. I am yours, but don't ask to possess me. What difference how we live or where? Will the years pass slower there than here?

FRANK: (*Disengaging himself and getting to feet with a sigh*) The office will be lonesome without you tomorrow.

KAY: (*Taking his assisting hand and rising with significance and suggestion*) It needn't be.

FRANK: (*Searching her eyes with understanding and denial*) Yes, wherever it is, that spark burns in you and will not rest—it needs must be, often and long, desolately lonesome. Red!! (*Seizes her and crushes her to him—passionate embrace.*)

(*A faint knock at the outer door is heard. As faint as it is it seems to snap the tension and shatter the momentary stillness of the room. Both look toward door. Kay looks up at Frank and shakes her head.*)

KAY: I don't know. Whoever could it be?

FRANK: Perhaps we imagined it.

(*The same faint knock is repeated. Kay goes over to the door, hesitates, then opens it. Bill enters. He is a slender young man, dressed as a poet is said to dress: A loose baggy suit—a greasy hat with the brim turned, no overcoat, a scarf tied about his neck inside his suit jacket, as a poet must tie his scarf; hairs unfamiliar to comb or clippers keeps falling across his face as he moves and he, in true poet fashion, keeps pushing it back by running his fingers along his scalp—action suggestive of desperation.*)

(*Bill seeing Frank, hesitates in the doorway. Kay drags him into the room with a welcome, pushing the door closed behind him.*)

KAY: Bill, I can't believe it's you! It's been so long. . . . Where have you . . . When did you get in town? . . . What have you been doing? Oh, Bill, I want you to meet Frank. Frank, darling, this is Bill. . . .

FRANK: I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. . . . ?

BILL: Oh, I'm Kay's brother.

(*Kay looks at Bill in astonishment, then turns to the table with her back to the men, fussing with the tea things.*)

FRANK: Oh really? I'm awfully glad to meet you. I'm a friend of Kay's—business acquaintance of a sort, you see.

BILL: (*Glancing at the smoking jacket which Frank has forgotten he is wearing*) I see. Well, any friend of sister Kay's is a friend of mine.

FRANK: Well that's very nice of you I'm sure. Did you just get in town? You know, to tell you the truth, I didn't know Kay had a brother.

BILL: Oh really?

FRANK: (*Glancing nervously and with no little discomfort at Kay's turned back*) Yes, she eh . . . never mentioned you to me, although, of course,—casual acquaintance, and that sort of thing,—there would be no reason for her to have. . . . You never did tell me you had a brother, Kay, did you?

KAY: (*Without turning*) No, darling, I never told you I had a brother, because I have never had a brother. (*Turns to face the men, leaning against the table behind her, her head thrown back in defiance. Both men show signs of extreme discomfort. Frank eyes Bill with something of suspicion*) Why do you try to deceive each other? Is there anything to hide? I have nothing to hide about either of you from either of you. If you haven't already guessed each other's identity in relation to myself, then introduce yourselves to each other! Well go on! (*Neither proceed*) Two bashful boys, deceivers both.

Well then, I'll introduce you. Frank dear, this is Bill. Bill dear, this is Frank. Frank dear, I once lived with Bill. Bill dear, I'm living with Frank. So be it known to you both, and to all the world, I once loved Bill, and now love Frank!

(*Frank goes for another cigarette. Bill stands awkwardly in the middle of the floor.*)

BILL: I just got in town. Thought I'd drop in and say hello, Kay. Sorry to . . .

FRANK: Oh no, not at all, we're perfectly delighted to have you. As a matter of fact I regret not having met you sooner! Sit down, Bill, sit down! We are going to have a delightful evening together, I'm sure. You and I have so much in common!

(*Bill twists his hat about and shows other natural signs of nervous discomfort and uneasiness.*)

FRANK: Come, man, sit down!

(*Bill glances at Kay.*)

KAY: Yes, do sit down, Bill.

(*With a shrug he sits in a chair by the table. He gazes at the food with rapid glances and smacks his lips suggestively. Frank draws up another chair to the right of Bill, which he strides. Kay hovers between them.*)

FRANK: Dear Bill gives the impression of being under fed. . . .

KAY: I'll make some fresh tea for you, Bill, we've already finished.

BILL: No, don't bother. Red . . . (*As if 'Red' sounded familiar to him.*)

FRANK: Red!! Oh, God!

KAY: Well then, help yourself to some bread and jam.

FRANK: And glass! Did the object of our common interest ever smash the bottle of a jam jar that wouldn't open when preparing your tea, Bill?

KAY: (*With a flash of temper. Apparently Frank's attitude is telling on her*) I never had to. He was man enough to open the jar.

FRANK: Oh, man enough was he, but not man enough to hold you! Or just what were the circumstances existent upon your departure, Bill? Come, man, tell me all about it now! We need have no secrets from one another!

(*Bill glances at Kay.*)

KAY: Go on, Bill. Tell him what he wants to know. (*Goes right to easy chair and sits down.*)

(*Bill swallows a mouthful of bread and jam, wipes his hands on his trousers, runs his fingers through his hair and commences to hold forth. Frank lights cigarette.*)

BILL: Well, you see, I'm not a communist. I'm an admitted individualist—as a matter of fact, I'm a poet! So you



see, I had my own affairs to worry about. Oh, I loved Kay all right! I still do, I think. *(Thinks a moment)* Yes, I know I do! *(Leaps to his feet)* and Kay, darling, I'll always love you, you know that!

*(Kay smiles saucily at Frank. The latter doesn't seem to share her humor. Bill sits down, turns to Frank again and continues.)*

BILL: But I had to go tearing around with the "comrade" every night! What did I want to sit and listen to speeches for? I know the political philosophy underlying communism, but I don't believe in it! I'm not interested. I'm an individualist!!

*(Frank nods in knowing sympathy.)*

KAY: *(Softly)* There is none so blind as he who will not see!

BILL: Well, she was always talking about strikes and revolutions and everything 'till I couldn't think! She destroyed my inspiration! *(Leaping to his feet.)* Oh, Kay darling, you are the tragedy of my life! *(Rushing to her and flinging himself on his knees at her feet)* 'Tis you whom I love, and you 'tis who destroys me.

KAY: *(Patting his head sympathetically)* Oh, poor Billy.

FRANK: Ahem . . . , pardon me. . . .

KAY: Go on Bill, tell Frank the rest.

BILL: *(Going back to his seat)* What is there to tell? She wouldn't leave all this . . . this communist business and marry me. . . .

FRANK: You asked her to, of course?

BILL: How shall I count the number of times? Numbers would not suffice! I asked her times beyond number!

KAY: *(A little disgusted with all this rehearsing)* Why not try the alphabet?

FRANK: Go on, Bill.

BILL: Well, one day she said to me, she said, Bill, I see that I can not convert you, and then she said. . . .

KAY: No, Bill, then you said, "And I cannot convert you, Kay."

FRANK: *(To Kay)* You remember so well?

KAY: Yes, the sight of him on his knees brought it all back to me. He was always on his knees when he was around me. That's what I like about you, darling, you're never on your knees. You even revolt now and then.

FRANK: *(To Bill)* and so you decided . . .

KAY: That it was better to part.

*(Frank is silent in thought. Kay watches him, then suddenly leaps to her feet.)*

KAY: Frank, I know what you're thinking! It's not true. You can't make any comparison!! I never really loved him . . .

BILL: *(In poetic protest, hand to heart, etc.)* Aah!

KAY: *(Furiously)* Shut up!

*(Frank withdraws to sofa back stage with bread and jam.)*

KAY: I was only a kid, Frank. I realize now that I can only love you—really love!

FRANK: *(Holding her off at arm's length, in voice of finality and utter seriousness)* I love you, Kay. I believe you love me. I can forget everything, because I do love you. I don't ask that you see the world as I do. But you must belong to me. I must possess you. Kay, *(Like a cry for help)* will you marry me?

KAY: *(Turns from him. Walks slowly left, one hand to her breast, one clinched at her side. The expression on her face, her eyes staring before her, all speak of an intense inner conflict. Suddenly she stops mid-stage, her head jerks up as if she were struck by a thought or sudden decision. Rushes back to Frank and flings herself in his arms)* No, darling, no!! Never! I cannot!! *(With a sob)* Don't leave me!

*(Frank pushes her back from him gently but firmly. Without speaking he goes toward door right, slipping off his smoking jacket, in the act of which the red kerchief falls to the floor unnoticed by his chair. Exit Frank right. Kay stands looking after him. In a moment he reappears dressed for the street, overcoat over his arm, hat in hand. He goes directly left, behind table, toward door. Kay does not move. She remains with her back to him. He lets his eyes travel over her from head to foot.)*

FRANK: Red from the tip of her toes to the top of her head.

*(At his first word Kay whirls about and faces him, head thrown back, arms slightly extended from her side, palms out. For a moment they gaze at each other in silence. He shakes his head slightly, turns and hurries out left. She stands gazing after him, the back of her hand to her mouth. There is a moment of silence suddenly broken by the sound of snoring from Bill's corner. Kay sighs heavily, runs the back of her hand across her eyes, goes over to table and commences clearing it. The clatter of china appears to awake Bill. He comes forward stretching.)*

BILL: It wasn't that I didn't love her, Frank . . . Frank? I say, Kay, where is that Frank chap?

KAY: *(Goes on clearing table)* Gone.

BILL: *(Looking at her closely, guesses truth)* Oh. I'm sorry Kay, that I. . . .

KAY: No, it wasn't your fault, it just had to be.

BILL: Now if you had only let me pass

as your brother—it's been done before, Kay. . . .

KAY: Yes, I suppose it has.

BILL: He'd never have known the difference!

KAY: No, I don't suppose he would have.

BILL: But it's just like you, Red. There you have a swell guy with money and everything. . . .

KAY: Bill!

BILL: *(Putting his arms around her)* Kay, darling. . . .

KAY: *(Pushing him away)* No, Bill.

BILL: Well, I only thought . . . you know I—

KAY: No, Bill.

BILL: Maybe you'll forget Kay, and then maybe. . . .

KAY: No, Bill, no!

BILL: All right, Kay.

KAY: I guess you better go now. Oh, but you probably have no place to go, have you?

BILL: Well, as a matter of fact. . . .

KAY: All right, you can sleep on the couch. I'm going to turn in now, because I've got to be on a picket line at eight tomorrow.

BILL: My God, picket lines! Still picketing. Still trying to buck the world and everything in it! Where does it get you Kay? You lost me. You lost, what's his name, Frank. Maybe you'll lose your job again! Why don't you come to your senses, Red?

KAY: Good night, Bill.

BILL: Why, eh, I think I'll go down and get me a cup of coffee.

KAY: All right.

BILL: *(Hesitating)* eh . . . you see, eh . . . till

KAY: *(Turning to him wearily)* You mean till the divine inspiration reaches you and the world turns a listening ear you haven't the price of a cup of coffee. Change in my pocket book on the bureau.

*(Bill goes off into room. Kay sits down in a chair by the table. Bill reenters tossing a coin, crosses left to outer door and exit. Kay sits with hands in lap, dejected. Head bowed. Suddenly notices red kerchief on floor. Picks it up and smooths it out on her lap. There is the sound of the outer door opening. Kay becomes rigid and tense, her eyes on the door left. It opens. Bill reenters, walks over to sofa with a nod at Kay, picks up his hat and hurries out again. Kay slumps back in her chair, trembling slightly, pressing the handkerchief against her mouth to hold back the sobs, as the curtain—preferably red—descends.)*



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## Whom to Pity?

(Continued from page 10)

and weird. He turned to the parents, all huddled in a corner.

"Why didn't you tell . . . how . . . ?" He thought of those wild, fantastic letters she wrote. He wanted to get out in fresh air. At the door he turned back. The father and children stared at him sullenly. The mother bent sobbing. Varvara grinned at him. She stuck out her tongue and mumbled. There were white flecks of froth at her mouth.

Nikolay gagged as he went out into the night.

V

"Ah, t'is a pity," the postman said, as a tear ran down his kindly cheek. And he told of how, even now, Varvara ran to meet him every Thursday, and how great her disappointment. Six months now, and not a letter.

"Yes, t'is a pity," the town folk agreed. But no one knew whom to pity most.

## Visions from Goose Lake

(Continued from page 19)

and long thumps of the fiddle. Gertie must have jotted down the five words listening in the dime store. She should have waited until she got home.

"Gertie's got to have a code book somewhere," Ben said tersely. "We'll get that, and the whole thing will be in the bag."

The wind up of the whole affair was brief. We went outside in the storm again, rode in Ben's icy car over to Gertie's; shivering, we knocked on her door until she came to answer, wild-eyed and frightened. Ben explained what we'd discovered so there could be no confusion in her mind, and demanded the code book. Crying wildly, Gertie dug it from a drawer. It was a thick thing, and looking through it, it seemed to me that Larry Sparrow could have sent any message under the sun by the countless code words or combinations of them. Gertie was weeping out some story of love for Larry, and how he'd thought it all up, and how they'd wanted to get just enough money so they could settle down and he wouldn't have to go touring around the country anymore. I tried to console her, saying that legally I didn't think anybody could do much to her. Ben said what a swell story this would make in the morning edition, and told her to be ready for photographers.

We left in a hurry, and tore for the *Star*. Ben pounded it out on his machine, injecting plenty of color, and several allusions to his former career as a boy scout and bass fiddle player.

Then we drove to the Saginaw and had fried chicken because it had bones and we'd talked enough for a while.

## Browning's Concept of the Poet

(Continued from page 5)

cheaper prices than a life spent upon a task, hard and slow, the reward of which is desperately uncertain.

It is the poet's—the great poet's—excellence to look upon the universe in its imperfection and comprehend its actual and ultimate state of perfection. It is his function to reveal not only the inevitable human but the actual absolute as well. It is the poet's virtue that he is untempted by the gratification of his own sense by the infinite partial manifestations of beauty and good to accept them as ultimates as he finds them; that he looks higher than any manifestation of both beauty and good in an effort "to suggest from the utmost actual realization of the one a corresponding capability in the other."

It is to remedy "the misapprehensiveness of his age" that a poet is sent.

## SONG

How bitterly you cry the loss  
Of some inadequate, flawed thing,  
Forgetting how, when all is done,  
Perfection, too, can leave a sting.

O still more bitter the lament  
For loveliness by harsh Time slain,  
For all things beautiful and lost  
That will not come again.

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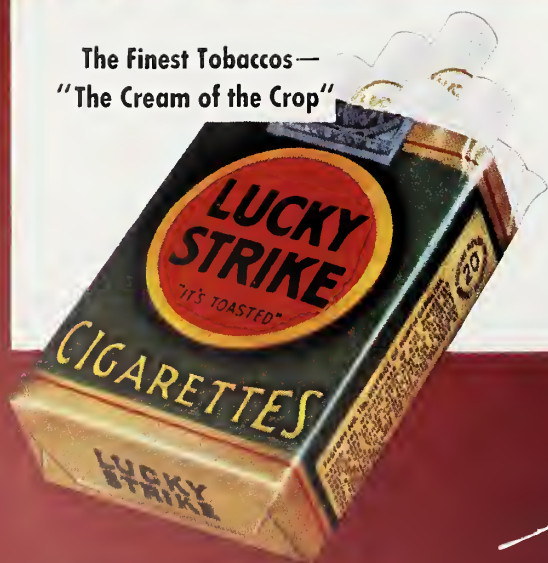
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# THE ARCHIVE

## A FABLE\*

Once a pack of dogs found a putrefied carcass at the foot of a tree. They pounced upon it and began to gorge themselves. Suddenly they spied, among the upper branches, a bear eating honey out of the trunk of the tree. The dogs became all at once dissatisfied with their fare, but being unable to climb, they desired that no one else should have something better than they. So, they tried to entice the bear into coming down and eating rotten meat with them. The bear, however, knowing that what he had was better, declined their invitations; whereupon, the dogs began to abuse him with their foul-smelling tongues. But the bear ate his honey just the same.

*\*From Stepping Stones for R. H. Smith, Joseph College and Other Sophomorics.*

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# The ARCHIVE

VOLUME L

MAY, 1937

NUMBER SEVEN

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, at Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

Notice of Entry: "Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Authorized December 4, 1924."  
Entered as second-class mail matter at the Postoffice at Durham, N. C.

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# Bachelor of Dollars

PAUL ADER

So I SAYS TO THIS college cluck, "Look-a-here, you walkin' libry, whassa idee of blowin' in here like this an' wastin' my good time with your sheep-skin tongue? I and Watterman & Pumpernickle don't have any too many jobs to hand out anyways," I says.

And this college cluck says to me, "Mr. Pearsonel," he says, "it is one of the many qualities of an intelligent person to be able to acclimate himself to his work and at any time adjust himself to the vicissitudes of this constantly changing world."

C'n you beat it, Jim, the way that Goop could chin the language? But you know me, Jim; I ain't the kind that kow-tows to any dopey Bachelor of Arts, so I says right straight back at this cluck, I says, "I and this company don't sell book-learnin'; we handles Watterman & Pump-ernickle Air-Conditioning Equipment solely. Furthermore," I says, "and moreover we have had quite a bit of experience and we have not yet discovered that a poetry-quotin' aesthetician" (get a load of that, Jim—I shows this college cluck I swings a hefty vocabulary too) ". . . that a poetry-quotin' aesthetician," I says, "or a major in Byzantine culture sells air-conditionin' equipment anywhere near as fast as a infinitive-splitin' guy who cut his teeth on business statistics and industrial management."

When I got through with that Demos-thenes, Jim, you should of had a look at that college cluck's facial geography. That Bachelor of Arts puts on a expression which is a cross between sophisticated amusement and paternal pity.

Thassa downright insult, Jim, especially when they don't say anything—just stan' there like this Goop does. Nachally I don't let the echo die away before I gives it to him again.

So I says, "No, sir, young feller, a spoon-fed stoddent of philosophy ain't in the running when a non-besppectled applicant comes along which knows his economics and business administration."

Then what does this college cluck do but shoot me a question which any sane man, or vice-versa, knows don't mean nothing? Yes, sir, Jim, he says to me, "Mr. Pearsonel," he says, "don't you think that you're putting this on an absurdly low and ridiculously commercial basis?"

"Huh!" I says "I c'n see you got a long

course to travel to rub all the green off. Why, feller, if you wanted to work with Watterman & Pumpernickle, or any other important firm, why in the name of Andrew Carnegie didn't you study practical subjects in college?"

"Sir," says this college cluck right back, so quick I c'n tell his ire is up, "do you mean to imply or even insinuate that I am not educated?"

"Educated," I says, "is the word. You are so educated that you ain't got trainin'. Whassa college for," I says, "if it ain't to learn how to make a livin'?"

And this university punk shrugs his not-too-big shoulders and says, "After all, making a living is not the primary consideration."

"Maybe not," I says, "but makin' money is!"

You know, Jim, how quick I am on the repartee sometimes, and this is a hole-in-one on account of I c'n tell by his face; he looks at me like a ostrich with a dust storm in one eye and mutters somethin' about 'intentional misunderstandin' but any guy knows them two words ain't on speakin' terms and don't mean nothin'. Anyway, when I scores such a smash hit, this Parnassus folds up like a certain musical instrument and gets ready for the third going-under. He says, "Indeed, Mr. Pearsonel, I did not expect such antagonistic and unreasonable treatment from a college gentleman."

Ha-Ha-Ho-Ho! C'n y'magine, Jim, 'antagonistic and unreasonable treatment' and I ain't even started yet? So I says, "Poppycock! I'm tellin' you as man to man," I says, "the Baptist truth without any Hollywood glamour."

"Indeed," he mutters.

"Right-o," I repeats, "I'm performin' you a service on Watterman & Pump-ernickle time an' you stages the ungrateful act. Listen to me, young feller," I says on account of I'm gettin' down to tacks, "I'm un-disillusionin' you right now. Sit down there: yeah, your constitution don't look any too weatherbeaten," I says. This young bibli-embryo don't seem to catch my drift—anyway it don't register on his physiognomy. So I continues with my instruction; I says, "In the first place, you are laborin' under extreme misinformation—" (That's me, Jim, always adjustin' myself to my audience.) ". . . extreme misinformation," I says, "on

account of you're on the tail which is tryin' to wag the dachshund."

"To illustrate my point," I says, "I recall a incident which happened in a mid-west university the year before I graduated there. Doubtless," I says, "this happens everywhere, but my witnessin' it makes it particularly illuminatin'."

"It was during the graduation exercises, and the president is proceedin' right down to the end when it is about time for the final benediction when one of the big men on the platform jumps up like as if some little detail has suddenly come to him, and he says to the president, 'Sir, I believe we have one other minor piece of business today, in reference to the conferring of degrees on the twelve applicants in the Arts.'"

"'Bachelor of Arts?' says the president like he was puzzled—"Oh, yes the Bachelor of Arts candidates; to be sure.' And he orders the twelve up in a business-like fashion and gives them their degrees."

And so I says to this stooge, "It's a very illuminatin' instance," I says, "on account of there were three hunnert in the senior class that year."

"I'll admit," returns this college cluck, "that there is a lamentable tendency . . ."

"Tendency, my eye," I puts in, "it's a genu-wine stampede. The idee is, y'see, that colleges run on the same thing automobiles run on, viz., money. Furthermore," I says, "that handy commodity has a magnetic tendency—as you would say—to revolve in the immediate neighborhood of business firms. Now, the bibulosity of a university for liquid cash is paralleled only by the bibulosity of a university for liquid cash, which is tremendous," I says.

"And what's more, the university has sold its birthright for a mess o' money, and, the trouble is, stubbornly persists in holding back part of its birthright. Kind of a have your cake and eat it too, like Marie Antoinette said to the rabble when they asked for bread."

"To get around to immediate application," I says, "you poor Bachelor of Arts are a victim of this stubbornness. The degree which the college spoofed off on you is one which has been retained in the catalogue to curry with the G. P.\*

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\* General Public.

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# Singin' Deep Down

HELEN BAXTER SMITH

THE MARKET WAS filled with late Christmas shoppers hurrying along from stall to stall. Up and down both sides of the street, the farmers had parked their carts and trucks, and had spread their wares on the side-walks under a long shed. This shed stretched from one end of the street to the other, and was divided into six foot sections by the uprights which supported it.

A cold wind, sharp and piercing, swept down this open street, rattling the tin roof of the shed and heightening the color in the red faces of the farm people.

The market was festive with great bunches of holly, mistletoe, and cedar trees brought into town on the back of trucks. Squawking chickens crowded into undersized coops, and shouting truck drivers added to the general clamor of the hurrying crowds. The vendors stood in front of their stalls and called to the stream of shoppers.

"Yes mam, what is it today, Lady? Nice turkeys—fresh killed rabbits, yes mam?"

They blew on their cold red fingers, and stamped their heavy boots. Their frosty breath hung in the air. The naked turkeys hanging in rows from the shed looked stark and blue.

John Wesley Lincoln Sharp and his mother, Viola, had backed their mule and cart against the curb, and had put their baskets of sweet potatoes and turnip salad in a semi-circle around the little portion of sidewalk which was theirs. The back of the cart served as a shelf for the rest of the things they had to sell, and an orange crate standing on end, as a place to keep paper bags and a money box. A scales hung from one of the uprights which marked their section.

John Wesley who had had no overcoat all winter—only an old lumber-jacket—found that the cart served as fairly good shelter against the stinging blast that rushed between the shed and the row of wholesale stores on the other side of the street. He had covered himself with some old tow sacks so that only his round black head was visible.

From where he was, he could see all that was going on in the stalls next to him and in the stores across the street. Viola, seated on a soap box which her huge bulk hid completely, grumbled and grunted unceasingly. Two pigtailed of hair stood out defiantly from under her hat. The

seams of her warm coat had given away, and great gaps of white cotton lining strained across her broad back.

Business was poor for the moment. People were shopping for greater delicacies than sweet potatoes for their Christmas dinner.

John Wesley leaned out of the cart and squinted at the sky.

"It air gonna sno'," he remarked to Viola.

Viola snorted.

"Go long boy; don't sho' yo' ignorance. It air too cold to sno'."

She raised her voice to yell at a woman who had paused.

"Yes mam, nice sweet potatoes, Lady?"

She grunted as the woman passed on, and with a shiver John Wesley returned to his tow sack.

Every Saturday he came to market with Viola to 'tote the bundles to the ladies' cars. He liked it in the summer when people brought live puppies and rabbits to sell, and when he could slip away from Viola, he ran all over the market. Sometimes he even walked up the street and looked at things in the windows but in the winter he huddled in the cart out of the cold.

He liked to sit there and watch the people. The Troys had the stall next to theirs. They were white folks. They had a regular glass case to keep their butter and country sausage in. They had plenty of money, too. They didn't dress or act like rich folks, though. That was on account of their religion. Mrs. Troyer was short and broad and wore long, dark dresses and caps on her head. Mr. Troyer was tall and lean, with a beard around his chin and black clothes. The children all dressed like the old ones. John Wesley couldn't see why they dressed like that if they were rich. When he was rich he was going to have a plum-colored suit like Cousin Joe's and a fancy tie and orange-colored shoes. Cousin Joe played a cornet in a band for white folks to dance to. He thought of Cousin Joe's face, black and shining, swaying in time to his music.

John Wesley liked music, even church music, when all the folks sang hymns and tapped a piece of paste board against their fists in time to the song. Everybody aswayin' and atappin' and ahummin'.

Some folks singing deep down and some, high up.

They didn't even have no music in the Troyer's church. Music was funny; it made you feel different, and do things you didn't go to do—just like liquor. Viola got religion every spring when the revivalist come, and she'd go hoppin' and rollin' up the aisle calling on the Lord to save her.

John Wesley liked music like Cousin Joe's best, though. Sometimes he could see himself playing for white folks aswingin' an' awhislin' an'—

"Jown Westley, git up from dere, an' wait on de lady. She want some of dat holly."

John Westley got out of the cart obediently and took the lady's money. The wind struck him as he did so. It cut him to the bone with its iciness. As soon as the lady was gone, he got back into the cart and wrapped himself in the sacks again.

It shore was *some* cold. He wished he had an overcoat. There was one in the second-hand store down the street. It looked just his size with room to allow for growing of course. There were some orange shoes there, too, like Cousin Joe's. John Wesley sighed with longing. There were other things in that shop window, better than shoes. He used to spend his mornings gazing into it. He used to look at the rings and knives, but since they put that 'cordin in there, that was all he could see. He could see himself playing that 'cordin in a great big room, with a great big stage. He'd have on a white suit with silver lapels, and he'd make them white folks dance and whirl and swing with his music.

Viola was shaking him. "Don' you go to sleep, boy. You is gonna be 'ez shiftless 'ez yo' pa effen you don' watch out."

John Wesley said, "Ah warn't asleep. Ah was watching dem Benton niggers make holly wreaths. Dem sho is purty."

Viola was all the time cussing out his pa. His pa never did any work, and Viola used to yell at him for a lazy bad nigger. He was usually too drunk to even listen, though. One day he had called John Wesley to him and said:

"Lissen, Bo, effen you ever grows up, don' stay in dis place. You go up norf. Dat is de place to be."

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# Not Hungry Enough

C. ROBERT WILSON

IT WAS A WARM afternoon in April.

It was the year 1937.

He was a young man of 21.

His was a mind that wanted to say things.

What makes things to say? Hello, and yes it is warm, and no I don't think so, you're damn well right, excuse me, fine thanks, are things to say. But he wanted to say something more important than that. He wanted to write something that was beautiful prose and that said more than words could say. He had a feeling and wanted to put it into the reality of words. He was in search of a tale.

He walked slowly along the street. This is a small southern tobacco town, he said. It is dirty and ugly. It exists on the tobacco factories here. Some thirty-odd kinds of cigarettes are made here. Is that something to say? This is a small southern tobacco town. It is dirty and ugly. It is a town in America. It is peopled by Americans. America is like this all over. Black and white people are moving along sidewalks and looking into windows that have clothes and foodstuffs and signs saying 98c, and if you buy so many of this and save these coupons you will get one of these, rust-proof, free. That is America—98c Things free. This is a land of the free. But you have to buy something for 98c before you get it free. There are twenty million legs propelling ten million Americans over ten million concrete pavements, and they are all in search of 98c worth. That's what I have to say, he decided.

But of these people? Man is a forked animal without feathers. These people are forked animals, and they have no feathers, but because they live where they do in the universe they are Americans. Is that why? Because they are Americans they are irrefutably Americans.

That man is walking slowly, he is tall and stooped, and very crumby looking. His eyes are red-rimmed and small like a rat's. He is not much account. He is as unnecessary and as unwanted as a rat. Perhaps he is dangerous. He is probably stupid. But he is probably resentful, for he looks hungry, and this is a land of opportunity. He is starvation. It has gnawed those lines in his face. He has nothing, no material possessions and probably not even hope. He is liable to brood on that and become fierce. He will walk along a

country road at twilight brooding—and the next morning I will read in a newspaper that the body of a twelve-year old girl, naked and her body ravished, has been found in some underbrush, dead. A horrible 98c worth of revenge. And in another town, like this, some one will look idly at him, and in his heart he will have a secret. He will have something then. He is American. I could say that about him. Those are the thin fibrels that join people together.

A Baptist minister will read of the crime while drinking his strained orange juice for breakfast, and shudder.

There will be a wreath of flowers on the front door of the house where the girl lived, and people will be subdued when they pass. What rage will be in her father's heart.

What was it, back in his life, that led up to his crime? Was it a word? A deed? Was it the closing of a door? A man saying no? A girl saying yes?

All these people. Thin, steel-strong, fibrels somehow linking them together.

And there is a man sitting in a new Buick. It is very long and shiny. He is smoking a cigar. It cost 5c. It is very long too. He is buying the car on time payments. He measures values by length. He has loose jowls. He looks back at me insolently. He thinks I am a young upstart from the college. He is right. I look the part. I have on a coat that is not the same color as my trousers. And I am wearing very dirty white shoes, and my hair is cut very short. I, like all college boys, am very. But he doesn't know that I want to say something about him. I do not like him. He is too complacent. He has nothing, though he thinks he has everything. His car and his cigar are long. He is not a man to be afraid of. He is not hungry. But I know he has never seen his wife naked. That's what I'll say about him. He is an American with a new Buick and a nickel cigar. 98c worth? But he has never seen his wife naked.

There are two individuals. There are two types. I have not said much about them. There are hundreds of others walking by me. What can I say about them? They are Americans. They are all shapes and sizes. Some are smoking some of the thirty-odd brands of cigarettes that they make here, some are not. Some are men,

some are women. That is what makes the world interesting.

Some are black, some are white. Some of the whites have black souls. Some of the blacks are white-souled. Tell me which are which.

The black ones are not Americans. America is not proud of them. A negro is poet-laureate of New York City. You can see in their eyes that they know they are not Americans. That they know they are not wanted. They are more funny-shaped than the white ones. They move slowly and watch where they are going. They do not bump into the white people. They are niggers. Once in a while one of them looks intelligent. It is less than a hundred years ago that a war was fought to make them free. Most of them look hungry. They are not 98c worth. And they know it. The motif of a southern town is black and white.

Nigger girls spit into the sidewalk.

Some of these people have slept with women, some are virgins, some believe in God, some not in evolution, some cannot read, some have read books by George Santayana, some will die within the week, none of them have feathers. That is the rhythm, weak and insignificant, of classification.

There are too many people to say anything about. There are many people rushing by in automobiles. There are many people walking by me. There are people in all these buildings. There are people all over this town. And this is a small town. There are 60,000 people in this town, black ones and white ones. That is 20,000 percent of America. That is true. They are Americans. And this is true. They are black and white, and have no feathers, and some are men and some are women. And this is true. Each single one has hopes and aspirations. And each single one has the needs of his body. Those are the two great motivating forces behind each individual life. Differentiate if you like between their relative importance, or their priority. But this fact of existence remains true, for we all have minds and bodies. All of these Americans are alike in this respect. The hopes and aspirations are the needs of their minds. Food, warmth and shelter, and sexual satisfaction are the needs of their bodies. If there is any Truth, that

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# Even Here

EDWARD POST

OLD PROFESSOR KULLERS sauntered sprily down the street. Ah! there was the Pickwick Club and Charles Dickens standing in the doorway, his naked pate sparkling in the bright sunlight. New legs (How supple the old members were!), and old faces! Good! Good! Heaven was all he had expected it would be.

What a happy day! he sighed. No more classes. No more tender young minds to lead into the right and pure and uncorrupted channels—into the cool, dark, peaceful pools of songs, where whisper the immortal lines of *Crossing the Bar*, where reverberate through moral eternity the righteous echoes of Arthur's denunciation of the foul—could he say it? He would!—the foul adulteress, Guinevere. Ah! what a sweet tongue he had! The beloved Tennyson, weeping for the world's wickedness. What a pure tongue!—never a vulgar word, never a lustful word. And now he—Professor Kullers—would meet the great poet of tears, the holy Tennyson, poetry's Rock of Ages—clef for him!

And he walked on along the streets nodding to first one and then the other. Upon turning a corner suddenly he bumped into a lady—he glanced at her—no! she could not be a lady, her cheeks were too painted—inflamed with rouge. He glanced at her escort. Beautiful hair he had, but rather unpleasing features. What were these two doing here? How on earth—? In the jostle the lady—the woman had dropped her purse and a handful of shillings had rolled away in all directions. The professor bent to retrieve several at his feet, when of a sudden he recognized the gentleman—William Hazlitt! Well, oh, well!—that explained this painted Jezebel. Probably just arrived from purgatory! They should have been detained longer. And he dropped the shillings again, shot his chin into the air and moved on. He'd complain to "prexy"—uh, Saint Peter—the Lord—whoever one complained to.

And distressed by his meeting with that pair he brooded as he walked. A mistake! a mistake! he was sure. True! Hazlitt had written some good essays. They might have been the greatest essays in the English language if he had not associated with whor—prosti—fallen women. But a man is not to be forgiven for his private life just because he writes well;

a great artist cannot be called a great artist just because he produces great works of art—no, indeed, he must be a great Christian and a great moralist before he writes one great essay or one great poem. Or he must be converted to the pure thoughts and actions of a moralist, in which case his past works might be eligible for greatness: they would testify to his denunciation of his former way of life and would thus bear a good moral import.

Old Kullers felt that there might be a couple blunders of logic in his theory of greatness in art. But he got the general idea of what he was thinking and, detecting the sweet essence of his earliest Sunday school lessons behind it all, his heart began to warm again and he sauntered on once more—until he met Mr. Fakespurn.

Now, Dr. Kullers knew Mr. Fakespurn, and he had been puzzled often by the unassuming, but diligent and sincere, M.A. He had wondered time and again if he would meet Mr. Fakespurn, M.A., in Heaven—it was the way he spent his moments of boredom, choosing those colleagues which he would meet beyond and above, and those others. All but Mr. Fakespurn's standing in the eyes of the Judge he had determined to his utter satisfaction. But Mr. Fakespurn—always a bit of a puzzle! He suspected the latter of liberal thinking and tolerance, but whenever he audited Mr. Fakespurn's classes—not to spy but to protect those innocent youths, if necessary—the sincere M.A. seemed not harmful. Now having met Mr. Fakespurn here he felt that he must, out of fairness, give him the benefit of the doubt; although, if he remembered correctly, at the last reading this gentleman's standing had inclined toward the shady side. Some student had remarked in conversation with Professor Kullers that Mr. Fakespurn was "a very stimulating teacher," which was, indeed, a bad indication—a very dangerous sign!

But Mr. Fakespurn's welcome was cordial enough. "Well, Dr. Kullers, I've been expecting you. I hope you like the place." They were walking now. "The people here are very friendly. I've made a number of interesting acquaintances. People you should know, of course. I'll introduce you to them. Ah! Here we are!"

They had stopped before an old tavern. Tears trickled down the old professor's cheeks as he blubbered over the sign, "The Mermaid! The Mermaid!" So entranced was he that not until he was seated in a booth with Mr. Fakespurn did he notice the strong smells of ale and whiskey that permeated the room to its remotest nook.

A luscious barmaid swaggered up for their orders. She brushed her hip against the old man's shoulder. He quickly drew back in bewildered embarrassment.

"I'll take water," he gulped hastily, "with a lump of sugar."

Nervously he glanced about the room. He spotted several familiar faces. There was Ben Jonson talking over his beer with John Donne! The red-bearded man with the barmaid on his knee looked like—why it was! William Shakespeare! The old professor squirmed in his seat. These men weren't conducting themselves like great poets. Their actions seemed a bit immoral: drinking beer and holding barmaids on their knees! He searched from face to face for John Milton. But the Blind poet was nowhere to be seen. Dr. Kullers sighed. This must be the slums of heaven. He must get out of the tavern. What a disappointment! No sermons! No lectures on the nobility of character as depicted in Tennyson's *King Arthur*! No open forum discussions on the power of the poet as a preacher! What a mistake that he should wander into this part of heaven! It was rather strange. He hadn't thought that there might be shady districts here. He must leave at once!

He rose to go, but Mr. Fakespurn, who had been watching him closely hoisted the old professor to the table and announced to the gathering: "Gentlemen, this is Doctor Kullers, A.B., M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Shakespeare and Victorian Poetry."

Everyone turned and looked at him and greeted him with a smile or a hail. The old gentleman took courage at their friendliness. He must try to set them on the right path again. Too much freedom in heaven! He could see that.

"Gentlemen," he asked, "is this some special holiday or festival that you should be drinking so freely?"

There was a brief silence. All smiles vanished in perplexity. Then a handsome young fellow near him replied, "No! But

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# Matthew Arnold: Victorian Stoic

ARTHUR DOWLING

IT IS ALMOST impossible to read a complete work of Matthew Arnold's without encountering Stoicism. This ancient philosophy appealed to him so strongly not because he thought it was true in the narrow sense but because it contained in striking form so many of his own ideas. He was a much better philosopher than he has been given credit for, and some of his ideas have not yet been plumbed to their depths. For this reason it is important to remember that his philosophy is not Stoicism; the reason for tracing the Stoical element is that it may, since Arnold had no system, be a focal point from which to view his ideas.

Stoicism was a practical, ethical philosophy. It had a metaphysic, to be sure, but its metaphysic, along with Spinoza's, who has a large share of Stoicism, is currently supposed to be weak, although modern metaphysics has not seriously damaged either. It was an exasperated reaction against the metaphysical and ethical speculation of the time, which, like our own, was decadent. By this I mean that all the ideas of the time had been juggled and pieced together in all possible ways and it was time for philosophers to look into their first principles, as they have always done before any real advance. Arnold lived at just such a time. The Stoics realised that all philosophies got a glimpse of the truth, and that there was nothing more to be done in terms of the old ideology. This is all-important, because the practical bent of Stoicism could conceivably lead one to think it had given up the struggle and adopted a rule of thumb, which isn't true, any more than it is that Arnold is a literary philosopher rather than a philosophical literary man. Reason and desire to the Stoics were one thing, one function of the indivisible soul. Man was by nature evil, really born in original sin; not the center of the universe, but a spark of the celestial fire. With the practicality of the West, Stoicism combined the real religion of the East: a belief in the absolute existence of moral reality. In a sense it was what we might call a sit-down philosophy, but it is just here that it synchronises with Arnold. It may be that the essence of religious thought, if followed through, leads to an Oriental sort of nihilism, but Stoicism, while remaining religious, became active.

It was neither so religious nor so active as Arnold's belief.

It is true that at times Matthew Arnold can be very English and un-philosophical; he can be prejudiced, inaccurate, illogical, rhetorical, yet his philosophy escapes the charge of being "literary," and his literature is wonderfully philosophical. In the essay on Marcus Aurelius he says, "Now, the object of systems of morality is to take possession of human life, to save it from being abandoned to passion or allowed to drift at hazard, to give it happiness by establishing it in the practice of virtue." Epictetus says in his *Discourses*:

Where, then, is progress? If any man among you, withdrawing from external things, has turned his attention to the question of his own moral purpose, cultivating and perfecting it so as to make it finally harmonious with nature, elevated, free, unhindered, untrammelled, faithful and honorable, putting into practice his guiding principles, as the runner does when he applies the principles of running, this is the man who in all truth is making progress, and the man who has not travelled at random is this one. But if he has striven merely to attain the state which he finds in his books and works only at that, and has made that the goal of his travels, I bid him go home at once and not neglect his concerns there, since the goal to which he has travelled is nothing.

Arnold continually preached relating literature and art to life. Not in the narrow sense of doing the particular good acts embodied therein, but in the broader sense of not keeping literature and the things of the mind to one side, as exercise, or something of that sort, but to realise that they are of the very business of life. And in this same passage from Epictetus are other ideas which Arnold has used. In the poem called *In Harmony with Nature*, Arnold really says the same thing as Epictetus.

"In harmony with Nature?" Restless fool,  
Who with such heat dost preach what  
were to thee,  
When true, the last impossibility,  
To be like Nature strong, like Nature  
cool!"

It is easy to see that in the first stanza, by Nature, Arnold understands reality, the absolutes of religion and ethics as well as the physical world. Later in the poem he means by Nature our environment, and declares that we must be eternally striving to surpass it. Epictetus nowhere repudiated humanism more strongly—

ly—the idea that man is part of nature and that his perfection is to be like it was anathema to both. But neither is Arnold romantic. He does not see perfection always in the distance, always an alluring goal to be reached in terms of what man already is. He has not Byron's drunken vision or Carlyle's shallow transcendentalism. The goal, to be sure, is here and now, but it consists in seeing Nature rightly, in overcoming fragmentary vision. Real Nature teaches the lesson of "toil unsevered from tranquillity." The toil is not the romantic fuss of doing something for the sake of doing something nor the tranquillity the acquiescence of nihilism. He is not afraid, as the Stoics are not afraid, to realise and face the existence of a hiatus, an awful chasm in the world. The world is not right. The way to do something about this is not to bustle about and try to patch it up immediately: this effort will fail and land you in pessimism. It is not to sit down and say that it doesn't matter: this doesn't satisfy. It is not to rationalise and say that the world as it is must be right: this simply isn't true. These reactions exhaust humanism, romanticism, and most other isms. And the reaction that Arnold has is the sum total of his philosophy, just as other people's reactions are the sum totals of theirs, but he is one of the few who realise that fact.

His view of culture and education has much of Stoicism in it. Culture he said was attained by knowing "the best that has been thought and said in the world." It is not the development of personality. The humanism of that statement is humanism only so far as humanism is included in his more comprehensive philosophy. True, human beings have to do the thinking and saying, but it is what they think and say that is important, and this not because they think it and say it but because they are attempting to find their proper relation to what is outside them. This is what he would define as the real development of personality. Epictetus has the same view of studies in general, as can be seen from the quotation near the beginning of this paper. Matthew Arnold defended the study of the humanities against the exclusive study of science on unassailable grounds. He was not without a sense of the value of science

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# Fancy's Leash

*A Play In One Act*

CHADWICK CALLAGHAN

THE SCENE is the bed-room of a low-ceilinged log cabin on the outskirts of New Orleans. It is sparsely furnished. There is an old-fashioned iron bed, upstage, right. Its covers, once gayly colored, are faded. Backstage center, is an old chiffonier, on either side of which is a small window. Over each window there is a shelf holding such objects as are usually considered to be used in attempted dealings with the supernatural: an Ouija Board, a crystal, cards, books, etc., and especially a small rag devil. A heating stove is placed about center stage, perhaps a little to the right. A wooden box stands by the bed, on which are placed some bottles, etc. Several cane-bottomed chairs are scattered around the room.

*As the curtain rises, Gyp is lying on the bed. He is a man short of stature and frail of body. His dark-complexioned face is small, dominated by a large nose. One of his eyes has a patch over it. His hair is long and tousled. After lying still a few moments, he goes into convulsions: coughing, wheezing, sneezing, and gagging. He weakly lies down on the bed again, gasping.*

*Eloise enters right, closing door softly behind her. She is a beautiful mulatto with golden skin. Her features are fine; eyes, exotic; mouth, sensuous. Her body, although small, is voluptuous and supple. Her tight-fitting dress is cut low at the neck. In her hand is a glass of water. She walks over and sits on bed. She speaks with very little accent.*

ELOISE: Here, Gyp, take this. *(Raises him up with one arm and holds glass for him.)* We'll drive dat old debbil out of you yet.

GYP: *(Lying down again)* What is it, Eloise?

ELOISE: Tha's water from de herbs I boiled. I got 'em from old Mary.

GYP: But I have been taking those herbs for two weeks and I'm still sick. I'm beginning to wonder if. . .

ELOISE: There, there now. Don't you worry. Somebody's cast a spell ober you. A horrible debbil lives inside you. Someone has cursed you. Maybe your wife who was here de other day. Here's a Charm. Wear it 'round your neck and it'll hep you. *(She takes a sack, ties it to a piece of string and ties the string around his neck.)*

GYP: What's in the sack, Eloise?

ELOISE: Two hairs from a white horses' tail and two dead cockroaches. Dey will chase de debbil 'way. *(She arranges his quilts and busies herself with the things on the box beside his bed.)*

GYP: I wonder, Eloise, if we shouldn't call a doctor?

ELOISE: No. No. Dey'll kill you. Have faith in me, Gyp. Don't you love me?

GYP: *(Touching her lips affectionately, soothing her neck)* Yes, I do love you, Eloise, and I know you love me. You're the only one who really understands me. The rest think I'm queer. I was just wondering, that's all. You see if a doctor came in he might cure me quicker and we could go away somewhere.

ELOISE: No, please, Gyp. I can cure you. I'll get more herbs and—I've sent for my witch doctors to come here today, to hold a ritual. Dey will dribe dat debbil away. Ah, Gyp, I couldn't stand for no one else to touch you. I said when you got sick at de dance hall dat night, I'd nurse you 'till you got well. When you said you'd let me, I knew you loved me. I didn't believe you before dat. Pshaw, dey all tell me dey love me. But I knew you really did, cause you said I could nurse you. You isn't backing out on me, is you, Gyp? Gee, I can cure you with de doctors and all.

GYP: Do you really believe in that voodoo stuff, Eloise. It's against the law, you know.

ELOISE: I don't know, sometimes, if I believe in it or not. But they's just something 'bout it that gets into my blood. I fergits all my troubles. I forgets de dirty men who paw over me at de dance hall and I forgets that I gotta eat, and work.

GYP: Yes I know what you mean, Eloise. It takes you out of this horrid world into the world of the beautiful—where very few people go or will let any one else go. But that doesn't mean that these witch doctors can cure the body. They can cure only the mind. You need the aid of Science to cure a sick body.

ELOISE: No, Gyp. Dey can do anything—honest.

GYP: I'd like to believe you, Eloise. I know why you believe as you do. They're the only link between your everyday world and your world of the exotic. They are the wings that carry you away. But I think. . .

ELOISE: *(Beginning to hypnotise him,*

*slowly by rubbing his temples and staring into his eyes)* There, there. You musn't think of it. Eloise'll take care of you. *(Her voice is now a slow monotonous, soothing wail)* Eloise will drive dat debbil from you. Eloise loves you. You mus' not leave Eloise. White doctor does not love Gypsy. He'll kill Gypsy. White woman does not love Gypsy. She'll kill him, too. Only Eloise loves him. She'll make him well. She and her doctors have got a ritual just to drive de debbil from Gypsy. The nasty, ugly debbil. The nasty, horrible debbil. The horrible, horrible debbil. Horrible, horrible. . .

*(There is a soft knock at door left. It is repeated. Eloise rises and goes to door, kneeling down to peek through key hole. She returns to Gyp who seems to be in a trance. She looks frightened, but talks to him as one does to a person who is in a hypnotic state.)*

ELOISE: Eloise loves Gypsy. He will not leave her. He will not let doctor come here. He will tell his wife to go 'way. He will tell friend to go 'way.

*(She shakes him. He becomes conscious. She goes to door and admits a woman and a man. The woman (Bessie) looks like a blond, painted, burlesque dancer. The man (Kip) is about 30, with clean-cut features but sloppy in his dress. As they enter, Eloise stands off as if frightened. She closes door and exits right, leaving door partially open behind her. Bessie and Kip sit down with their backs to the door, left, through which Eloise has just passed.)*

BESSIE: How ya, Gyp? *(She leans over the bed and looks into his face.)*

KIP: Hey, Gyp, you do look better than you did when we were here the other day.

GYP: Oh, I'm all right. How's everything with the *Times-Democrat*.

KIP: Fine, Gyp, fine. I'm beating out your column for you. But it's nothing like what you write. The subscribers will get fed up with me pretty soon. You had better hurry up and get well.

BESSIE: *(Pleading)* I think Kip is right. We want you back again, Gyp. Gosh, you don't know how lonesome it is without you. *(She sits on bed and tries to fondle him but he keeps shifting away.)* If you'll go to a hospital—why I might even go to work to help you through. I know we haven't got much but it don't matter *(wincing)*. You know I love you, Gyp.



What do you say we get you out of here?

GYP: (*Talking to no one in particular in a deep slow objective voice*) I don't know, maybe I ought to—I guess I should have a doctor. I've been wondering, too, if it wouldn't help me to go to a hospital.

KIP: Sure it would, Gyp. Why, My God, this place has got more germs in it than a sewer. Jeeze, I don't know how you stand it.

GYP: Maybe you're right, Kip—maybe you're right. I suppose the place is dirty. But then—Eloise is such a good nurse. She nurses my mind.

KIP: But it isn't your mind that's sick, Gyp. It's your body, man.

GYP: Oh no, Kipper. It's my mind, too. It's been needing a nurse for years. But then, my body is sick, isn't it? I hate my body. It's only a hell for my mind.

KIP: Yeah, I suppose it is—if you want to look at it that way. I never read much of that philosophy stuff. Of course, it may be all right—but, it ain't everything.

GYP: It isn't what I've read out of books, Kip. It's in my blood. I've got the gypsy in me—the Greek and Irish. O, I don't know what it is. But I suppose I'd better call a doctor, as you say. If I can't go to the hospital, I can at least call a doctor, can't I? I've been thinking about it all along, you know. I've been wondering. . . . (*Pauses. Looks at Eloise who stares from door, right, unseen by Kip and Bessie.*) But no I can't. We might as well admit it, Bessie. There's nothing more between us. You're not for me. (*Bessie sputters, getting up, putting hands on hips. Eloise disappears.*) You do not love me. My world is different. I live in a world of phantasy—an exotic world, strange and, and. . . .

BESSIE: (*Getting angry but trying not to show it*) Ah, why don't you listen to reason, Gyp. If you'll just come back, I'll let you keep writin' your goofy books and everything—even if you don't sell any. Of course, it would be nice if you did. We could use. . . . Aw, haven't I always been pretty patient?

GYP: No, you hounded me day and night. I had to seek reclusé somewhere else. I couldn't make other people see the beauty I felt. . . .

BESSIE: (*Thinking she has been paid a compliment*) Um, I'll admit the beauty you felt was something, that is, when it wasn't somebody else. Aw, Gyp, I didn't even mind that so much, but can't you see what it means to you. What will everybody think. They already think you're queer enough.

GYP: (*After going into a convulsive spell*) Bessie (*in a dry, pitiful tone*) you never realized what I was trying to do.

O, we've argued this a million times. Why do I talk with you? All there is to say is that I'm different from you. We've never loved—we only lusted. You were never able to give me sympathy. You couldn't see the world I saw—men as they ought to be. . . .

BESSIE: Well, Gyp, after all, are you really acting the part—men as they ought to be!

GYP: (*Apparently not hearing her*) Men living independently of their bodies—in the realm of the beautiful. The mind living in a world the body never knows (*looking away, eyes distant*). The body's a nuisance—a beast. It is not slave to the mind. The mind is slave to it. No sooner does the mind fly up to the world of fantasy, than the hungry body calls, interrupting its flight because it wants to gorge or sweat or lust. (*Turning to Bessie*) Don't you see, Bessie? (*Stares at her, finally shaking his head slowly*) No. (*Turning to Kip*) don't you see, Kip? (*Stares at him, finally shaking his head slowly*) No. It's no use. Only Eloise sees. You might as well go now. I've made up my mind to stay here. When I get well, we're going away somewhere.

(*Begins to cough again. Eloise enters with another glass and starts to give it to Gyp.*)

BESSIE: (*Knocking glass from her hand*) Get away from him, you filthy nigger. The nerve of you daring to steal my husband right before my very eyes. (*Advances on her*) What's the big idea anyway?

GYP: Bessie!

BESSIE: (*Snarling at Gyp*) Oh, so you're going to stick up for her. Well, I'll show you, by God. I'll show you how long this is going to last. Makin' me the laughing stock of the town. You—you good for nothing. This will be the last spree you go on. I'll fix you. (*Starts to stomp out*) Come on, Kip, let's get out of this hole. I suppose you think I'll get a divorce—but you don't get off so easy. You'll see. I'll be back. (*Slams door.*)

(*Gyp rolls his head from side to side on the pillow. Eloise runs to his bedside, falls to the floor on her knees and buries her head in the pillow beside his.*)

ELOISE: O, Gyp, what did they do to you. I heard every word you all said. I know just how you feel about her and how she won't let your 'magination 'lone. She's just like de men at de dance hall. Do you think she'll do anything to us, Gyp. I'd cut her to ribbons if. . . .

GYP: I suppose she'll try—unless she's scared she'll lose her meal-ticket altogether if she does. But she probably won't leave us alone. It would be expecting too much

for anyone to let a dreamer go on living in his dreams. Just because they can't see anything beautiful, people won't let those, who can see it, alone.

ELOISE: I know just how you feels, Gyp. Lotsa times when I'm down at de dance hall I gets to listenin' to de music and thinkin'—and far off I can hear de slow beatin' of drums and de wind blowin' out over de Bayou. I don't notice nothin' round me—where I live or nothin'. Dat don't matter. But folks don't let you think dat way long—your self neither, sometime. Ever time when I gets to dreamin', some man will come up and say, 'Come on, sister, get hot', and call me out a place he never knew. A place where his kind won't let you stay.

GYP: (*Drawing her to him and hissing her*) Eloise, I love you. (*He struggles to sit up higher in bed when he begins his coughing.*)

ELOISE: (*Soothing him*) You lie still, honey. De folks will be here any minute now to chase de old debbil out of you. (*Goes to door, looks out.*) Here they are coming down the path. (*She is excited—runs to bedside*) Don't you worry, Gyp, we will make you better. Den we'll go 'way where no one can bother us.

GYP: Eloise, are you sure this is the right thing?

ELOISE: Why sure. It will make you all better, honey.

(*Voices are heard off stage. Eloise runs to door, left, opens it and nods to each one as he enters. The band is composed of a dozen or so Negroes, Mulattos, Creoles, and Indians. Two of the party carry cows' skulls which have skin stretched over them. Some of the men in the party are barefoot. All their clothes are ragged; each wears a bright trinket or piece of raiment of loud color. They seat themselves around the bed after pulling it into the middle of the floor by the stove. Eloise shades the windows, lights two candles which she places on the shelves over the windows and puts a steaming cauldron on the stove. Each one of the party pulls something out of his pocket: an herb, a bird's foot, a bottle of blood, etc. Eloise takes rag devil from shelf. During the preparations, Gyp seems to be in his world of dreams. Everyone is silent for about thirty seconds, then the two drummers begin to beat slowly on their cow skulls—at first so lightly that one can hardly hear. They beat for about thirty seconds, getting louder and louder. They all stand up waving their arms to the beat of the drums. Some bend down, some clap their hands, some beat their feet on the floor.*)

(*Continued on page 19*)



# Touristum Americanum

JANE DUSENBURY

THE LAND OF Pearlania lies in the exact center of our modernized Europe. Its ruler is the princess Natasie. She is a young lady of shimmering beauty, such as is viewed in soap advertisements across the water in America. And as she and her court retain the costumes of 17th century continental regentry, wearing hoopskirts, powdered wigs, and silken frock coats, Pearlania shines with the radiance of past centuries. Still the mirror paneled ball room reflects the swing of stately polkas and waltzes. Still lighted tapers burn away the evening hours. Still the crier makes his rounds, donging his bell into the silence that is produced by the Pearlanians' habitual going to bed early.

The princess Natasie was much adored by Duke Gustave. He was a mere duke, but a gentleman and a fine fellow indeed. One evening he was strolling with the princess in the royal grape arbor, noble features serious, only half hearing the tinkling chamber music from a salon nearby.

"My dearest Natasie," he said, "do you not love me? Is there no chance for our betrothal? Ah Natasie, Natasie! You are my reason for existence!" With these impassioned words he knelt at her feet and buried his noble features in the hem of her frothy lace skirts.

Natasie sighed gently. "Rise, dear Gustave," she said. "Indeed I do love you, but yet I have not seen enough of people from different lands and of different customs to judge you among other men. All my life I have been sheltered here in Pearlania, coming into contact only with my citizens and occasionally with people of neighboring European countries. And I have studied and traveled in these countries. But there are other lands, Gustave, other lands beyond the seas! Gustave, there is America! I think so much about America! Americans must be wonderful, Gustave! They have had the opportunity to inherit and assimilate the tradition of our continent and England. Until I meet an American, Gustave, and satisfy myself that you are superior, I can not marry you."

Gustave's noble features were masked in gloom. "So be it, Natasie," he spoke, "I, myself, shall find you an American and bring him here to Pearlania, for never will he find it of his own accord. I shall be the instrument of my own fate."

Together they walked back to the salon and together they danced the last polka. Then they parted, and the young Duke rode his charger home to his country castle beneath the gloom of a waning moon.

The next evening Natasie was holding court, and hearing the plea of a poor shepherd who had been missing some of his sheep. The princess glanced up from the shepherd and his tale to behold at the very end of the long room, Gustave—Gustave and another.

Natasie hurried to finish the case of the missing sheep, then beckoned to Gustave and the stranger to approach. Gustave bowed low, noble features emotionless.

"Your most royal majesty," he said in French, the tongue most generally used in the royal court, "this is an American, Mr. Eddie Gates."

Again Gustave bowed low, while the American remained solidly erect. Natasie was the tiniest bit disturbed at this, but then she thought, "Rugged individualism. I have heard a lot about American rugged individualism."

She gazed at Mr. Gates in wonder. He was outfitted strangely. He wore black, square-toed shoes, powdered with dust. His trousers had a suggestion of a plaid and a suggestion of a crease, but not a definite amount of either. His coat had lumps of padding at the shoulders accentuated by black and white checks, here and about; under the coat he wore an affair which is advertised in America as a polo shirt, and which there the best people wear, but which amazed Natasie by revealing an expanse of manly chest. His head was cropped, to give an effect of the bristling produced by a chronic scare. His face was quite open and young. Around his neck hung a camera in a black case. By his side rested a Gladstone bag. Its original color was undetectable, as the entire leather surface and part of the handle were covered with bright hotel stickers, some of the brightest having been applied twice.

Mr. Gates looked about him in wonder and silence. Almost imperceptibly a hip slid gently out of joint, his body assumed an S curve with the center of gravity on the dislocated hip. And there he was, practically sitting down on himself mid-air, while all about him gazed the lords and ladies of Pearlania.

Gustave had walked over to the princess and now remarked in her ear. "The position which the American now assumes is his museum stance. It is useful in museums, galleries, exhibitions, and crowded theatres."

Natasie nodded understandingly.

There was a moment of vacuous silence then, while the American tipped back his head and noted the high-beamed ceiling. Finally he said in a loud, matter-of-fact American voice, "Oo ace eesee?"

Natasie gazed at him politely, not understanding. Finally she turned to Gustave for explanation.

He obliged readily. "Your majesty, he is speaking French, but with a charming American accent which makes it unintelligible to you. He is saying, in English, 'Where is here?' He was saying these words when first I found him, your majesty. He was in the train station in Besancon, quite lost, and was stopping passers-by to try to determine his whereabouts. I rescued him just in time, for he was becoming quite excited, and a gendarme was about to put him under arrest."

"You say he speaks only the one language, Gustave? How inconceivable! But then, Gustave, that is probably his rugged individualism."

"Mmm," said Gustave.

Natasie addressed herself to the American in impeccable English. "Sir," she said, "welcome to Pearlania."

Mr. Gates perked up visibly. "Well, how do you do! Glad to find somebody talking the old home language, I'm sure."

Then Mr. Gates seemed to look a little expectant, as though waiting for the line of lords and ladies to rush forward and shake his hand. They remained aloof however, noses high, as though detecting the faint odor of cabbage.

Natasie said, "Mr. Gates, we shall try to make you comfortable. The page will show you to an apartment, and I will have him remove the little paper labels from your luggage for you."

Mr. Gates was startled, and put a protective foot next his bag.

"Oh, madame! Please, no! I want them left on if you don't mind!"

"But Mr. Gates! Well, as you like. But why?"

(Continued on page 20)

# Image of a Man

HELEN LESLIE

AND GOD SPAKE all these words saying Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image—thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them. And oh my dear, my friend so like the image, oh, but God was wise.

Oh yes "You're lovely," you said, "I never told you that before. but you're very, very lovely to-night." Oh and "lovely" you said with a sweet slack smile. And I smiled back at you sweetly, tenderly, and lied. Said that I was glad, happy that you found me so though I wasn't glad nor happy, though I didn't give a damn, not a weary whoop in hades, not a tired muttered curse. I was just an aching hollowness, a cylinder of nothing. So I took that drink I didn't want because, you said, I was so far behind. And oh, I was, too far behind to catch up ever, two drunken months behind, too far to catch up, even had I wished. And I swallowed down the drink and smiled, sweetly smiled and told you pretty lies, encouraging and pretty lies, the bucking up sort of lies, that I loved you still, respected you. Obvious and silly lies that were the best that I could do. Out of empty aching, out of cylinder of nothing that had been filled with love. But they were quite the best that I could do and if you believed them, then you were more sodden than I thought and that's saying a good deal. You had seemed saturated, very well saturated indeed, as if you lived and moved and drank in a thick fume of alcohol, lived only in a thick mist of liquor for month upon month. While I loved and worried, wishing to be worthy, worthy of you, worthy of the image, lived in gleaming solitude, the image and I, preparing our millenium, your image and I. Oh quite our own, and personal and private, a green spot in a desert, desert of mankind. Now, love and pity and all feeling blasted, only weary vacancy, column of dry emptiness, I drank it down and smiled and out of emptiness I lied, told you that I loved you still, lied to cheer you up a bit. And lied to cover vacancy lying to a greater. For it seemed that you were downcast and a trifle worried through the mist.

And I drank them down and drank them down and sweetly smiled, oh sweetly and told those lies and others—the best out of emptiness—quite the best that I could do. While I looked at you and

wondered. Looked for someone tall and brown, someone slim and tall, straight-standing on a beach. Maiden's image, image of a man, but there only was the image. For you stooped and slackly smiled and you made feeble jokes oh, most pathetic jokes of twenty pounds you'd gained. Twenty pounds of liquor fat tied about your waist and sagging at your jaw. Twenty pounds puffed about the eyes. Twenty pounds of liquor fat from months of saturation, months of living in thick mist, in an alcoholic fume.

And we danced to-gether in some bar, palms moist danced. Danced in rattled tin, danced a melancholy tango, in a cheaply Spanish bar, in an atmospheric dump. Lurched about to-gether in the alcoholic fog.

And in desperation we made wisecracks, dreary maudlin wisecracks, chuckled with an air, a bright and subtle air, enjoyed our subtle brightness, stupid subtle brightness. Two charming people, intellectual and subtle, two charming people on a most superior spree.

And oh, my dear, beloved and sought across long time and distance, oh, I had come to tell you of illuminated blue glowing in a sky at twilight, subtler than a wisecrack. Had come to tell you of a ceiling in the palace of a Pope, great nails of brass holding solid squares of wood. Had come to tell you of a smell, smell of antique grime, distinctive European smell, ancient, antique dirt, ground out of long and long ago. The memory of the gilding, begemmed and brilliant gilding over filth and running sores ground out of long and long ago. Before the world was grey, sadly, dully grey, uniformly grey. And oh, my dear, why I had come to tell of isles of Greece and sunsets at Geneva and moonlight on the Rhine. To be sure, quite trite, trite but very true, very true and beautiful.

And I had come with dignity and culture bearing carefully the vial. With sad tales and gay, all precious things to share, bearing hopefully the vial, essence of that culture, dignity to pour before the image. For you said dignity a long, long time ago when the image still was you. Dignity with a musing air, reverently culture. Dignity you said and it seemed important. So I went off to get them. In grim determination, oh, grim and quite naïve went off. To get dignity and cul-

ture, to become a lady and a subtle person and an understanding soul. So I trekked off to Europe on the great American quest and amazingly we learned a lot the image and I, saw all the customary things and a few more besides.

And bravely I returned with all the new improvements, all the latest gadgets, came back revised edition. Hopeful and proud, with my dignity and culture in an opalescent vase.

And at the bar such quips we made, subtle merry quips, you and the image and I. Bright and merry quips, dead image and a lovelorn maid. Such quips as one exchanges, with sophisticated air—of course, sophisticated air—with any sodden gentleman of literary turn. And vague apostrophes to Fate and casual damnings of a crass and blinded world. Oh any sodden gentleman of the literary turn, grafting cigarettes and bargaining for drinks, with any sorry mixture of adolescent chaos and mature responsibility, infantile precocious, with potential, graceful sot. Though later not so graceful—not with twenty pounds about the waist and a fatalistic slouch. With any of the brotherhood, of the great misunderstood.

For you said that to me, standing by the bar while I drank a drink I didn't want, drank to fill the newmade hollow, newly emptied column. With crooked smile appealing, "No one ever understood. Even you, my dear, for all your love and trying. No, you never understood me." Slightly swaying, smiling crooked, clinging to your image, image of yourself. Admiring and pitying image proud and driven, too fragile and too fine, doomed and tragic. Besotted to be sure, but with dignity and, of course, it was a cultivated bum, theoretical defender of idealistic causes. Your image of yourself.

Gravely I looked at you and made consoling answer, understanding many things from cold sick emptiness. Objective. Understanding many things and those too well. Knowing now, that understood you were exposed. Mind fine to appreciate an artist's work, not fine enough to make it, streaks of fear and stubborn pride in a thin fine fabric and even the body resigned and fatalistic "following its destiny." Twenty pounds of liquor fat pulling down the jaw.

(Continued on page 21)



# Of Noah Vail

CHADWICK CALLAGHAN

I don't know just why we ever took him in—that guy Noah Vail. I suppose every fraternity gets a lemon once in a while, but I wouldn't be surprised if we didn't get the champ when we got him. I can't imagine how he ever slipped through either because most of the fellows are pretty careful about those things. But then, I passed on him too, so I guess I can't kick.

Anyway you can't blame the fellows so much, at that, because he did make a good impression when we rushed him. I remember the first time I ever saw him. He had a smile on his face a yard wide and he was all slicked up like Franchot Tone. Then we received a letter from an ex-president of the chapter recommending him. All this would have been enough to sell us on him, but on top of all that we found out that his old man had dough. I don't need to tell you, brother, that then and there we signed him up. Yes, sir, he looked like the goods.

But when it came time for the pledges to move in, I began to get my first suspicions about Noah Vail. I saw him bringing all those books with him!—But I figured he was just putting on a show so I didn't say anything. And I was glad I didn't too—at least for the time being, because he was a plenty regular guy. Then he began side-tracking our bull-sessions with such screwy things as art and Plato and stuff like that. But we didn't let him get away with it—not for a second.

About a week later we all began to wonder where he kept himself all the time. He even missed meals once in a while and he never hung around the parlor, and he didn't go out on dates or go out and drink with the fellows. So I decided to find out where he spent his time. Well, I did. One day I went to his room, and there he was, sitting at his desk with books a mile high all around him. He didn't see me at first but when he looked up he took off his specs and told me to sit down. Then he started asking me questions about mechanics and telography or something like that and I began to think "Uh-oh, I'm button-holed." But I told him I didn't know anything about me-me-mechanism—that's what it was—mechanism, and telography; so I beat it P.D.Q. out of there.

It didn't take long for all the fellows

to get wise after I told them that. Then, too, he hardly ever came to a meeting. But even then we gave him the benefit of the doubt. Lonnie Horton said that maybe the guy was a little bashful and that maybe we ought to invite him over to Blanton sometime when we went to drink beer. Well, we did—two or three times—but he always gave an excuse. Then came the pay-off.

It happened out on the tennis court. Lonnie saw that Noah Vail was an A-1 player and he went up to him and said: "Hey, Vail, I didn't know you were and A-1 tennis player. It'll certainly be good to have our fraternity represented in another activity. Why, you're good enough to make the freshman team!"

Then old Noah turned to him and said, "Can't do it, Lonnie—won't have time."

Well, Lonnie was stopped cold. Here was a guy who could put us on the map and he refused to do it. When Lonnie told us about it, it made us pretty peeved. So we decided not to have much to do with him. We figured we'd let him go his way and we'd go ours.

Everything went on that way all last year. We didn't bother him and he didn't bother us. We did notice that he got on the dean's list last June and we were proud of him because he was the only one in the fraternity that did—we're

generally last in the league, you know. So, you can see, the guy was good for something. We still had hopes for him. We figured he might change over summer.

But this year the bomb shell came. We started rushing as soon as school opened. He didn't take a hand in it and we figured it was just as well. You can easily see why. Then after we had all but given the hand-shake to about twenty frosh, he showed up at the meeting when we were to vote on them. Atwell's name was first and Noah Vail was the only guy to balk. It kind of stopped us cold because voting was pretty much of a formality and we wanted to hurry up and get through so we could go over to Blanton and get some beer. But we couldn't budge old Vail. Lonnie was getting irritated and blurted out: "Well what's the matter with you!" Vail said that he wanted to know something about the fellows whose names he voted on. Of course this was unpardonable because all the time we were rushing, he sat up there in his room with his books and this was a fine time to bring the subject up. Lonnie asked him what it was he wanted to know about Atwell. Old Noah said: "What kind of marks did he make in school?" We said, "Well, he only made a

*(Continued on page 22)*

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## It Were Enough

If I could walk windswept in mellow fields  
And breathe the thin green sweetness of the air—  
Or if, through cooling trees could taste the sun,  
And could, when willing so, but stand and stare;  
If I could weave of midnight's jetty hair  
A web to snare, beyond the finite skies,  
Elusive beauty, always fleeting-fair,  
And live a life that loves, and briefly dies:  
It were enough.

But I am asked instead  
To trot through life caparisoned with duties,  
And very woe is cried upon my love,  
And woe upon my zest for fickle beauties.  
Wherefore—whatever be this living stuff,  
It were enough, I say, it were enough!

SIZER CHAMBLISS



*After a man's  
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things  
Chesterfields give them*

*Nothing else  
will do*





# From Cover to Cover

## CURRENT BOOKS IN REVIEW

### ***Eyeless in Gaza.* Aldous Huxley. Harper's.**

Mr. Huxley, one of our most successful experimentists in the modern novel, has created another great book, *Eyeless in Gaza*. For the first time Mr. Huxley has deserted to a certain extent his brilliant intellectual showmanship and turned to a serious philosophic novel. The reader will still find Mr. Huxley's delightful flashes of sophisticated humor, but beneath and through it all runs a serious theme, a serious philosophy: pacifism. But Mr. Huxley's pacifism does not wave banners inscribed *Down with Munition Makers* or *Down with Fascism*: such a pacifism would be militarism says Mr. Huxley, for such pacifists would wish to fight just one more war—against munition-makers or fascism. Mr. Huxley's pacifism begins with a subordination of the individual and the negation of personality. Education to that end is the means.

Such a doctrine inevitably reverts to the individual, however—and Mr. Huxley must have been aware of it. It is too much to assume that the whole world could ever be persuaded to accept this doctrine of the denial of the individual. Leaders will always arise to govern those who cannot form their own philosophy of life. But those ones who practice stoicism or who lead the contemplative life will be immune to such disruptions as revolution and war. Thus, the individual profits by self-negation. It is only through obedience and discipline that freedom is attainable, wrote Carlyle. So believes Mr. Huxley, but he does not instruct us to hero-worship. It is absolute submission to, almost to the point of withdrawal from, whatever governmental forces are active.

Such a theory leads ultimately to anarchy, but it can only lead to anarchy by the subordination of every personality. No! rather, there is a cycle, explains Mr. Huxley, from natural government (anarchy) to government by institutions to anarchy to institutions. No matter what government prevails freedom is attainable only by a simplification of life and desires, which is Epicureanism in its uncorrupted theory or Stoicism.

Mr. Huxley's presentation is deeply impressive. He seems always in all his novels to know what he's talking about. In this novel, though, there is more conviction, more emotional force, less cold intellectualism. His technique is experimental, based on a psychological premise, I suppose, that the past is present in the present and a man lives both in the past and the present simultaneously. He effects a degree of suspense by his method, but I believe that is a secondary purpose.

The note of optimism and anticipation with which Mr. Huxley closes *Eyeless in Gaza* makes one look forward to his next novel with a great deal of interest.

EDWARD POST.

### ***Of Mice and Men.* John Steinbeck. Covici-Friede.**

Mr. Steinbeck's two-hour novel *Of Mice and Men* is written in the most forceful rapid style I have met with since James Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.

Steinbeck's characters are exquisitely wrought—convincingly real. His story is delicate in its texture but quick and strong. The reader feels that Mr. Steinbeck has cut his rough diamonds and polished them to perfection. His style may be natural; it may be studied. It's impossible to say from reading the book. But studied or not, Mr. Steinbeck's prose has the great artistic virtue of effective simplicity.

EDWARD POST.

### ***Odd-Priced Edition.***

A new odd-price publishing house has made its debut, The Sun Dial Press. Among their first numbers are Aldous Huxley's *Chrome Yellow* and his sparkling satire on a Model T Utopia, *Brave New World*.

The Garden City Press has issued two more odd-priced editions. The first is *East and West*, a collection of W. Somerset Maugham's thirty finest short stories including a preface by that author. The second book is *The Traveller's Library*, collected and edited with an introduction and notes by W. Somerset Maugham. The assortment includes three novels—Swinerton's *Nocturne*, Bennet's *Old Wives' Tale*, E. C. Bentley's *Trent's Last Case*—

and a wealth of short stories, essays, and poems. The book is attractively bound and printed in large type on 1700 pages—certainly your money's worth!

### ***The Tree Has Roots.* Mary Jane Ward. E. P. Dutton.**

Evidently, the author's aim has been to weave eight short stories into a novel, for she has taken as many characters and has presented a cross-section in the life of each. The fact that few of the characters have anything to do with the destinies of the others is of little import to Miss Ward. She has not pitted one against the other in such a way as to create a novel. Her technique, even in the end, is essentially that of a short story writer's. Practically the only thing the characters have in common is that they are all, with one exception, employees of a university. The book has no plot whatsoever, which is no sin in itself, but a novelist must have some unifying force. In short, she has done what so many of our proletarian novelists have done, that is, adapted the novel to life and not life to the novel.

However, there is merit in *The Tree Has Roots*. The author is a scientific realist. She paints life as it is. She places emphasis on the depiction of character. There is some pleasant satire on college life from the viewpoint of the college employees. For instance, her picture of the Elm University publicity manager is excellent because of its universality. I quote:

"This was the way they did things at Elm. The office heads who went around weeping about the dear Alma Mater being sacred to their hearts were the ones who took two hours off for lunch and who went home at four in the afternoon. They were the ones who got the big money. She knew what Barnum" (a fit monicker for a publicity man) "was paid. Four hundred dollars for a lot of hot air. Even Harold, her brother, said *Skid Barnum was nothing but a wind bag*."

Her picture of the Elm University publicity man is excellent because it is universal. It is a shame that one with Miss Ward's insight into such shams does not also possess some central theme, plot, or unifying force to make her novel a work of art.

CHADWICK CALLAGHAN.

# TWO SONGS

By EDWARD POST

## Song's End

There where it flies,  
Upstruggling strong to rise  
Against the downward rolling skies  
From earthward sight,  
Fails a small bird's flight  
And falls from headlong heaven-height.  
So falls fast  
My wingless heart at last  
When some soft song's end is past.

## Song of the Hounds and the Golden Fox

They run low-baying through the thorns  
After the fox, the golden fox,  
And he slips away  
As sly as time  
In the black of night and the gold of day.  
Though ever they leap, fast to their race,  
Ever they fail in their long, long chase  
After the fox, the golden fox.

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## Bachelor of Dollars

(Continued from page 3)

Sort of a supernumerary," I says to him, "if you get what I mean."

At any rate, Jim, I got to give this college cluck credit for keeping his mouth shut on account of he evidently knows when he's hearin' somethin' worthwhile and don't wag his tongue durin' the period of assimilation.

Well, it ain't long before ole B.A. sees he don't rate around Watterman & Pump-ernickle Air Conditioning Equipment Company, and he gets ready to make his Shakespearean exit.

So I says to him as a good-by, good-luck message, "Listen here, your poor, unfortunate, just-recently-straightened-out young victim-of-a-social-system, what you need to do is go back and get a new degree, namely the Bachelor of \$, which is being offered at all the big universities on account of my own diligence and effort along that humane line.

"Then," I says, "you come back and I assure you Watterman & Pump-ernickle will be more receptive to your offers . . ."

What's that Jim? Oh, his name? Why,

I believe it was Holbertson: yeah, that's it, Holbertson. . . . What did you say, Jim?

Phil Holbertson? Yeah, that's right, Jim, it was *Phil* Holbertson.

No!! What's that again?

You hired a Phil Holbertson this afternoon? Why, Jim Watterman, you don't say! Well, I swan! Ha-Ha-Ha-Ho-Ho!

How was that, boss?

Oh, you knew his father in college. Good family. Yeah, I see. Ha-Ha-Ha-Ho-Ho! It's a crazy world, ain't it, Jim?

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## Singin' Deep Down

(Continued from page 4)

Viola told John Wesley that his pa had once gone up north and danced in a show.

"He done got in trouble an' come home, an' he ain't been no good since. Haben't done nuttin' but git drunk, an' shoot craps."

But his pa said to John Wesley once,

"When ah drinks, ah kin see de lights an' de audience an' ah heahs de music, an' mah feet womma go clackity-clack on the floor."

And John Wesley knew just what he meant.

Now his pa was gone to work on the chain gang for killing that no-good nigger Scott with an icepick. His pa didn't go to do it though; he was drunk.

He heard Viola's voice again.

"John Wesley, git up from dere, an' tote de lady's taters to her car."

John Wesley rose quickly. He took the bag of potatoes, and followed the lady down the street. It was a mighty big bag of potatoes, and he had a mighty hard time gittin' through the crowd. The car was parked way up the street by the bank.

John Wesley's hands were awful cold. They were kind of chapped, and they were getting cracked places in the skin. The cold almost froze his fingers off. The wind whipped his ragged coat, and when he went around the corner it brought tears to his eyes it stung so hard. When the lady saw he was having a hard time, she waited for him, and showed him where her car was parked.

It certainly was *some* car. There was an older lady in it too.

John Wesley put the potatoes in, and when he started to go away, the younger lady said,

"Wait a moment, sonny. Got something for you."

She began to rummage around in a heap of clothes she had in the bottom of the car. The older lady began to argue with her. She said,

"It's perfect foolishness, Elizabeth. Why don't you give it to the Salvation Army as you had planned? You don't know these shiftless darkies like I do."

The younger one said, "I know, but he needs it, and I want to see it do some good."

The older one kept on shaking her head.

"They don't appreciate what you do for them. Give them anything and they trade it right in for trinkets or whiskey or cheap finery. No practical sense at all, just shiftless."



The younger lady had gotten out the coat. It was a wonderful coat—navy blue with shiny brass buttons and a red lining. John Wesley took off the old lumber-jacket and put it on. It hugged his thin little body and kept out the penetrating cold. He put his hands in the pockets. A comfortable tingle ran through him. He shivered with the new warmth. This shore was *some* coat! Better than the one in the shop window even. He liked the red lining and the brass buttons.

He grinned at the lady and said "Thank you, m'am." The lady smiled at him, and he started back down the street. Again the wind whipped at him as he turned the corner, but it wasn't so cold this time. He ran down the street, dodging in and out among people's legs and the piles of chicken coops. In a moment

he was passing the second-hand store.

John Wesley stopped in front of the plate glass window, out of the jostling crowd. The 'cordinian was still there. His Cousin Joe played a 'cordinian too. Once he had gone to where Cousin Joe lived, and he had let him play it. Cousin Joe was surprised when he found that John Wesley could make music come out of it. John Wesley hadn't been surprised. He knew he could do it. He wished he had that 'cordinian in the window. Viola said she would get him one if she had any money left over from the children's shoes, but John Wesley knew there wouldn't be any money left over.

John Wesley sighed again. The one in the window was just like Cousin Joe's. It said \$2.00 on it. He had to have that 'cordinian. He knew what music he wanted

to make. He had it all down inside of him. It was folkses jumpin' an' dancin'; it was singin' an' shoutin'; it was old folks atappin' an' atappin' with their paste boards; it was the revival preacher yellin'; it was black women's wailin'. It was whirlin' an' skippin' an' stompin' an' moanin'. He knew what dat music was; he wanted to make dat music come alive.

There was a sign in the window. It said, 'We buy and sell old clothes.' John Wesley took off his new coat, and put on his lumber-jacket. For a moment he fingered the bright brass buttons. The wind whirled along the street and bit into his body.

John Wesley shivered a little. Then he folded the coat under his arm, and opened the door to the second-hand shop.

## Not Hungry Enough

(Continued from page 5)

is it. That is what I have to say. It is not beautiful or joyous—but it is Truth. With some elaboration it will stand as the only Truth, the Twentieth Century American knows.

If all Americans knew that they would know how to win friends and influence people.

But is that saying anything? How can I say anything that is more than 98c worth?

I have five unimpaired senses. I have a chopped-up college mind. I brought my mind to college to have things done to it. It surges back and forth aimlessly, and I have grown tired at seeing its ignorance. That is what it has been taught, not how to say things, not how to feel beautifully. It wants to say things, things worth more than 98c worth. It wants to make cosmos out of chaos. That sounds so well that it does not have to mean anything. But it is hard if you want to say things.

College has told this mind that there exists a duality in the world, the parts of which are reality and appearance. And college has instructed this mind that its duty is to strip away appearances and plunge to realities. But this mind does not care about that. Appearances can be beautiful. They do not last, but what does? Reality and appearance shift places as carelessly as clouds in the sky. College can make strange formidable words about them, but in the end they tell you nothing—except that reality and appearances shift places as rapidly as clouds in the sky. If you've met beauty, however, you will not mind. That's what my mind

wants to find and say, he decided, beauty. But there is something ridiculous about that, about coupling the word "Beauty" with all this. Besides I can buy it for 53c in a bottle.

My senses bring me this: Godsboro, N. C., a small, dirty, ugly tobacco town in the United States of America. It has filling stations and red neon signs saying POPS LUNCH, and on the side of a building is a sign saying DOBSONS WORLD FAIR CIRCUS will be in town for a week beginning April 17. There is a smell of tobacco in the air. There is the noise of living in the air, ugly insensible noises. I cannot make beauty out of that. It is too real. I can read that on a road map.

The very road map will tell me that Godsboro has a radio station called WGNC, and that its programs are filled with advertising like this.

Shoes to wear, for those who care

And Boscoe-Piffin is on the air.

That is modern American poetry. And the very map will tell me that there is a library in the town, but that because it is a southern tobacco town, no one but very old ladies go into it. And it has a post office. On that post office is an American flag. It, Godsboro, is a star on that flag. It has a bus station, and huge red busses leave it saying on the side, Atlanta, Greensboro, Charlotte, Norfolk, Richmond, New York. Airplanes fly over it, but do not stop. It has two large tobacco factories where Chesterfield and Lucky Strike cigarettes (and some thirty-odd other kinds) are made. There is a

Methodist college in the town, and because of that there are no liquor stores in the county, but you can buy cheap whiskey in cheap road houses outside of the town—but not for 98c. It has four hotels, one is a large and good one, the others are cheap and keep whores, and those are where the college boys go on Saturday nights. It is an American town all right, and not very beautiful. Because it is a southern town, there are many forked animals without feathers who are black. And that is why it is warm now. And that is why there are tobacco factories here. Those are a few whys, but I guess they are not important.

It is important that it is American, and it is American. And 98c, mostly ninety-eight cents. But over there is a store that is only ten cents. Yes, it is American.

But that is saying nothing. And I guess that is what I have to say. Yes, that is my story. It is like most American stories—a story of failure. On a warm April afternoon a young man walks through the streets of an American town that makes some thirty-odd kinds of cigarettes and decides that what he has to say about it is that he sees no beauty, nothing. But if true that is saying something. That, however, means nothing to that policeman. He is sullen-looking, and not very intelligent. He is hot, standing in the sun in his uniform. I wonder what he has to say. It's hot as hell. Americans saying things in a way that can only be said by Americans. Those are the things I should try to say. That would please Whit Burnett.

There are a lot of other people in America who want to say things. Thomas Wolfe has said things that are American. So has Sinclair Lewis. So has Theodore Drieser. So has James Branch Cabell, though people don't know it. So has Elmer Rice. So has Maxwell Anderson. William Saroyan has tried. Robert Frost and Walt Whitman and Arlington Robinson have said things that are American. All of them have divided 125,000,000 by 1 and have had something left over.

George Santayana thinks we are not all capable of sane and steady idealization. I'd like to see him idealize steadily down this street.

Will Rogers, O. O. McIntyre and Bob Burns and Irving Berlin have said things

that are American too. But there hasn't been much left over when they divided 125,000,000 by 1. That is a difficult mathematical task.

Most people would like to know the mathematica of Jurgens.

But I cannot divide 125,000,000 by 1 and get an answer. I am not capable of sane and steady idealization. If I could say things I would perhaps be given 98c. One hundred and twenty million by one! And get an answer? When this is all I can say? When with five unimpaired senses this is all I have been able to capture of reality, when this is all I can say that is American? But if I cut out all the capitals and punctuation it would be Joycian—a mind on paper. That is real-

ity. Can it be the trees? No, it's Bloom in love.

Ten million people, treading ten million pavements, with ten million noses breathing into ten million hearts, and in one infinitesimal one the desire to say something. One pair of legs, shod in dirty white shoes. . . .

Our young man looked sideways and saw himself in the mirror of a weighing machine. And inside he suddenly began to laugh. But there was no mirth in his laughter. For he was 21. He had decided, though, why he had nothing to say. College boys are not hungry enough to have anything to say.

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## Even Here

(Continued from page 6)

is there any reason why we shouldn't drink freely?"

"Ah, yes! Do you not know the evils of strong drink? Have you not read the lesson that your great master, Shakespeare, teaches in the folly of his drunken porter? The lesson of caution against the folly which drink leads one to?"

The Immoral Bard looked up at his name. "My drunken porter? My drunken porter."

"In Macbeth."

"Oh, yes! in Macbeth. And what did I teach? The folly of drink? Oh, no! You mistake me. He is a mere jolly fellow. No more. Don't you think he's jolly? Didn't you laugh at him?"

"Laugh at him?" Dr. Kullers drew himself up in great dignity. "Certainly not! He is no figure for laughter. I preached for one whole class period on the lesson you embodied in him."

The poet laughed bewilderedly, shaking his head. "You must be thinking of someone else's play. I never preached any sermons."

"Then you aren't the great poet that you are supposed to be," retorted Kullers.

The poet shrugged and turned again to his beer and the barmaid.

Kullers was too indignant to be surprised. "Where is Milton? Where is Tennyson?" he cried. "They will teach you that your greatness is false. Ah! what a disappointment to learn that your poetry is not great! How diligently I preached from your texts! One earnest pupil told me once that all we needed in my Shakespeare class was an invocation, an offering, and a benediction to make the meetings of the class perfect services. How I extolled you as a great preacher, even

venturing the thesis that you were a prototype of the Methodist! Now I find that your poetry is false and worthless. Where is Milton? Where is Tennyson?"

All were amazed. Again the handsome young man replied, "Poor souls! They aren't here. They went to—the Other Place."

Old Kullers gasped, near fainting. "The—Other—Place! Milton? And Tennyson? Oh, you must be mistaken! . . . Who are you, young man?"

"Dante Rossetti."

"Dante Rossetti!" The old professor started back, covering his face with his

arms. "Tool of the devil! I knew it! He tempts us even here! You and your Helen and her bare breasts—bare mammary glands! Yes, he tempts us even here!"

"Even here?" Rossetti queried.

"Yes, even here! One life of temptation is not enough!"

Shakespeare leaned back in his chair and cried, "Where do you think you are, old man?"

"Where? Why—heaven!" Kullers replied amazed. "Why, heaven!"

"Heaven?" echoed the poet. And the whole tavern broke into one great roar of laughter.

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## Matthew Arnold: Victorian Stoic

(Continued from page 7)

by any means, but he realised that ultimately science is no further advanced now than it was when it began. It has made great progress in a practical way and some in a metaphysical way, but he saw there was no great difference between saying, as Thales did, that matter was water, or as science does, that it is electricity, when you know neither what water is nor what electricity is. Science was important to Arnold because all knowledge was important, but the real thing to do about matter is to relate it to other entities. The mind cannot be prevented from inquiring as to the ultimate nature of matter, but since that inquiry is unsatisfied and may be unsatisfiable, why not accept matter as we know it and go on from there? It is in this sense that critics refer to Arnold's philosophy as

shallow. He solves no ultimates. But nobody does, and since most ultimates have to do with knowledge and Arnold would have held him a quibbling epistemologist who says knowledge has not to do with selves, why not stop wasting time and go on to the important business of philosophy?

Politically Arnold is a Stoic too. His ideal, like theirs, is Equality; not a sentimental idealization of the whole race so that the idealizer attitude betrays his essential disbelief in equality, but a real moral equality. The Stoics were a great force in breaking down the structure of imperial society and propagating the idea of the brotherhood of man, but they were not foolish or sentimental about it. Intellectual and other kinds of differences existed, of course, but the equality of all



men qua men was their idea. Arnold in his political views had the same refreshing disregard of inconsistency that the Stoics had. He realised that as long as he followed his philosophy he was right, and that to go into reasons for every opinion would be so to prolong the reasons, if done thoroughly, that no opinion would be forthcoming.

In his essay on Spinoza he evinces the dislike for formal metaphysics that he shared with the Stoics. In neither case was the dislike born of misunderstanding or ignorance. He and the Stoics knew plenty of metaphysics. But they saw that all attempts to be perfectly objective had resulted in a process of shattering the world and remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire. They were more interested in having the heart desire things within the world's limitation. And in this essay Arnold is guilty of the very thing for which he censures Spinoza. He says that Spinoza's criticism of the Bible is done from the point of view of commenting on a hypothesis on which the author does not give his own opinion. The comment has reference to the self-consistency of the hypothesis rather than the truth of it. Thus, if we take the Bible to be what it purports to be, certain things follow from it. Whether it is what it purports to be or not, Spinoza does not say. Arnold goes on to decide whether Spinoza is Hebraic or Hellenic, whether he is justly criticised by this or that person, in short, just as Spinoza does, he leaves his opinion to be inferred rather than attempt to pin it down to ultimate metaphysics. Now Arnold is justified in doing this because he is doing criticism. He forgets that Spinoza is doing criticism too and is not playing his rôle of strict philosopher. By expecting him to, Arnold falls down in criticism. Both writers have as a basis for the reader's inference certain axioms of thought that they hold to be self-evident and the great value of both writers is that they have examined those axioms carefully and are using them with as good a knowledge of what they are worth as they could attain.

Particular points of coincidence between Arnold and the Stoics could be enumerated almost *ad infinitum*, but we can see that the most important idea is that the chief claim to reality of everything in the universe is its moral significance. There are at least two important ways in which Arnold differed from the Stoics. He is more subtle, because he is more sure of his metaphysical ground, and he is more religious.

For the belief that everything has moral significance, some justification seems needed for the intellect. The whole

thing hinges on the problem of knowledge. The intellect wants the double certainty of knowing and knowing that it knows. It wants to turn around upon itself and make sure of its workings. Spinoza solves the knowledge problem to his own satisfaction, and I think his solution very similar to Arnold's. In the Preface to *Essays in Criticism* Arnold says:

Indeed, it is not in my nature,—some of my critics would rather say, not in my power,—to dispute on behalf of any opinion, even my own, very obstinately. To try and approach Truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, not to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence and self-will—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards her on his own, one, favorite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robe in which she is wrapped.

I am very sensible that this way of thinking leaves me under great disadvantages in addressing a public composed from a people "the most logical," says *The Saturday Review*, "in the whole world." But the truth is, I have never been able to hit it off happily with the logicians, and it would be mere affectation in me to give myself the airs of doing so. They imagine truth something to be proved, I something to be seen; they something to be manufactured, I as something to be found. I have a profound respect for intuitions, and a very lukewarm respect for the elaborate machine-work of my friends the logicians. I have always thought that all which was worth much in this elaborate machine work of theirs came from an intuition, to which they gave a grand name of their own. How did they come by this intuition? Ah! if they could tell us that.

Truth is something to be found. That does not mean that everything will be settled and there will be no more interest in life. That phrase simply emphasises the tranquillity and not the toil, both of which are included in truth. But after truth is found, the toil does not consist simply in living up to organic perfection, which is not a too inaccurate characterisation of humanism; rather it consists in living up to the true nature of man as part of that absolute which he perceives only in dim outline. And this brings me to the second difference between Arnold and Stoicism.

I have said he was more religious. By this I mean that his thought was not so anthropocentric. True, the Stoics upheld the ideal of virtue, but it was the result of an inquiry as to how man's life might be made most satisfactory. Arnold's plane of satisfaction is higher than theirs. That is how he is more religious. The absolute world is ever more present to him. Yet for that he is no less a man of the world;

rather more completely a man of the real world. The Stoics, disparaged the world more than Arnold did because they did not see so far beyond it. He has used what T. E. Hulme calls a Critique of Satisfaction. Hulme is the only thinker I know of who thought of attempting to put into a system a philosophy somewhat similar to Arnold's, but he died before accomplishing it. Hulme says: "The philosopher undertakes to show that the world is other than it appears to me; and as he takes the trouble to prove this, we should expect to find that consciously or unconsciously the *final* picture he presents will do some degree or other *satisfy* him." Hulme simply means that all philosophies are based on human motivation, not as it should be, which makes nonsense, but as it is. Now to change human motivation there must be some criterion. The new ideas must be somehow better than the old. Hulme is not so foolish as to think he can prove his canons of satisfaction better than anybody else's. That is to get into the mess between ethics and metaphysics on a higher level. Hulme simply wants people to realize that the canons of satisfaction implied in humanism are not the only ones. Though he does not say so I imagine he is confident that if his own are better, people will adopt them. That is what Plato, Spinoza, and the others who really advanced did. Plato sometimes tried to fool people into thinking that certain courses of conduct would satisfy them because they satisfied human nature. He had to do that to convince. He couldn't say, now these reasons for satisfaction are not your reasons, and you won't ever be satisfied on account of them because you have cruder natures than mine. He had to present his own canons of satisfaction, and hope. Arnold and Hulme do the same thing. Arnold has seen something in reality that makes him hold to a moral doctrine that transcends humanism and romanticism. He has produced something really new in the world, so far as anything can be really new, and a little farther than most things can. He has gone back behind the Renaissance tradition and put his finger on the place where he thinks things went wrong. As Hulme remarks in a statement that almost sounds trite because it is too clear for anyone to have said before, "You think A is true; I ask why. You reply, that it follows from B; but why is B true? because it follows from C, and so on. You get finally to some very abstract attitude (h) which you assume to be self-evidently true. This is the central conception from which more detailed opinion, about political principles, for example, proceeds. Now if your opponent reasons correctly,



and you are unable to show that he has falsely deduced A from B, then you are driven to the abstract plane of (h), for it is here that the difference between you really has root." Arnold and the Stoics both reached the abstract plane of (h), but Arnold's path therefrom seems richer to me because it includes an insight into all that went between him and the Stoics. All this could well seem an overrating of Arnold, but I am convinced that he and T. E. Hulme perceived something that few people have to date. Just what it is I don't know.

Arnold himself has summed up what I meant by his being more religious. "The paramount virtue of religion is, that it has *lighted up* morality; that it has supplied the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the narrow way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all." Arnold has this inspiration, which has nothing more to do with most people's conception of religion than Arnold with Christian Science. I think Arnold will for a long time be unrecognised for what he is. Our criterion of genius is handling of the known modes of thought. A person who seizes one of the modes and rides on it as far as he can go is a genius. The balanced mind that carries the light farther ahead is in this case unfortunate because the darkness be-

hind him does not approve of balanced minds.

I think undoubtedly the greatest gift Arnold had was allied with his Stoicism, which he transcended—his detachment. He views reality, as it were, as one remove. He is not in the flux of animal feeling. This same sort of detached wisdom given by experience has often been productive, however, of pessimism, or romantic melancholy, or some other fragmentary attitude. And Arnold's condition is not what you could call serenity; that is a little too tame. It is not what is ordinarily meant by happiness, since that word, at least for me, is too mixed up with Swift's definition of it. Happiness is naïve in the sense that a happy person has not considered his canons of satisfaction, which idea is irresistibly comic. Arnold seems to be in the last analysis totally indifferent to everything. He saw life steadily and saw it whole. But this indifference is just a reservation to prevent haphazard living; I don't mean indifferent in the sense that a dull and unreflective person would be, but that nothing would ever surprise or disappoint him to the extent that his life would be seriously wrenched out of joint. He has what the Stoics called moral strength and what Spinoza called freedom. If putting forth ideas could be compared to rolling hoops, he would not make the mistake,

committed by Carlyle and others, of getting dizzy from being inside the hoop. He never cares too strongly. That may seem a weak point, but the only alternative would be to return to simple, wholesome, animal-like existence, which would simply initiate a repetition of the whole complex process leading to mentally top-heavy modern man—man before he reaches Arnold's position. In this connection it is interesting to note that Empedocles in Arnold's poem suffers from something very like romantic melancholy, but subtly different. The difference is that between Byron and Arnold. And Empedocles plunges into the flames after giving some very optimistic and wholesome advice to a character less complex than he. This gives a hint of what I called the ultimate indifference. Arnold did not take, as the Stoics called it, the open door. Unlike others, he didn't even publish the struggle. All we get in Arnold is the conclusion, which is remarkable for not being a conclusion in any downright sense. It seems to me that a real philosophical advance will take place when some one makes clear the thought we would have had if T. E. Hulme had lived or if Matthew Arnold had put all of himself into his writing instead of remaining greater than his works. But then I'm sure he wouldn't have wanted to.

## Fancy's Leash

(Continued from page 9)

ELOISE: (*Chanting*).

Heru maude, heru maude

Tigi li papa

Heru maude

Tigi li papa

Heru maude, heru maude

Do se don godo

Ah tingonai ye, Ah tingonai ye

Ah ouai ya, Ah ouai ya

Do se don godo

Ah tingonai ye

Tigi li papa (etc.).

CHORUS:

Fright de deb-bil

Mumbo Jum-bo.

Beat de deb-bil,

Drum-bo, Drum-bo.

Pound de deb-bil

In to Gum-bo.

Run de deb-bil

Mumbo Jum-bo.

Do se don godo

Do se don godo

ELOISE: (*Dropping little devil in pot*)

Put de deb-bil

In de Pot.

Hope de deb-bil

Die and rot.

CHORUS: (*Dancing in circle, refrain above.*)

1ST NEGRO: (*Putting two crow wings in pot*)

Here's two crow wing

No use waitin'.

Take dees crow wing

Fly way Satin.

CHORUS: (*Dancing.*)

2ND NEGRO: (*Putting balloon in pot.*)

Here's a bladder

No use waitin'.

Bladder, Bladder

Blow 'way Satin.

CHORUS: (*As they begin to chant this time, Gyp slowly rises from his bed and begins to dance, feebly, with them. As the balloon bursts the Negroes begin to yelp, howl, bark, shout, scream, stomp, skip, romp, etc. The door, left, slowly opens. Silence. Gyp goes into a coughing spell. Eloise helps him. Officers enter.*

*Bessie and Kip can be seen through door, left. The negroes run toward door, right, but officers enter there also. All officers have guns.*)

1ST OFFICER: All right, you niggers. You know this stuff's against the law. Run 'em in, Jake. (*Jake and two officers herd them out the door. Eloise, Gyp, three officers remain as Bessie and Kip enter. Eloise sits on bed soothing Gyp.*) All right, half-breed, you, too.

ELOISE: (*Clinging to Gyp*) No, no. You can't have him. (*An officer pulls her loose as she begins to cry and resist.*) Oh, let go of me. Get out of my house every last one of you. (*She now begins to show her negro side.*) Get out—Git—Git.

BESSIE: All right, half-breed, it's your turn to get going. (*Gloating*) Your little game is smashed.

ELOISE: (*Screaming*) He don't love you—he don't love you. What you done to deserve him. O Gyp, O Gyp, send 'em away.



GYP: (*Lying prostrate*) It's no use, Eloise. Oh—I wish I could just *die* in peace.

BESSIE: This air smells foul in here; let's get this business over with and get out.  
1ST OFFICER: Yeah, Come on, you.

ELOISE: No, No. I'll show you. (*Breaks loose from officer, pulls knife from bosom and runs toward Bessie.*) You won't live to have him.

(*Two officers step in front of Bessie. Eloise seeing she is frustrated stops short, pauses and shrieks. She turns, runs toward Gyp.*)

ELOISE: Gyp, dey can't have you. (*Starts to stab Gyp*) Forgive me, Gyp.

(*Officers stop her and wring knife from her. Eloise goes into hysterics. Gyp groans. Two officers hold Eloise.*)

GYP: Oh, why did you stop her? Beasts. Don't cry, Eloise, it had to be this way. It always is.

ELOISE: (*Hair streaming down over her face, clothes torn, crying*) Yas, yas, it's always dis way. O Gyp—just when I was so happy I had to lose ever thing. (*Officers start to take her out as she continues crying*) O Gpy. Why, oh why, couldn't dey let us alone?

GYP: They won't let us escape them, Eloise. But they must strangle us with their hands of flesh—flesh that cannot live until it has crushed out the soul. They won't let us strangle our souls with our own hands of flimsy gossamer. They are fancy's leash.

tave's noble features were indignant. But let Natasie have her American.

"Excuse me a minute, folks," said Eddie in the salon. "I'm going to get my Thimble Theater movie projector out of my bag and show you some shots I took in Paris, Versailles, and Chartres. Gustave, old boy, if you'll just string that white curtain across the wall for a screen, I'll be right back."

He scooted out.

"How do you like the American Monsieur Gates, your majesty?"

Natasie looked at Gustave with the merest trace of suspicion, the merest. "I thank you so much for bringing him here, Gustave."

Eddie returned with the Thimble Theater projector, and fastened it to a cherry wood highboy. He had his own Thimble Theater electric batteries and connections. He whisked about the room puffing out candles, and then seated Natasie and Gustave facing the screen.

"These first shots are in Paris. The ones I'm in, a friend of mine took. Nice to have pictures of yourself in different surroundings to show friends at home, and I promised Aunt Rhea some."

The machine sputtered a moment and then threw on a series of disconnected scenes. First was a view of the Eiffel Tower at a 65 degree angle, and swaying a bit—doubtless the camera's fault, Eddie explained. Next was a group of American girls in front of the Louvre, giggling and waving at the camera; followed by a shot of same girls with Eddie in the center with his arms around two of the girls, who were still giggling. Next flashed the rear view of a gendarme blowing a whistle at a taxi; this faded into a glimpse of a skinny woman selling sausages from a cart. "Local color," interpolated Eddie. Next was a small section of the facade at Chartres cathedral, showing Eddie leaning a friendly elbow on St. Peter's stony arm, while St. Peter dangled his keys on the other hand. Eddie was smiling and waving and winking at St. Peter.

Natasie and Gustave sat very still.

"These next ones are rare," Eddie said, and chuckled. And upon the screen shone a view of the avenue of elms that led to the palace of Pearlania. There was the garden house with a gentleman and lady seated before it holding hands and looking with starved looks at each other. There was the marble monument to Gestatia, first queen of Pearlania. There was the courtyard directly before the palace. All the shots were bobbing viciously up and down, and Eddie explained that this was because Gustave had insisted he ride a horse, and movies should not be taken from moving objects, especially from violently moving objects.

## Touristum Americanum

(Continued from page 10)

"Well . . . that is . . . I guess they sort of remind me of where I've been."

"But surely, Mr. Gates, you will remember where you have traveled without consulting your luggage!"

"Well . . . uh . . . yes. But when people at home see the stickers, they realize I've been around, see, and that puts me on a sort of plane, see?"

"Mmm. I suppose."

At this wobbly juncture, Gustave tactfully interrupted, noble features immobile but purposeful. He bowed.

"I will go with Mr. Gates to dress before we dine, your majesty. Excuse us, your majesty."

Natasie nodded acquiescence, and descended gracefully from her throne to freshen her youthful beauty and to change her gown.

A half hour later Natasie, Gustave, and Eddie Gates seated themselves at a lengthy lace covered table, whose silver service and china shone purely in the candlelight.

Eddie's face was inaccountably red and shiny, extraordinarily so, supremely so. Natasie wondered at the rosy glow of it, but she did not know the truth of the matter. The truth of the matter was that Eddie had been severely handicapped at his daily shave. He was the possessor of an Excela Electric razor, a practical Christmas present from his Aunt Rhea, who also was helping to finance his trip to Europe. Already he had blown the fuses of several French hotels by plugging in his mechanism, which required quite great amounts of voltage to operate. But alas, in Pearlania there were no plugs! In fact, in Pearlania there was no electricity,

except for occasional thunder showers. Eddie had confided his predicament to Gustave, while he gazed at his persistent crop of whiskers in a silver edged mirror etched with white roses.

Gustave had been sympathetic. He had ransacked a long, cruel looking blade with a golden carved handle and a razor edge, and offered to play barber for Mr. Gates. Mr. Gates had acquiesced out of necessity, and his light blue eyes had bulged in terror as he felt the heavy, sharp blade scud over his tense cheeks and chin.

But now Eddie was shaven and beautiful in his tuxedo. More, he was ready to eat. He ate with relish. He used his fish knife for the butter; Gustave sympathized because he understood its resemblance to the American butter knife; Natasie airily did not notice. Mr. Gates breezed into a discourse of the horse meat he had eaten in Paris, thinking it was pork. This discussion was unpalatable to Natasie, and Gustave's noble features were clothed in horror that such a tirade should take place before a lady. Dinner finished itself off in good time, and all was peaceful until Eddie produced a pack of cigarettes and genially offered it to Natasie and Gustave. Natasie paled and refused, and Gustave flourished his dignity with a courtly "Thank you, no, sir."

Eddie was charmingly naïve. He lit a cigarette and puffed tremendously, sending billows of smoke high up to the vaulted ceiling. He steered Natasie out to the music salon by her elbow. He whispered audibly into her ear, "Gee, you're cute!" She looked puzzled. Gus-



Next was a view of an indistinguishable figure that seemed grotesquely proportioned and arranged. It finally resolved itself into a horseback figure upside down. It resolved itself into Gustave, talking upside down, with his upside down moving chin presenting a most incongruous and uncomplimentary appearance. The chin was moving in rhythm to the horse.

Gustave sprang from his seat, lighted a candle, slapped his doeskin glove across Eddie's rosy cheek, and said, "Sir—my card—at dawn!" Gustave's noble features were masked in rage.

"No! No!" cried Natasie, clinging to Gustave. "Not a duel, please, please! You will kill him! Send him away, Gustave! Now! This minute! He is terrible!"

"My Lord," said Eddie, folding up his

Thimble Theater, "I'm going. Let me get my suitcase. Crazy people!"

He retired, red and angry.

When Natasie and Gustave were alone, Natasie still clung to the young nobleman, and whispered, "I love you, dear heart!" Gustave's noble features were suffused with happiness. He placed a gentle kiss on her lily brow.

"Let us see if the creature is really gone," Natasie said, and they went arm in arm to Mr. Gates's former apartment.

"Indeed he is," said Gustave.

Natasie gasped. "Gustave! He has taken my Dresden pin holders!"

Gustave was happy and not in a blaming mood. "Forgive him, Natasie! It is an American custom. He thought they were hotel ash trays."

## Image of a Man

(Continued from page 11)

Looked gravely back and thought my image better. My image, maiden's image, image of a man. Loved so utterly, long and at a distance with fever and fear and pride. Image of a man proud and sure who did all things well with a casual finesse. Image of a man thoughtful and gay, charming and deep, making love very nicely, also with a casual finesse. Strong image, elusive and remote of a gentleman with high ideals. Vague image slim and straight with your face and early grey at temple.

So a few consoling lies, another drink I didn't want. And silently, because my image was the better, silently I said the last word. Famous feminine last word, the most ancient prerogative, hallowed through the ages and garlanded with precedent. Ah God, I that loved you wholly, that fashioned an image of you, image finer than your own. Image that made ideals probabilities, made a point in being adult in a world of heedless children. Better image than your own. I standing there and saying, scornfully and pitifully out of aching vacancy saying the feminine last word. Pronouncing final judgment, making odious comparison between the image and you, my image, image of a man, the maiden's image and the you.

At last, time for parting. Release of tired muscles in the sweet fixed smile. End of weary maudlin wisecracks, subtle quips and knowing air. End of lurching, drinking, wandering in an alcoholic fog.

End of love and end of image, end of hope or point in anything. Vacancy and numbness, dreary not the end.

"And I must go you said." And kissed me. "I want you so" you said and my mouth hurt a little, bruised, and that was all. "And I must go," you said, still the gentleman. And blankly I smiled blankly, blandly lied—the best that I could do, still a lady. And my mouth hurt a little that was all, where once had dizzy flared at a touch. But it wasn't you of course, a familiar stranger with something of your face, of your voice, of your casual finesse. Usurping stranger, slack-jawed and podgy and bruising my mouth. Ah God, it wasn't you, you clean and hard, male. It wasn't you my so-dearly-beloved. Out of quickening emptiness, sick and aching emptiness I know it wasn't you. But bandaging and blinding for I know that it was you, must mournfully admit that I know that it was you.

And so, my dear, God damn you and damn your image too. For I love your image still, love it now and always, maiden's image, image of a man. A fine concluding irony and artfully contrived by no one but myself for I love the image still, love you not at all. And oh my podgy friend, my sodden slack-jawed friend you may tag me for a fool. And you shadow, image, monster fashioned of my dreaming, yes the image to be sure, image of a man, why, the image has the last word, the last word of all.

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# Measure for Measure . . .

## Exeunt

The present staff of the *Archive* is bowing out with this issue. We stated our policy in the first issue: to publish the best examples of the various types of literary expression which the undergraduates are doing. And we have held to that policy faithfully throughout our year of publication.

We have failed to make the *Archive* more popular on the campus—perhaps because our primary aim was directed toward a more sincere aim. We did not court unpopularity but we expected it from that great American griper, Joseph College, who is always willing to criticize (but not constructively) anything but rehearsed jokes and syndicated cartoons.

To the succeeding editor, C. Robert Wilson, and his staff, we extend cordial greetings and sincere wishes for a successful year.

## Of Noah Vail

(Continued from page 12)

seventy-five average," but that he was a hell of a nice guy. But this didn't make much of an impression on Noah. He came back and asked, "What activities has the chap in question pursued in secondary school?" You could have knocked us over with a pin.

By this time Lonnie was getting sore and we took another vote on Atwell. But Noah Vail, refusing to be ignored, still held out. "What does this fellow do with his time," he asked, "if he doesn't study and he doesn't have any activities?" This was embarrassing because how did we know what the hell the kid did with his time? But, anyway, the boys started wise-cracking.

I said, "Maybe he's a poet or a musician and spends all his time on his art."

Then Lonnie said, "Maybe we should investigate what this kid does with his time, fellows; maybe he spends it in his room—all stuffed up with books—like somebody I know."

Then Noah Vail begins to get riled. "Well, fellows," he said, "if you're not serious about what sort of chaps you take in, there's no use belonging to a fraternity."

And did that make Lonnie sore! "Then why the hell do you?" he yelled. That ended old Vailie-Wailie. He got up and stalked out of the room while everybody

## Archive Poetry

Dr. Newman I. White, this country's most prominent authority on Shelley, consented very graciously to act as judge of our poetry contest. We have received the following letter from him:

"I have studied the poems submitted to me in the *Archive* Poetry Contest, and I rank the three best as follows:

First—*Abelard and Eloise*, by Virginia Hodges.

Second—*Delight in Beauty*, by Virginia Duehring.

Third—*Perspective*, by Betty Brown.

None of the poems in the whole lot were poems that I should regard as below the standard to be maintained by a good undergraduate literary magazine.

I think another judge might easily place first any one of the three poems listed above. . . . Both *Delight in Beauty* and *Abelard and Eloise* are in my opinion inferior to *Perspective* in originality of thought and expression, but originality is not everything—and so I rank the poems as stated above."

just sat there with their mouths open. After he had gone, we all laughed and patted Lonnie on the back because those were just our sentiments.

The next day Noah Vail moved out—bag and baggage. I don't blame him either because that's just what I'd have done under the circumstances. I wouldn't hang around where I wasn't wanted. But you know—every once in a while I get to thinking—what a queer duck he was! I never could figure him out. And I can't imagine what it was he had against Atwell; Atwell's a hell of a nice guy.

## Archive Contest Winners

### SHORT STORY

1st Prize—Jane Dusenbury's *There Is No Sundering*.

I take this opportunity to thank Dr. White publicly for his kindness and his coöperation.

## Acadia Athenaeum

Acadia University in Wolfville, Nova Scotia, publishes a literary monthly entitled *The Acadia Athenaeum*. In April 1937 they carried the following paragraph:

### THE ARCHIVE

Congratulations to a magazine with really good short stories! They are the best feature of this publication from Duke University, but not the only excellent features. The book and play reviews are better than most. We hope that the short story writers for *The Archive* keep on writing.

A very pleasant unsolicited testimonial which we appreciate!

2nd Prize—Helen Baxter Smith's *The Seventh Quilt*.

Honorable Mention: Jean Dipman's *Only A Nigger*; Robert Wilson's *Whom To Pity*.

Judges: Messrs. William Blackburn, Furman A. Bridgers, Charles E. Ward.

### ARTICLES

1st Prize—Walter Schaeffer's *College Women Don't Marry*.

Honorable Mention: Robert Wilson's *The Beguiling Biographer*.

Judge: Frederick Allen, Associate Editor of *Harper's*.

### POETRY

1st Prize—Virginia Hodge's *Abelard and Eloise*.

2nd Prize—Virginia Duehring's *Delight in Beauty*.

3rd Prize—Betty Brown's *Perspective*.

Judge: Dr. Newman I. White.

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# BULL

By ROY JOHNSON

OUT OF THIS academic pot-pourri come many valuable experiences, many lessons, to put it strongly, which may serve as well in later years. There are devices of various kinds set up for the broadening of the undergraduate mind, and for the painless passing of time. Among the latter I should like to offer for consideration, the greatest of all institutions, the bull-session. Perhaps there are those who would contest with me the propriety of placing the bull-session at the top of all undergraduate pastimes, but I assure you that it is a simple matter to point out the reasons for its supremacy.

First, let us analyze the day's schedule of the typical Duke University student. He arises at approximately eight o'clock, which, as I see it, is practically in the middle of the night. He gropes about in the dim light for his towel, soap and other toilet accoutrements, and finds his way down the hall. While he is dabbing one or two ineffectual drops of cold water on his face, he asks the man next to him how his date turned out the previous night, or what he is doing for hangovers these days. After straining to hear and

interpret a few inarticulate grunts, he becomes discouraged, and decides that he won't need any more preparation for his first class—the professor will be asleep anyhow. He goes back to his room, crawls into his clothes, rakes through his matted locks with a few deft strokes, picks up his books and sallies forth to the coffee shop. There he meets some of his fraternity brothers, who, somehow, have become involved in a discussion of the academic situation, of courses, of professors and of the relative merits of each, if any. He offers his suggestion for the best pipe course in school, namely, Dr. Jones's, "Research in Cherokee arrowheads," 131, and settles back to contend with the group concerning the relative difficulty of the courses they have suggested. After washing down a leaden sweet roll with gulps of coffee, he goes on to class. Thus, we see that even before the morning has really begun, he has already devoted about a third of it to the gentle art of bull-throwing.

In the next phase of the day, which we can call "going to classes," we find that bull-throwing is the mainstay. Professors

and students alike depend upon it to get them safely through. I seriously doubt the ability of anyone who has had only four years experience in the academic mill to decide with whom the balance of the bull-throwing lies in the classroom. Everyone knows and envies the sort of person who monopolizes the discussion in class, but who has not had a feeling that perhaps the professor permits him to do so because he wants to save his own voice. And then there is the professor who starts, machine-like, at the sound of the bell, and drones on until another bell tears into his train of thought and leaves him speechless. Taking the situation as a whole, there is little reason to doubt that the brunt of the bull-throwing is borne by the student. After classes, the student falls into the company of his fraternity brothers again, or perhaps into the clutches of some coed, and the gentle art is renewed in all its vigor. All through the noonday meal, the steady droning persists, and even afterwards, on the walk to the rooms. The after dinner session is a jumble of commentary upon the dirty deals dished out in class, upon

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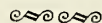
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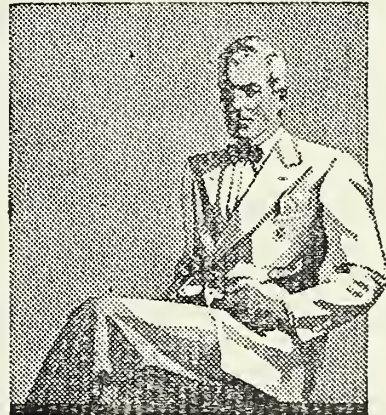
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the recent week-end, upon how terrible the coed situation has become, and upon plans for the afternoon. Our typical student has become impressed with the necessity of keeping physically fit, a notion he picked up in some bull course or other, so he challenges someone to a tennis match.

On the way down to the courts, the typical Duke undergraduate starts talking about his tennis game. He builds it up to the extent that his unfortunate opponent begins to have a weakened feeling in the pit of his stomach. Having been exposed to psychology 101, our student seizes every opportunity to get what might be called the psychological advantage, by means of clever bulling. At this time of day he is sufficiently awake to think about what he is saying, and his utterances are not merely reflexes, as they were in the earlier hours. So, by the time the match is started, the opponent is a jittering wreck. His efforts are poorly directed. He can hardly see the ball. His imagination has been so excited by the conversation on the way that he sees Bill Tilden over the net. He is completely, to quote Homer, "unstrung." Score: six-love, six-love. This is only one example, probably not the best one by any means, of the efficacy of this most prevalent practice.

On the way back to the room, our hero

allows himself to deride the dejected opponent by the devious method of telling him how to improve his backhand. He is not content to demonstrate his superiority on the court alone, but he must continue his barrage verbally. By the time the dormitory is reached, the loser has seen the bottom drop out of the world, and the winner sees *toute en beau*.

Verbal gymnastics are already under way when the process of dressing is over, and the triumphant tennis player plunges himself boldly into their midst, where the competition has now reached a new high for the afternoon. This time it is the campus honorary organizations which are under fire. Of course the remark which sets off the fireworks is something to the effect that the whole thing is settled by politics. It is not my intention, nor indeed, is it within the scope of my ability, to refute this. To anyone of average intelligence this should be fairly obvious. Someone offers the suggestion that if the final honor were not determined by politics, as it usually is, the points prerequisite to membership are collected by political juggling pure and simple, so that the honor connected with so-called honorary organization is not honor at all. Of course I must pause to mention, a very important mechanism in the political aspect of honorary societies is bulling. Ask any honest member of an honorary

organization, and he will tell you that his success depended to a large extent upon his ability to toss the bull. I do not mean to imply that there are members of honorary organizations who are not honest, but if you will read that in, you will, I suppose. By a circuitous route, the conversation, after an hour has elapsed, arrives at the conclusion which stared it in the face at the outset—if there is any such thing as individual merit, it is inevitably lost in the quagmire of campus politics, and life goes blindly on. You see, sometimes out of these random bull-sessions comes the unadulterated, self-evident, truth, but rarely does anyone recognize it when it does. To take another example, one of the most memorable bull-sessions it has ever been my honor to participate in resulted in the rather astounding discovery that everything is a matter of relativity. That is, there is no happiness except as opposed to sadness, no beauty except as compared to ugliness, no pleasure except relative to pain. You ask, "What about it, what are you going to do with it now that you've hit upon this remarkable fact?" Well, I have but one answer. What are you going to do with the fact that Columbus discovered America in 1492? The most you can do is to ponder on where you would be if he had not.

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Janet Gaynor says:  
"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"



"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

*Janet Gaynor*

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S  
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

The Finest Tobaccos—  
"The Cream of the Crop"



An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women — lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

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